KAWICH'S GOLD MINE

Love and Adventure Among the Polygamous Mormons of Southern Utah

By JOSIAH F. GIBBS

Author of "Lights and Shadows of Mormonism"
"Mountain Meadow Massacre"
Etc.

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with sincerely good wishes,
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KAWICH'S GOLD MINE

An Historical Narrative of Mining in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado

and of

Love and Adventure Among the Polygamous Mormons of Southern Utah

(*Author's Edition*)

By JOSIAH F. GIBBS

Author of "Lights and Shadows of Mormonism" "Mountain Meadows Massacre," etc.

Price by mail, postage paid, $1.25

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The fanatic, always sincere and intensely devoted to his ideals, is a brake on orderly social progress. And when organized fanaticism, like that of the Mormon church, is backed by a continuous stream of "tithes and offerings," and intrenched within the citadel of great and increasing political power,—for which nearly every politician within the radius of its influence is servilely bidding—, that organization is at once an enemy of civilizaton and to the perpetuity of democratic government.

And when to fanaticism in religion is added the "law" of unquestioning obedience to the decrees of its alleged prophets, and even murder of those who disobey their commands, and the infinitely cruel practice of polygamy,—believed and practiced under the assumed authority of God, and in compliance with his assumed "command"—, such organization deserves the stern, persistent and even harsh opposition of those who are interested in the welfare and destiny of the human race.

It is not within the province of the historian to invade the homes of the people and to unveil the motives which impel individuals to certain lines of conduct. It is only on the stage, or in the realm of romance—fiction, if you will—that the inner motives and lives of men and women may be successfully and legitimately portrayed.

The central thought in writing the story of Kawich's Gold Mine was to induct thoughtful men and women into the inner life of Mormonism,—to enable them to **feel** the spirit of that so-called religion; and to enable them to mentally grasp the underlying motives of sincere Mormons, as also to comprehend the insincerity and brutalism of those who sieze the opportunities embraced in the Mormon creed and practice to gratify their lust and greed.

The fact that the author's life in Utah, like that of thousands of others, was devoted to the usual exactions of pioneer days, will sufficiently explain the crudities of composition, construction and rhetoric which the critical reader will notice in the following pages.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

During January, 1905, at the time when the Nevada gold boom was at its zenith, I was commissioned by certain Omaha men to investigate investment conditions in the "sagebrush" state and report for further instructions.

At the ending of that strenuous search for bonanza, real and prospective, during which a thousand "wildcats," held at a million dollars per wildcat, to each bonanza were examined, that by the merest accident I listened to one of the most startling narratives of placer mining in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado; of love and adventure among the Mormon fanatics of southern Utah, and the weird ending of a series of the most thrilling incidents ever told by one who would vouch for their truth.

Disgusted with the chase through northern, central and southwestern Nevada where, always at distant points, bonanzas were as plentiful as sagebrush, I decided to remain a few days at Las Vegas, on the Salt Lake, Los Angeles and San Pedro railroad, and rest in the never-failing sunshine of that locality.

While at the Vegas I learned that sensational gold values had been found along the trail from the Rio Virgin to Scanlon's Ferry on the Colorado river, some fifty to seventy miles southeasterly from Moapa, another station fifty miles up the road from Las Vegas.

I went on to Moapa, and from the leading merchant of that place secured more details of the prospective bonanza-land. The merchant had some fine specimens of ore which he assured me came from Scanlon's, and intermediate localities.

I disliked the thought of reporting a total failure to my Omaha friends, and decided to take the last visible chance for success.

I went on to St. Thomas, a Mormon village near the confluence of the Muddy river and Rio Virgin, some twenty-five miles southeasterly from Moapa.

During the somewhat monotonous occupation of collecting more information concerning the object of my search, a prospec-

tor from Scanlon's arrived at the small settlement. Like every other prospector, the new arrival was sanguine that he had struck it rich, but for a reasonable compensation would enter my employ for a two weeks' trip through the rapidly-growing Eldorado.

From the hotel-merchant at St. Thomas I rented a tough and spirited pony, and on March 12 began the last lap of chasing wild-cats.

On the fourth day from St. Thomas we ascended a high divide and looked down on the "breaks" of the Colorado. The locality is an intermingling of yawning chasms, black volcanic cones and discolored hills,—as dreary, god-forsaken region as one can imagine in a mountainous country. To the southwest, about eight miles distant, and full 5000 vertical feet beneath us, the gloomy river wound along its narrow, sun-scorched valley, and disappeared within the depths of the "Black Canyon," a box-gorge deep-cut in a bed of lava.

That night we camped on the bank of the swiftly-flowing river, which with its burden of silt is ever hurrying on toward the Gulf of California.

While there was gold at scores of places along the trail, the veins were small and not right for permanency. As a forlorn hope I decided to investigate the limestone country up the river, and at the same time see more of the savagely-interesting region.

The prospector and his burros were left at Scanlon's, and at the close of the second day I was nearly 100 miles, by the tortuous trail, from the ferry. I had decided to return and report a full-sized failure, but in justice to the pony good pasturage must be had for the night's encampment. We were then at the head of a wide wash which descended to the river, a mile or two distant to the south.

On nearing the river clumps of willows and patches of bottom grass proved that the night's bivouac would be all that could be desired. A chorus of burro voices startled me; my pony stopped and answered with a friendly whinney.

Passing around a clump of black willows a tent was found under their sheltering foliage. Bending over a small fire a man

was preparing his evening meal. At my appearance he slowly straightened up and turned toward me. The man was a typical "desert rat," as the professional prospectors of Nevada are dubbed by eastern "tenderfeet."

The man was of medium height and strong build. A heavy beard, once black, was streaked with white, and his unkempt hair was grizzled in harmony with his beard. His face, all that could be seen, was seamed with deep lines and bronzed by exposure. His loose, well-worn clothes were suited to the rough, almost wild life he was leading.

There was no mistaking the man and his profession. Lured by the glitter of gold he had followed his burros over scorching deserts to the blue, shadowy outlines of distant ranges, ever in search of sudden wealth. Often the fateful mirage had lured him to "spirit" lakes which disappeared, then re-appeared at stated intervals. Such is the almost daily routine of the desert rat.

Failure rarely discourages the true prospector. He fails in one range but hopefully looks across the desert to other mountains. The golden goddess ever beckons him on to fortune, and he blindly follows with never a doubt that some day he will be amply rewarded for the toil and privations he has endured.

Whenever his food runs low he visits a thriving camp and works in the mines until he is supplied with funds for another search for the elusive fortune. And thus time moves on until, with bent form and unsteady step, he enters the shadow of the Great Divide, and lingers for the summons to cross over and enter the darkness and uncertainty awaiting him on the other side.

The dark eyes of the prospector scanned every detail of my person and outfit. Satisfied with his scrutiny he concluded to be pleasant and hospitable.

"Well, partner, you'd better strip the pony and get ready for supper." I lost no time in heeding the suggestion.

With the waning twilight my host become more communicative, and in reply to my questioning told me much of his eventful career. I learned that he was the "partner"of a wealthy retired mining man of Pasadena, California, and the complete and expen-

sive outfit of the prospector was evidence of the truth of his statement.

I became interested in incidental remarks he dropped relative to the history of his mining partner, and gladly accepted the invitation to remain a day, give my pony the rest which he needed after the hard work of the two previous days, and learn more, if possible, of the history of the prospector's mining partner.

Next evening, after a sumptuous repast on catfish, hot bread and beans, and after arranging our bedding for seats, the prospector filled his pipe and during many minutes seemed lost in reverie.

The evening was gloriously beautiful, and the environment such as few have been permitted to enjoy. On all sides, except the wash by which we reached the river, the place appeared to be walled in by towering mountains whose bare sides were sculptured into fantastic and colossal forms.

To the southeast the rim of the vast Colorado plateau loomed straight and grim against the horizon. The great cleft from which was issuing the large turgid stream became more distinct as the shaft of light from the rising moon penetrated the deep gorge known as the west portal of the Grand Canyon.

While my companion smoked and dreamed, I watched the shortening shadows until the full moon arose and beamed a benignant "good evening" to the occupants of that isolated glen. From a dark, repulsive, hurrying mass, the river was transformed into a shimmering, scintilating stream which seemed to murmur its gratitude at escaping from the gloom of the great canyon.

"It is surely a beautiful evening."

I turned to the speaker and endorsed his brief comment. I had been recalling the numerous stories of fabulously rich mines said to exist somewhere within the mysterious recesses of the Grand Canyon. I asked my host if he had heard such rumors?

"Yes," was his reply, "and to my knowledge one of those rumors is correct. I heard the story from one of the grandest men I ever knew. I was fortunate in saving two of his grandchildren from what might have been fatal results in a runaway near Pasade-

na. The boy was about eleven years of age, and his sister, a charming tot, was some two years younger. They were riding in a pony chaise, and while approaching a cement bridge over a wide and deep canal a dog ran out and took one of the ponies by the heels. The attack was so sudden and fierce that the animals ran away. The lad bravely tried to stop the Shetlands and failed to notice the canal toward which they were scampering.

"I was standing on the bridge, and seeing the danger ran out and easily caught the terrified animals. Then getting into the rig I drove the youngsters to their home. The father and mother of the children were in Los Angeles. I explained the matter to the old gentleman and turned away, but he asked me to remain, and invited me in.

"At that time I had some money and was touring California. In a delicate and kindly manner the old gentleman learned my history, and knowing the ups and downs of prospecting made me promise if I ever needed a grubstake that I would call on him,—that he would like to become my partner if I again entered the field.

"While in Pasadena I was frequently at the palatial residence of the old gentleman, and became well acquainted with his daughter and son-in-law, and with his nephew and wife. They were the nicest and happiest lot of people I ever knew.

"After several visits to my new friend he told me something of his own experience as a placer miner. It was the strangest story to which I ever listened, and if you care to hear it, you are welcome."

It was past midnight when the narrative was completed. I was deeply interested, and made shorthand notes of the more important incidents.

Next morning we broke camp, and after ascending the wash shook hands and parted. The prospector directed his course easterly along the broken plateau on the north side of the river, and I began the return trip to Scanlon's.

On my return to Salt Lake I lost no time in writing the skeleton of the narrative from my notes; enlarging it here and there

from memory, and from my intimate acquaintance with southern Utah and its primitive inhabitants.

The incidents of the narrative were so startling, and especially the dramatic ending, that I was profoundly impressed with the thought that it ought to be published in the interest of my young Mormon friends.

If, however, it was to be published, more details of the early history of the Gentile participants in the stirring incidents, and how they came to be actors in the drama, must be obtained. I had secured from the prospector the address of his mining partner, but it was not until November, 1910, that time permitted me to visit Los Angeles.

On arriving at the city of angels I immediately went out to Pasadena, and made the acquaintance of Doctor Wentworth, as he will be known in this story. I frankly stated the object of my intrusion, and the purpose for which the information would be used. He asked permission to read the manuscript to which I gladly assented.

Next day I again went out to Pasadena. The doctor had finished reading the manuscript, and after consulting with his singularly beautiful daughter and her husband, and with his nephew and his charming "Mormon" wife,—all of whom were active participants in the incidents which ebb and flow around the Kawich gold mine in the Grand Canyon, and after my promise to keep their identity inviolate, Doctor Wentworth consented to its publication.

I remained in Los Angeles some five weeks, and during that time was almost a daily visitor at the homes of Doctor Wentworth and his "children," as he affectionately referred to them, and secured every important detail of their respective experiences in the Grand Canyon, and in the frontier towns of southern Utah.

Notwithstanding that the story was soon ready for the press, I hestitated. My entire life, up to nearly six years ago, had been lived in the Mormon church. During several of the later years I had been an outspoken opponent of many of the policies of the so-called Mormon "prophets," my opposition finally landing me in

the American party,—the political opponent of Mormon political dominance and polygamy. Within less than a year the "High Council" of the Millard "stake of Zion" excommunicated me for "apostacy, as evidenced in my public utterances against President Joseph F. Smith, Francis M. Lyman and others" of the chief conspirators for the political as well as spiritual control of Utah, and for "general neglect of duty."

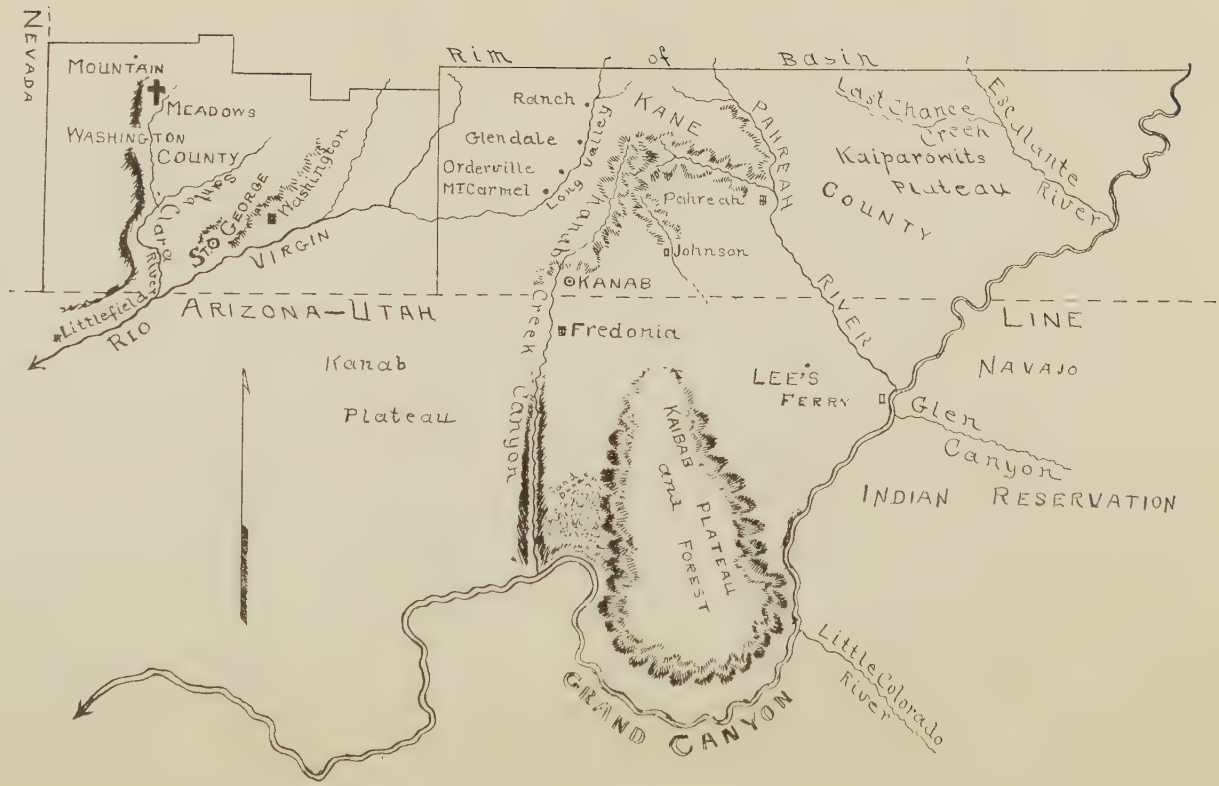
The chief reason for my hesitation, however, was the fact that all my relatives, except my sons and daughters, were members of the Mormon church, and as a unit were opposed to my active resistance to the political policy of the "prophets." Another consideration was that, if the story were published, it would invite the wrath of Mormon bigots; and at my age I could hardly entertain the thought of becoming a possible exile to escape priestly persecutions.

But the sense of duty to the misinformed young men and women of the Mormon church has triumphed; and to them is most affectionately dedicated the following story.

Respectfully,

JOSIAH F. GIBBS.

Marysvale, Utah, January 1, 1913.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Ranch
Glendale
Orderville
MtCarmel
Long Valley
KANE
PAHREAH
Last Chance Creek
Escalante River
Kaiparowits Plateau
COUNTY
Pahreah
Johnson
KANAB
Fredonia
Kanab Plateau
Kanab Creek Canyon
RIVER
LEE'S FERRY
NAVAJO
Glen Canyon
INDIAN RESERVATION
KAIBAB and PLATEAU FOREST
GRAND CANYON
Little Colorado River

II.

SOUTHERN UTAH AND NORTHERN ARIZONA—ESSENCE OF MORMONISM.

The incidents embraced in this story were enacted in southern Utah and northern Arizona; and that the reader may have a clear grasp of the topography of that portion of Utah know as Washington and Kane counties, and that section of country known as the "strip," between the Grand Canyon and the Utah-Arizona boundary line, a brief description is necessary.

Originally the south portion of the area under discussion was a sandstone flat of nearly the same altitude as today, over which water from the higher country, far to the northeast, swept in a wide, tremendous flood.

Subsequently a north-south strip of land, more than a hundred miles long by nearly thirty miles wide, was uplifted to an altitude of fully 9000 feet, at its highest elevation, above sea-level. On the north side of the Grand Canyon the uplifted area is known as the Kaibab plateau and forest.

The Kaibab division is marked by fault escarpments on the east and west sides, caused by the dislocation of the crust at the time of the uplift.

Immediately following the uplift a tortuous fissure cleft it in twain, and tilted the strata on each side of the break about three degrees below the horizon, toward the north and south, respectively, thus forming a V-shaped trough, several thousand feet deep, and more than a hundred miles long in a generally northeast-southwest direction. The vast body of water flowing in the vicinity took possession of the trough, and during hundreds of thousands of years worked continuously at excavating the most extensive and wonderful gorge on all the earth.

From Lee's Ferry, at the junction of Pareah and Glen canyons with the Colorado, the land gently ascends toward the north a distance of about forty to fifty miles where it rises in cliffs, then on toward the north about forty miles to the "rim" of the Great Salt Lake basin. From a short distance west of the Kaibab plateau the country descends westerly toward St. George, ninety miles from

Kanab; the descent being from about 5000 feet to 2750 feet in the valley of the Rio Virgin.

Except for widely separated oases, irrigated by springs and small mountain streams, the vast area is a desert, suitable only for ranging sheep, cattle and horses.

Even more essential to a clear understanding of the incidents of the story is a brief statement of the dogmatic heresies of the Mormon religion.

On the basic doctrines of Christianity Joseph Smith, the first Mormon "prophet," engrafted the fatuous dogma of unquestioning obedience to the Mormon priesthood; the infamously cruel doctrine of polygamy, and the blood-thirsty doctrine and practice of "blood-atonement" of "apostate" Mormons, and of others who commit the "unpardonable" sin of active resistance to the will of the Mormon priesthood.*

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*For the purpose of squarely meeting the denials of Mormons, often and vehemently made, that the doctrine of blood-atonement was never taught by the chiefs of their church, the following quotations are given:

"Live on here, then, you poor, miserable curses, until the time of retribution, when your heads will have to be severed from your bodies. Just let the Lord Almighty say, 'Lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet,' and the time of the thieves is short in this community. What do you suppose they would say in old Massachusetts should they hear that the Latter-day Saints had received a revelation or commandment to 'lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet'? What would they say in old Connecticut? They would raise a universal howl of 'How wicked the Mormons are. They are killing the evil-doers who are among them. Why, I hear that they kill the wicked away up yonder in Utah.' * * * What do I care for the wrath of man? No more than I do for the chickens that run in my door-yard. I am here to teach the ways of the Lord, and lead men to life everlasting; but if they have not a mind to go there, I wish them to keep out of my path."—Brigham Young, Salt Lake City, 1855, "Journal of Discourses," vol. III, page 50.

Again, February 24, 1856, President Brigham Young voiced his

Joseph Smith claimed that God and his Son appeared to him, and imparted the startling information that since the time of the apostles of the Saviour the priesthood and authority of God to minister unto and save mankind had not been on the earth; that all the churches were apostate, and all the ministers were usurpers of Divine authority. Joseph Smith also claimed that the Lord conferred on him authority to re-establish the church of Christ, and that whatsoever he (Joseph Smith) might "bind on earth should be bound in heaven;" and that his authority should be absolute over his followers in all things, temporal as well as spiritual. Also, that the Mormon church, otherwise known as the "Kingdom of God," "shall rule over all the kingdoms of the world."

One of the idiotic pretentions of Joseph Smith was voiced by him in Nauvoo, Illinois, during April, 1844, and is quoted from the

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contempt for, and defiance of, all civil law and governments in the matter of blood-atoning, the "thieves" and other "evil-doers:"

"I am not afraid of all hell, nor of the world, in laying judgment to the line when the Lord says so."—"Journal of Discourses," vol. III, page 241.

The "discourses" of Brigham Young on blood-atonement, from which quotations have been made, were delivered during the period of the hysterical (Mormon) "reformation." Notwithstanding that the Mormons were the "chosen people of God," the following excerpt from a discourse delivered by Jedediah M. Grant, second counselor to President Young, delivered a little later during the "reformation," discloses some important inside facts relating to the period, and to the necessity of applying the law of blood-atonement to the Mormon sinners. In volume 4, pages 49-50, Elder Grant relieved himself of the following unmistakable endorsement of the doctrine and practise of blood-atonement:

"I would ask how many covenant breakers there are in this city and kingdom (the Mormon "Kingdom of God")? I believe that there are a great many; and if they are covenant breakers, we NEED A PLACE DESIGNATED WHERE WE CAN SHED THEIR BLOOD. * * * If any of you ask, do I mean you, I answer yes. If any woman asks, do I mean her, I answer yes. * * * We have been trying long enough with this people, and I go in for letting the sword of the Almighty be unsheathed, not only in word but in deed."

"Deseret News," (the Salt Lake Mormon organ) of July 15, 1857:

"God made Aaron to be the mouthpiece of the children of Israel, and he will make me to be God to you in his stead, and the (Mormon) elders to be mouth for me; and if you don't like it you must lump it."

And that the dogma of unreasoning, unquestioning obedience to the Mormon priesthood is yet in full force is abundantly proved by the following:

"The fact of the matter is, when a man says, 'You may direct me spiritually, but not temporally,' he lies in the presence of God; that is, if he has got intelligence enough to know what he is talking about."—Joseph F. Smith, present chief "prophet" and vicegerent on earth of the Mormon god, in the "Deseret News," May 20, 1896.

And inasmuch as the dogma, just quoted, is embodied in the oaths administered, and the obligations assumed in the Mormon temple "endowments," Joseph F. Smith was well within his rights, as one of the alleged vicegerents of God, when he uttered the above unambiguous dictum.

The reader should keep in mind the foregoing quotations, accepted by every devout Mormon as being the mind and will of God, and to which he yields unqualified credence and obedience, for the reason that they will explain instances of devotion to duty which otherwise would be inexplicable.

And the fact that the devotees of the Mormon system believe that Joseph Smith was a prophet, and the temporal agent of God, with all that the terms imply, embraces the inseparable sequence that every follower of the first Mormon "prophet" and his successors is a fanatic, or hypocrite. The deliverance of one's reason is, to him, the court of last resort. And when by oaths and covenants he engages to obey any man or set of men without questioning the ethics of the demand, or "counsel," which every sincere Mormon does, he becomes an abject slave,—a fool or a fanatic, in fact, he is both. He must believe all of "Prophet" Joseph Smith's "revelations," or all of them must be discarded,—there is no middle

ground; Mormonism is all that is claimed for it, or it is the most complex, as well as glaring fraud ever conceived in the brain of a semi-irresponsible lunatic.

President Young died in 1877, and was succeeded by Apostle John Taylor—a most sincere fanatic.

As far back as 1860, the congress enacted anti-polygamy laws; but the Civil War, followed by the "reconstruction" period, precluded the enforcement of those laws, with the result that polygamy flourished unmolested. However, along in the early eighties the government seriously entered on the task of stamping out that special Mormon crime. But owing to the compact organization of the church, and the fanaticism of its membership, little headway was made, notwithstanding that a continuous procession of male polygamists, with maximum faith, and minimum brains, was entering, and emerging from the Utah penitentiary, while other male and female polygamists were on the "underground,"—hiding in Canada, Mexico and the remote Mormon settlements of southern Utah and northern Arizona.

Probably as a test of their respective strength, the Mormon god, along in the early eighties, issued an "inspired" defi to the United States government. President John Taylor received a "revelation" to the effect that no elder was eligible to any important office in the priesthood except he were a polygamist; and which precipitated an immediate scramble among the ambitious high priests and elders for possession of the surplus sisters.

The government met the Mormon god's "revelation" with additional laws, and increased vigor in their enforcement. But not until the congress enacted laws disfranchising the women voters of Utah; confiscating the church property, and was contemplating the wholesale disfranchisement of Mormons, did the titular deity of the misguided Saints, in 1890, issue a convenient "revelation" to President Wilford Woodruff (successor to the deceased John Taylor) "suspending" the earthly practice of polygamy.

The Mormon god was temporarily defeated, and which served

to intensify the fanaticism and rebelious spirit of the followers of Joseph Smith,—the medium through which the Mormon god fastened on this nation the most loathsome practice of the followers of Mohammed.

But that which the Mormon "prophets" could not accomplish in an open conflict with the government, they would achieve by contemptible acts of deception and treachery,—deception and treachery of "God's holy prophets!" approved and "sustained" by their followers who delight in being known to the world as "Latter-day Saints."

III.

ST. GEORGE—THE MORMON TEMPLE, ITS RITES—ALMA BROWN—THE FATAL "COUNSEL."

A mile or so north of the Virgin river, in Washington county, Utah, and about eight miles north of the Arizona line, is a little city of about 2000 population.

The city occupies a sheltered cove formed by a sandstone mountain to the north, and a black volcanic butte to the west. To the southeast, south and southwest is the valley of the Rio Virgin. A group of springs emerge from the base of the mountain to the north and form a small creek which is used for domestic and irrigation purposes. The altitude is 2750 feet above sea-level. The climate is semi-tropical.

Each dwelling is embowered in shade trees, and in the rear is an orchard and vineyard of the choicest fruits. The city is St. George, the beautiful metropolis of southwestern Utah. And when, some day, the sixty miles of rough mountain road which reaches out to Modena, a distributing station on the Los Angeles and Salt Lake railroad, shall have been eliminated by the building of a spur into Utah's "Dixie," the Rio Virgin valley will become one of the most inviting regions in the United States.

In the southern suburb is a large white edifice with a spire-like tower at the east end. It is the first Mormon temple built in Utah. During the period with which our story is concerned it was the special shelter of a select few of the polygamous "prophets, seers and revelators" of the Mormon church. One of the round upper windows on the north side is yet pointed out as indicating the place of refuge of President Wilford Woodruff during the strenuous times of the under-ground "persecutions" (prosecutions).

The building is dedicated to the endowment rites of the Mormon superstitution,—to the "sealing" of wives to husbands, of children "born outside of the covenant" to their fathers, baptism for the dead, and administering of secret oaths which bind the Mormon people into the most compact religious organization in the world.

View of St. George—Looking Southeasterly. Temple in Southern Suburb; bank of Rio Virgin in Background, and Colorado Plateau in Extreme Distance.

Almost daily in the St. George temple, as in every Mormon temple in Utah, are heard the mumblings of lecherous, fanatical priests as they monotonously repeat the threadbare oath of obedience to the Mormon priesthood, and the oath of vengeance which obligates every devotee to "pray, and never cease to pray Almighty God to avenge the death of the prophets (Joseph and Hyrum Smith) on this nation," and of which the Mountain Meadows massacre was a logical sequence.

It is within the secret chambers of the temples that treason to the government of the United States is taught, and enjoined on every one who enters those accursed edifices,—the awe-inspiring Meccas of driveling fanatics, the sanctuaries of priest-ridden serfs; and all the treacherous lying of the prophets and their missionary dupes cannot affect the truth of the above statements which the writer of this knows to be true.

In such an atmosphere of superstition Alma Brown grew to manhood, and in the temple was "sealed for eternity" to Clara Shepard whom he had previously "married for time." The young husband and wife were admirably adapted to each other, and within the influence of a healthful moral atmosphere their's would have been an ideal domestic life.

At the time of their marriage in 1871, Alma Brown was twenty-six, and his wife twenty-four years of age. Their union had been wisely deferred until Brown could accumulate a small herd of cattle for which he was industriously working. His was a splendid type of physical manhood,—large, wiry, and a born horseman, with an inclination and special adaptability for the cattle industry for which, at the time, the locality afforded unrivaled opportunities.

Brown's wife was the reverse, physically and tempermentally, of the man to whom she was tenderly devoted. Her slender, perfectly developed figure, light hair, appealing blue eyes and clear complextion were in marked contrast to the robust, sinewy form, dark skin and dark brown eyes of the man upon whom she leaned, and whom she loved with the passionate devotion of a pure, high-minded and mature woman.

Alma Brown was born and reared in the Mormon faith to which he was fanatically devoted. In fact, during all but a fraction of his life he would not have regarded any sacrifice as too great to meet the exactions of the Mormon priesthood.

While possessing a highly spiritual nature, Mrs. Brown was distrustful of the claims of special divinity for the Mormon church, and of the sincerity of the men who pose before their followers as "prophets, seers and revelators." In her inmost soul the pure woman loathed polygamy, but believed that her husband's love for her was a stronger chord than his devotion to Mormonism, and for his sake she spoke no word against the religion for which Brown would have given his life.

In 1872 a baby girl arrived at the home of the Browns, and their cup of happiness was filled. When eight days old the father took the infant to the Mormon church and had her "blessed" according to the rites of the faith. The child was given the name of Clara, and as the years went by she fulfilled the promise of her bright and beautiful babyhood.

Two years after the birth of Clara there was again an ominous quiet in the home of the Browns. In the agony of difficult maternity Mrs. Brown gave birth to a baby boy. The infant lived but a few minutes. The physician told the grief-stricken father that his wife would not again become a mother.

Brown had often prayed that the next child would be a boy. He longed for a son whom he might teach the industry in which, year by year, he was becoming prosperous. In the death of his son, and the doctor's statement, his hopes were blasted, and his life clouded by the disappointment.

But he became even more assiduous in those thoughtful details of married life which women so highly prize, and which would be reciprocated with compound interest if men had the necessary sense to understand the nature of woman before the poisonous weeds of indifference take root in the hearts of their wives.

And thus the years went by, and even happily for the wife whose health was seriously impaired by the last accouchement.

Alma Brown had risen to the position of first counselor to the bishop of the south ecclesiastical ward of St. George, and was the only one of the bishopric who came within the obey-or-resign terms of President Taylor's "revelation." But because of his devotion to his wife, whose recovery Alma Brown knew would be seriously handicapped by the blow, he hesitated, and postponed the dreaded polygamous ordeal from month to month.

The apostle-president of the "Washington stake of Zion" highly prized the spiritual labors (and tithing) of Elder Brown, and was more than patient with his hesitation to enter the sacred interior of the temple, and before the heaven-blessed altar "promise to love and cherish" a plural wife.

The crisis, however, arrived when the stake president told Brown that the time had come when the celestial law must be obeyed; that his wife would bear no more children, and that it was the "duty of all faithful servants of the Lord to enter polygamy, and raise up a righteous seed unto the Lord;" that no further postponement of the ceremony would be permitted; that the "Lord required the sacrifice as a test of his faith, and as evidence to the government of the United States that God is supreme in his ability to 'force polygamy down the throat of this nation;'" and if he failed to respond it would be proof that he lacked faith in the revelation, or "lacked courage to face the ungodly Gentile laws against polygamy as became a true disciple of Joseph Smith who gave his life as a testimony of his sincerity." In either view of the case Brown would be an "unworthy exemplar to Israel," and was told that he had the alternative of obeying the law at once or resigning his office in the priesthood; and if the latter, he would be regarded as an "apostate—a traitor to God and his brethren."

To Alma Brown the voice of the apostle-president was the voice of God. It was no time for prayer and hesitation,—the Lord had spoken, and the time for obedience had come.

St. George Temple (Looking Southwesterly).

IV.

ALMA BROWN AT THE ALTAR OF HIS GOD—NO COMFORTING VOICE —THE BLOW FALLS—THE WIFE'S PROTEST.

With heavy feet, and with heavier heart, Alma Brown turned homeward from his interview with the "man of God."

There was no thought of disobedience. But what of his wife? Uncomplainingly she had borne the cross which married life too often thrusts on less rugged wives. With all her strength she had tried to compensate the lack of maternity by devotion to her husband such as can be given only by pure, exalted womanhood. In her physical weakness she leaned on her strong husband with the confiding love of a child. Alma Brown knew those facts better than did his wife. A feeling of loyalty to, and commiseration for, the one who must bear the larger share of the sacrifice was awakening the latent manhood which has a place in the brain of every normal man. Did the Almighty require the sacrifice of his wife's happiness, perhaps her life, on the altar of obedience?

The route to Brown's home was by the east side of the temple grounds. Each morning, when at home, he reverently looked at the temple. Within its venerated walls the divinely-authorized servants of God were wont to weld the broken links of the chain of salvation which binds the favored children of God to their Eternal Father.

When opposite the east elevation of the temple Brown paused, and on the tablet below the tower read the following inscription:

HOLINESS TO THE LORD
The Temple of Our God,
Erected by the
Latter-day Saints,
A. D. 1872.

As if impelled by an invisible power Brown turned into the temple grounds, and within the shadow of the holy edifice seated himself on one of the rustic benches. A sense of peace entered his troubled mind. It was a "testimony" that God approved the step he was about to take.

Brown attempted to silently pray for the Holy Comforter to abide with his wife in the ordeal she was about to face, but before his eyes there flitted the vision of his fifteen-year-old daughter, whose promise of magnificent womanhood was the pride of his heart. His love for the earnest, sedate girl was not divided with other children,—she had been both daughter and son to him.

Since ten years of age Clara was the owner of a saddle pony whose gentleness, fleetness and sure movements were the wonder of the child's associates. Every spare minute she and her equine pet were companions in racing over the hills until she knew his every movement and caprice.

Yielding to the eager, persistent pleadings of his daughter, Brown had reluctantly permitted her to accompany him to the range, and to remain during the last two spring and autumn round-ups; and he proudly dwelt on her accomplishments as a skilfull and fearless rider.

On her visits to the range she was the pet of the cow-boys whom Brown employed. They taught her the art of swinging the lasso and roping cattle; how to use a revolver, and manifested more than usual exuberance of spirits when initiating a novice into the mysteries of the range.

During the last spring's round-up the girl's aid had been equally efficient with the best of his men. The proud father remembered the vision of a demure little maiden attired in schaps, a short riding skirt, a light cowboy hat, her fair skin browned to the hue of a gypsy, and her long tresses streaming out like a brown silken banner as she raced over the desert, or came to sudden halts, and wheeled with surprising alertness and nerve as she conquered an obstinate and often fighting steer. The exercise developed her strength, and increased her natural grace far beyond her years.

And Brown's heart warmed as he recollected when the bovine mammas and their babies were driven into the corral for the purpose of branding the calves, the girl sought the seclusion of the mess wagon, or turned her pony toward the pine-clad hills. Once she had looked on with protesting face and words while the hot iron

was applied to the helpless, bleating calves, while the smoke of burning flesh curled upward into the face of the man who pressed down the cruel iron, and while the wild-eyed mothers mooed their terror and protests. What would his little Clara think of her father when she knew that he was intending to compel her mother to share the sacred sphere of wife with another woman?

Brown arose and walked to the northwest entrance to the temple, and, greeting the caretaker, entered the revered building. Proceeding to the closet containing the temple clothing he disrobed, and clad in the habiliments of abject slavery sought the "prayer-circle" room.

Except for the caretaker he was alone in the temple of his God. Kneeling before the altar he pleaded for a "testimony" by which he might know if the mighty sacrifice was required at the hands of himself and family?

While awaiting the answer, he prayed that his wife might be given strength to bear the burden that with potential terrors might be her's to endure.

The silence of the room was oppressive. No comforting voice nor vision manifested approval or disapproval. Perhaps the Lord was angry at his effrontery in seeking for himself a confirmation of the command of one of his holy apostles and agents. So thought Alma Brown as hour after hour he waited for some sign from the Lord.

Disheartened with his fruitless pleading, the honest Mormon disrobed, and after donning his clothing descended to the ground floor and wended his way to the home which, in obedience to the command of the priesthood, he would soon desecrate.

That evening Brown told his wife that he would like to consult her on an important matter. From his haggard face the wife knew that something was deeply worrying her husband. The price of cattle was going down, and Mrs. Brown thought he wanted to consult her on some financial matter.

The younger Clara was present, and Brown suggested that she leave the room. Mrs. Brown gently protested they had no secrets

which could not be discussed in the presence of the child, and asked that she be permitted to remain,—the unusual suggestion worried her.

In a few words Brown told his wife of the counsel of the president of the stake,—he wanted to get through with the ordeal as quickly as possible.

During the statement Bown observed the increasing pallor of his wife's face as the polygamous iron entered the soul of the woman for whom he would cheerfully have walked to the stake.

There was no outcry,—just the dumb helplessness of a deserted woman who looks out into the blackness of a night to which there will be no ending until she stands before her Creator and pleads for the justice which men had denied her.

Brown sprang forward with the purpose of taking the frail woman in his arms and sharing her grief. Like an avenging angel his daughter forestalled him. Dropping to her knees beside her mother, the girl threw one arm around her neck while, as her eyes flashed scorn and defiance, she thrust back the man whose mistaken sense of duty impelled him to crush the faded flower whose incense had largely been the source of his financial success.

His daughter's vehement repulse forced the blood to Brown's heart and brain as he helplessly looked on the ruin he had wrought.

With womanly fortitude Mrs. Brown recovered from the shock of the unexpected announcement. Unclasping the frantic embrace of her daughter, she motioned her to a seat. Then turning to her husband she asked him to take a seat by her side. She knew the man's fanatical devotion to his faith, and that he, too, was suffering. There was nothing of defiance, nothing of reproach in her patient face, or gentle, musical voice as she began her unanswerable defense of her rights.

"Alma, I realize your intense faith in Mormonism, and your devotion to duty as you understand it. I know what I am about to say will shock and wound you. I will now confess something which all these years I have withheld because of my love for you, and because of the haunting fear that you would love me less

if you knew it. I have no sympathy with Mormonism. I do not believe in its alleged divinity. I know that you are being deceived. Please do not interrupt me, I know by heart every argument you would present."

An expression of surprise and pain passed over Brown's face at his wife's statement that she did not share his faith. His former certainty of eternity with Clara by his side seemed to be dissolving into intangibility, and the prophetic brightness of the future life appeared to recede and merge into the blackness of spiritual despair. But he took the assigned seat, partly in front of his wife, and humbly awaited her statement.

"I will begin at the beginning," Mrs. Brown continued. "In 1846 father joined Brennan's company of Mormons and sailed around Cape Horn for the purpose of joining Brigham Young in southern California, for which place he and his company of pioneers started in 1847.

"Father settled in San Bernardino and lived there ten years. Early in September, 1857, father received instructions from President Young to emigrate to Salt Lake City. The government was sending an army to Utah, and it was deemed best to gather at some point where the Saints could present an united front to their enemies. Father lost no time in complying with the call. He sacrificed our beautiful home in San Bernardino for an outfit with which to cross the deserts, and under the direction of Apostle Amasa M. Lyman our company came on to Utah.

"One evening, the latter part of October, after ascending the steep road from the Santa Clara river, our tired horses and mules forced us to camp at the Mountain Meadows."

Alma Brown shuddered, and was about to speak when his wife interposed:

"I know what you would say. You would make the plea that the leaders of your church were not responsible for that awful crime. And so far as personal participation in the massacre is concerned, I agree with you. But the large number of those who did participate in that awful butchery believed they were carrying out the will of the priesthood as expressed in the blood atone-

"Merciful God! is this one of the fruits of Mormonism?"

ment sermons of the Mormon leaders and their agents during the years just prior to the crime at the Meadows.

"I was but ten years old, yet the memory of that frightful scene has haunted me to this day. After supper, mother, my small brother and I went over the ground, as did many others of our company. We had learned something of the massacre from a company of Gentile south-bound emigrants at Las Vegas, where both trains laid over a few days to recruit their work animals.

"A few hundred feet northeast from the spring where we were encamped, we found the remains of some sixty men, including a number of large boys, which had been dragged together and over which a light covering of earth had been thrown, but later were disinterred by rains and coyotes. Many of the skulls had been pierced by bullets, while others had been crushed by heavy rifle barrels, as the marks plainly showed. I knew nothing of the meaning of it, but was awed and terrified by the awful sight.

"Mother and I passed over a low elevation, following the road to the northeast. Mother fell on her knees and wept as though her heart was broken. All of sixty bodies of women, girls, children and even babes, were scattered over a few square rods. Nearly all of them had been killed with arrows or clubs. Many of the bodies had been stripped of clothing by the fiends who murdered them. Coyotes had fed on the bodies until the mutilation was awful.

"As mother again looked at the victims of heartless butchery she cried out: 'Merciful God! is this one of the fruits of Mormonism?'

"As we turned toward camp I noticed something glisten among the dead weeds. I picked it up. Evidently it was a wedding ring, for the inside bore the nuptial legend: 'From Charles Fancher to Leah Fancher, June 8, 1844.'

"Five years afterward, when mother was on her deathbed, she gave me the ring, told me to keep it, and to always remember the Mountain Meadows. As soon as my finger was large enough to carry the ring I put it on and have since worn it. You never asked me how I came by it, and every time I look at the ring the scene

at the Meadows rises like a crimson shadow between myself and Mormonism."

Mrs. Brown glanced at the horror-stricken face of her daughter, hesitated, then continued:

"Alma, I won't torture you with a recital of the diabolical incidents associated with the death of the Dunlap girls after their parents and the others had been slain; but Jesus said, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

With throbing heart Mrs. Brown noted the quivering lips and haggard face of the silent man who knew that he could not refute, explain nor justify the crime which impelled his wife's arraignment of his religion. But as he had often been taught by the prophets, he believed that "the actions of men have no bearing on the divinity of Mormonism."

Mrs. Brown continued: "Mother lost all faith in Mormonism, but because of her regard for father's feelings she kept the fact of her apostacy from him, as I have mine from you.

"You will recollect that Apostle Amasa Lyman, about twelve years after the massacre, apostatized and became a powerful opponent of the Mormon church; and no one has denied the unassailable truth that the scene at the Meadows was the entering wedge to his faith. His son, Francis M. Lyman, has since arisen to the apostolate, but there are as many who believe him to be a hypocrite as there are of those who believe him sincere. He saw the evidence of Mormon treachery and murder at the Meadows, and was about nineteen years old at the time of the massacre."

The younger Clara had listened attentively to the description of the scene at the Meadows, and as her father noted the expression of horror on his child's face, and the wide-open,moisture-laden eyes, he knew that the seeds of apostacy had then and there been implanted in her brain. And he sensed the bitter fact that he had placed himself in a position which would bar him from making an effective appeal to her reason. He worshipped the child, but she, too, was slipping from him.

"Alma," the wife resumed, "knowing, as you now do, that I am not a believer in your religion, you have no moral right, even if

Mormonism were the favored religion of God, to force the relations of polygamy on me."

Within his inmost being Alma Brown knew that the last sentence spoken by his wife was a truth which no one, prophet or layman, could challenge, and for the first time in his life experienced an almost intangible wavering of his faith.

The wife was hardly satisfied with her defense, and resumed her protest with an arraignment of polygamy in its practice and results:

"Do you remember Zaida McFarland, the girl who, some seven years ago, assisted in the endowment ceremonies in the temple?" Brown slightly inclined his head. "Well, then, you will also remember that a certain polygamist worker in the temple, and within the walls of that building, reared and dedicated to your strange god, debauched that girl; and that through the influence of other lecherous priests is alone and silently bearing the burden of the mutual crime.

"Just a few more examples of the wickedness of polygamy, and of the fanaticism of your elders, the defense of my position will be sufficiently complete.

"Do you remember Clara Jones who lived in the Fifteenth ward, Salt Lake City?—she with whom you and I attended school at Sister Kimball's." Another inclination of Brown's head apprised his wife that he remembered. "You will also recollect that Clara became the third wife of a son of one of the leaders of your church. After two or three months his coldness, cruelty and studied neglect of the girl were apparent to her friends. Within a year the wretch deserted her, and the blow killed her. You will remember Clara as a tall, fair-haired girl with sparkling blue eyes,—a girl who recoiled from an unkind word as she would have done from an evil thought. The memorial stone over her grave should bear the legend: 'She was a victim of polygamy—her heart was broken.'

"Perhaps you didn't know Sister Ann Hales who lived in Utah county. She was a frail woman, the first wife of a tight-fisted, fanatical priest. He took a second wife, a large, masculine woman

"Dora."

who ruled the servile elder by her superior intelligence and force of character. And she was as selfish and cruel as her husband was weak and cowardly. The first wife's life became a double torture; and the records of the insane asylum at Provo prove that she died a maniac."

Brown paled as he recalled the well-known tragedy.

"I know that the recital pains you, Alma, and I will draw your attention to but one more instance of the bigoted fanaticism of your elders, a tragedy which was the sequence of a polygamous marriage.

"The incident occurred in one of the west-central counties. The father of the girl, early in 1872, worked on the temple here in which his daughter, in the fall of 1880, was plurally married. On a visit to the fall conference in 1874 we were guests at her father's home while going to, and returning from, Salt Lake City. You will remember Dora, the youngest of the family. Her's was a face to be remembered. She was not handsome, but she was good and loveable. I will never forget her modest, gentle deportment. Her mother told me that during her entire life the girl had not spoken an unkind word to her father, mother, brother or sisters. She was the embodiment of patience and sweetness. She became the plural wife of her sister's husband. You were on the range at the time of her marriage, and while they visited with me during their stay in St. George. Her husband was a fine-looking, intelligent man who was born and reared in your church, but because of his birth and environment he was a superstitious fanatic, as were his parents and neighbors.

"Five years ago Dora was to become a mother. It was a difficult case, and the only assistance was a good old lady who almost wept her eyes out over the uncomplaining suffering of the young wife.

"The elders were called in, and they annointed her with 'consecrated oil,' and laid their hands upon her head. In the name of the Sinless One those ignorant fanatics promised the agonized woman that she would recover, and become the mother of a

child which would be a blessing to her and an ornament to the church.

"The girl had implicit faith in the power of the priesthood, and did all she could to aid in the elders' prophecy. The services of a skilled physician, rather than the prayers of driveling fanatics, was needed in the supreme ordeal which was slowly crucifying the helpless girl.

"The fanatics discredited the efficacy of their claimed power to 'heal the sick in the name of Jesus' by sending twenty miles for a Mormon quack, whose scant knowledge of medicine and surgery was supplemented by a super-abundance of superstition and fanaticism. Except giving herb teas, and the promise that he would soon rescue Dora from the jaws of death into which she was hastening, the 'doctor' did little else in the way of relief.

"After fifty hours of agony for the young wife, those sincere devotees to an alien faith were still on their knees praying to the god of Joseph Smith for the recovery of the innocent victim of their accursed ignorance and superstition. A stifled, agonized moan, and the spirit of the trusting girl entered the presence of the Good Father, who alone knows all that Mormon women have endured for their faith, and of the purity of their hearts.

"The only brother of the girl was in Provo. A few hours after his sister's death he received a message—it read:

'Dora died at 3:30 this morning.'

"By steam and horses the brother with a skilled physician could have reached the bedside of his favorite sister within six hours. But those ignorant dupes of Joseph Smith watched and prayed while the confiding, undelivered girl was slowly dying.

"The brother went home and learned the truth. And while he looked down into the drawn, pain-furrowed face of his sister, and into the dark, strangled face of the babe, and realized the horror of the unnecessary tragedy, there was born within his brain a doubt of the truth of Mormonism. Subsequently he apostatized and became an unyielding enemy of Mormon superstition and practice. And who, in the final adjustment, shall say that 'his sister died in vain?'"

The severe strain on the mind of Mrs. Brown, while she was recalling and narrating the pathetic incidents with which she was personally familiar, compelled a pause in her unanswerable indictment of her husband's religion. Her concluding words were accompanied with a vehemence she had not theretofore manifested:

"Alma, if the wretchedness, sorrow and misery which have flowed in a bitter and polluted stream from polygamous relations were written and given to the world, the men and women of this nation would arise and wipe out the crime which, during more than forty years, has hovered like a mantle of death over so many Mormon homes, and which is becoming the source of immeasureable sexual impurity among the heirs* of polygamous relations who

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*Since the time when God, as alleged, commanded Joseph Smith to enter polygamy, the Mormon chiefs have contended that the practice was instituted by the Almighty for the purpose of improving the human family physically, mentally and morally.

That the average child born in polygamy is in any respect superior to the average child born in monogamy, the writer of the within narative advisedly denies. Insofar as morals are concerned the very reverse is the truth.

Within recent years the sheriff of Utah county, an almost exclusively Momon community, and the home of the (now) Brigham Young university, had at one and the same time sixteen cases of sexual impurity among the young Mormons under investigation. Analyses of the cases proved the significant fact that the ratio of crime among the sons and daughters of polygamous parents was far greater than among those of monogamous parentage; and the results of analyses of like cases will hold good throughout the state of Utah.

Another fact, of which the writer challenges denial, is patent to everyone who has investigated the subject. In proportion to the respective population of Mormons and Gentiles in Utah, the ratio of sexual impurity is greater by sixty per cent among the young of Mormon ancestry, than among the young men and women of Gentile parentage.

Among the native sons and daughters of Utah who have risen to distinction there are some who were born in polygamy; but those who care to investigate the facts will discover another significant

are being demoralized by the examples of unrestrained indulgence of those who commit adultery in the name and by the assumed authority of God!"

Brown attempted no reply to his wife's defense of her rights and position. The intensity of her emotions during the interview afforded an insight into her strength of character which he had not before realized, and which was the chief reason for his hesitation to attempt any reply to his wife's arraignment of the religious system of which he was a part.

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truth that the ratio of those born in polygamy is glaringly less than of those born in monogamy.

It is a notorious fact that the sons and daughters, with few exceptions, of the early Mormon polygamous leaders were not above the average in intelligence or morals; and that a greater per cent of them, to quote a favorite Mormon expression, have "gone to the devil," than the descendants of monogamist Mormons of the same period.

A recent concrete example of the depravity which the issue of polygamous relations too often inherit, and which is also an evidence of the truth of pre-natal influences, as well as of environment, will be given, but with the cheerful concession that it is an exceptional case.

Orderville, twenty-five miles north of Kanab, Kane county, Utah, is exclusively Mormon, and of profoundly devout fanatics. A missing girl was traced to a cave in a box canyon a mile or so from the settlement. Wedged down into a crevice, and under a covering of stones, the searchers found the body of the girl. Death had resulted from three bullet wounds.

A post mortem examination proved that the girl was enceinte, and that she had been debauched a few minutes before her death.

That most infamous crime was traced to a prominent young man of Orderville.

While awaiting trial the accused was lodged in the basement of the county jail at Kanab.

Almost daily a crowd of youths, in the absence of the sheriff, witnessed in pantomime the tragedy in the cave. For the entertainment of the youths the young pervert would drop to the floor of

Within a few days Brown again visited the stake president, and bared his heart before the "man of God." He pleaded for an exception in his case to the inexorable alternative of obeying the priesthood or being branded "apostate."

The apostle bluntly told Elder Brown there could be no appeal from the decision of God's prophet. That after having informed his wife of his intention to take a plural, he was under no obligation to further consult her. In fact, it was not necessary to consult anyone other than the priesthood when entering the order of celestial marriage.

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his cell, and writhe, scream and groan in imitation of the dying victim of his unbridled lust.

The wealth and priestly standing of the father of the uncomparable criminal secured a life sentence in state prison for the victim of his own polygamous lust, instead of to the gallows which he so righteously deserved.

Not more than a year after the crime the saintly residents of Orderville were seriously discussing the question of a pardon for their murderously-lecherous townsman. The ground upon which they purposed basing their petition was first, that it was the girl's fault(!). (Since Adam's example in the Garden of Eden it has been ever thus.) Second, that the criminal was not responsible for his perverted inclinations.

The young criminal's mother, according to trustworthy information, claimed that her son should not be held responsible for the condition of her mind during months prior to the infant's birth.

Several months before the birth of the future criminal,—the unfortunate heirs of pre-natal influence, and victim of future environment—,the father went to St. George where he "took unto himself" a plural wife.

The effect on the mind of the first wife was such that, as she afterward said when pleading for charity for her degenerate son, she "felt as if she could murder both of them" (her husband and his plural).

The self-evident fact that if the father of the future criminal had not thrust on his wife the loathsome relations of polygamy, the one who is now serving a life-sentence would have been a respected citizen, is sufficient reply to those that claim, as a defense

A week or two after his last interview with the apostle, Brown moved his wife and daughter to Provo where the latter would attend school at the Brigham Young academy.

No further mention of the subject of polygamy was made to Mrs. Brown, who believed that her husband had abandoned the thought of taking a plural wife.

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of polygamy, that the crime might have been committed by the son of a monogamist.

The lecherous advocates and defenders of polygamy will hardly attempt reply to the unassailable truth that were it not for Mormon licentiousness, practiced under the name of "celestial marriage," there would today be one less inmate of the Utah state prison.

V.

THE SECRET POLYGAMOUS MARRIAGE—DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCE.

Mrs. Brown was barely settled in Provo when her husband began casting about for another wife. He counseled with the stake president on the subject of the future plural. The latter suggested that Brown take a woman not likely to be sought by the younger men, and by so doing he would not only obey the law but would be a benefactor.

The idea struck Brown as being especially inspired. A plain woman, well along in life but able to bear children, would not arouse the jealousy of his wife to the extent as would a young and handsome woman. It ought really to convince her that he had entered polygamy because of his devotion to his faith, rather than for any carnal inducement.

Brown did not intend to deceive his wife for any great length of time; but for the present it would be better to withhold the truth.

Before the same altar at which he and Clara were "sealed for eternity," Brown and his plural were "sealed for time and eternity."

That he might more certainly foil the "spotters," or resident detectives who were watching the movements of the suspected elders, and sending information to the United States marshal at Beaver City, Brown was cautious in his visits to the home of his plural. And that he might more carefully guard his polygamous secret he made frequent trips to Provo where he remained a month or so, then returned to his work on the range.

When on his first visit to Provo after his secret marriage, and while the arms of his wife were entwined around his neck in the tender embrace of perfect trust, no one can measure the depth of humiliation which Alma Brown experienced as he thought of the cruel deception he was practising. But he excused himself with the belief that God approved it. Why the Infinite Father, just, merciful and compassionate, required obedience to a law which

embraced deception in its practice was a question his priest-controlled brain had never asked.

The change from St. George to the bustling railroad town of Provo, and from a sweltering climate to the cool, bracing air of Utah valley, with its peerless environment of mountain walls and beautiful lake, was doing more to restore Mrs. Brown's health than could have been accomplished by the best physicians. In her returning health, and blissful unconsciousness of the impending blow, Mrs. Brown looked the future in the face with much of her old-time confidence and cheerfulness.

Some eighteen months after Brown's second marriage, Mrs. Brown received a letter from a friend in St. George, announcing that Miss Mary Cannon was the mother of a "bouncing boy," and that as usual in those cases there was much speculation as to who was the happy father.

To Mrs. Brown the story was an old one. She knew of scores of instances where members of the St. George choir, of Sabbath-school teachers, and of prominent members of the "Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations," had suddenly disappeared, and after a few months had returned with babes in their arms, and had taken their places in the choir or Sabbath school without question or hardly comment from the Saints who had been enjoined by the priesthood to "keeps their mouths closed" regarding such incidents. It was of no interest to Mrs. Brown how many babies Miss Cannon had, or might have, to her credit.

Three months elapsed when "The Salt Lake Tribune," the especial enemy of Mormon polygamy, contained the following news item:

"Beaver, Utah, March 26.—Marshal Thompson arrived last evening from St. George, having in custody Alma Brown, a prominent resident of that place. Brown is charged with polygamy and adultery. The woman in the case is Miss Mary Cannon who is alleged to be Brown's plural. The evidence is said to be conclusive. Brown was released on a $3000 bond."

A Gentile neighbor took the paper in to Mrs. Brown and asked if the man were a relative of the family.

The wife of the polygamist glanced at the item. No outcry escaped the stricken woman who returned the paper without comment. The younger Clara was at school, and on her return no mention was made of her father's arrest.

The shock caused a more serious attack of the weakness from which Mrs. Brown had appeared to be rapidly recovering. Each day witnessed a further decline of vitality,—the drooping flower was fast withering in the chill of the polygamous frost. But she insisted that no word of her condition be sent to her husband. At the end of a week, however, the physician advised the daughter to wire her father to come at once.

Brown had just returned from the range when a messenger handed him the following:

"Mother is very ill. (Signed) Clara."

Intuitively Brown knew that someone had informed his wife of his arrest, and of the charges preferred against him. He dispatched a messenger to his camp at Canaan springs with orders to his foreman to hold the steers, and to proceed with gathering the herd as fast as possible; that he would not return for an indefinite time, but would wire instructions.

There was but one train per day from Milford to Salt Lake, and it was a "mixed" train which ran in the night, and received and discharged freight at nearly every station. Brown believed that he could reach Milford by twelve o'clock, noon, next day, and wired for a special to be ready at that hour.

Without sleep, without food except that which he could swallow while fresh horses were attached to his buggy, the desperately repentant man sped on his journey to Milford.

Wherever possible along the route Brown wired his wife of his progress, and had arranged for messages at given points from the physician as to the condition of his wife. The messages were ominous—"Rapidly sinking."

Twelve o'clock arrived and the agent at Milford stepped out on the platform. The special engine was belching smoke and emitting white clouds of steam,—panting and eager for the race with death.

The agent was well acquainted with Brown who was a shipper of cattle from his station, and for whom he had an important message. Anxiously he looked up the road toward Parowan. In the distance a cloud of dust was rapidly moving toward the station. A few minutes later Brown alighted and hurried to the platform. The agent handed him the message:

"Mrs. Brown may survive until evening."

It is a hundred and eighty odd miles from Milford to Provo, of which more than a hundred miles was then over two of the roughtest "streaks of iron rust" in the United States. But the engineer had orders to make the best possible time compatible with safety.

It was nearly five o'clock when the special ran into the station at Provo. A rig was waiting for the half-insane man, and within five minutes Brown entered his dwelling. The doctor met him at the door: "A shock may kill her," was his reply to Brown's hurried inquiry.

In the quiet of her darkened room Mrs. Brown heard the fast-moving scream of the locomotive, and listened to the pounding of the hoofs of the racing horses as they sped to the door, and knew that her husband had entered.

As Brown groped his way toward the bed a weak voice that thrilled every fiber of his awakened manhood called to him:

"Alma, I am here."

Brown leaned over the bed, and a pair of arms encircled his neck. The deeply-repentant man essayed to speak. His wife checked him: "Don't speak of it, Alma, it will do no good," was the gentle admonition of the woman whom he had so grieviously wronged. Placing his arm over the emaciated form, the husband put his cheek on that of his wife and sobbed his penitence and grief.

"Raise me up, Alma." Tenderly, as if caressing an infant, he raised his wife to a sitting posture, and placed his arms around the shrunken form of the woman who had met his treachery with the spirit of the Saviour: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

"Clara, raise the blind," came the yet weaker voice. The girl obeyed, and admitted the light of the fast-descending sun.

"Clara, come here." Mrs. Brown placed the hand of her child within that of her father, and looking up into the face of her husband, while a wan, assuring smile lighted her angelic features, she drew down his face,—a light pressure of their lips, and Brown sensed a shiver of the tired body. He looked into her face,—the smile yet lingered, but she was dead.

Clara accompanied her father to St. George where he placed her in the care of his sister. The death of her mother was a cruel blow, but she suffered in silence. Except for the pain which was visible in her face, and a more reserved demeanor, there was little outward evidence of suffering.

Immediately after his return to St. George, Brown went to the home of his plural wife, and told her that he would provide for her and the babe, but the relation of husband and wife was ended.

VI.

UNFORTUNATE CATTLE DEAL—THE FLOOD—AT REST.

Just prior to his last trip to Provo Brown contracted to deliver a thousand steers at St. George on the first day of May. Friends of Brown went on his bond to deliver the steers within a specified time and condition.

Brown's foreman met him at St. George, and told him that the limit of steers which could be obtained from his herd was eight hundred. Two hundred were purchased on the range, but they must be gathered, and the time was limited. Brown was to receive two dollars per head more for the steers than he was paying, and believed that by employing more help he could comply with the contract.

It was forty miles from Brown's camp to St. George. By driving ten miles per day, and permitting the steers to graze along the trail, they would be in better condition for delivery; and by turning them over to the buyer on the last day he would save the expense of holding them in the vicinity of St. George.

On the evening of the third day a heavy rain set in and continued during the night. The morning was clear and excessively warm. About ten o'clock of the forenoon of the last day, and while in sight of St. George, a terrific downpour began and continued until about three o'clock. Coming as it did in the faces of the wild steers, the storm made the work of driving slow and difficult.

Brown figured on delivering the cattle at about three o'clock, and could easily have done so under normal conditions.

During the previous winter vast quantities of snow had been garnered on the flats and in the deep canyons comprising the sources of the Rio Virgin. The late spring had held the impending flood in check until, under the influence of the warm rain, foaming torrents were pouring from a hundred ravines and lateral canyons into the river.

As the men approached the swollen stream, two miles from town, they were bitterly disappointed that it was almost full from bank to bank, and that the ford was fully thirty rods wide.

The dark, silt-charged stream was rolling toward the Colorado at a speed of about twelve miles per hour. Above the sullen murmur of the hurrying flood the men heard the splash of caving banks as the water undermined the quicksand soil; and every splash signaled that a portion of some man's farm was enroute to the Gulf of California.

Brown's face assumed an expression of deep anxiety as he looked at the obstructing flood. Unless he could cross the steers over that evening, or secure an extension of time, it meant financial ruin,—that the results of toil and twenty years' privation on the range would be swept away by the non-fulfillment of his contract. Brown knew that the man with whom he was dealing was exacting in every detail; but believed that under existing conditions the man would be reasonable. When too late, Brown realized that he had figured too closely as to time, but the low price of cattle demanded the saving of every dollar.

Brown hurriedly consulted his foreman on the best course to pursue. An attempt to cross the steers that evening would be to mire them in the quicksand, or to drown them in case they escaped the sand.

Brown decided to cross the river and make an effort to obtain an extension of a day or two of the date for delivery, or until the flood had passed.

To the desperate proposal the foreman told his employer that there were nine chances to one against the foolhardy attempt. "If you fail to make the other side of the ford," protested the foreman, "you will be swept down the river without the ghost of a show to get out on the steep bank below the crossing. Better lose the money than your life."

A grim smile for an instant relieved the hard lines on the face of the cattle-raiser as he turned his horse up the river bank. The foreman followed and renewed his protest.

The rangers had noted some peculiar changes in Brown's conduct after his return from his wife's funeral. Prior to that event he was punctillious in his habit of asking a blessing on the food; and during the evenings the time was usually occupied by their

employer in expounding the doctrines of Mormonism to his rough, skeptical, but loyal associates. He had earnestly deprecated profanity even under conditions which, to his employees, made swearing justifiable. While the men drank coffee with their meals, Brown, in deference to the Mormon "Word of Wisdom," drank the vile liquid called water which was often obtained from pools frequented by cattle.

After his return to camp the blessings were omitted; the evening lectures were discontinued; the men swore with impunity, and Brown had taken to coffee with the relish of an old-timer. The men also noticed the reckless manner in which Brown handled the steers, often needlessly placing himself in positions of danger where his escapes from being gored were little short of miraculous. The men marveled at the change, and discussed it among themselves. Brown's devotion to his wife was well known, and the rangers believed that her death had partially, at least, unbalanced his usually cool, calculating brain.

The fact was, Alma Brown was in that desperate frame of mind which is the inevitable accompaniment of the transitional period when profoundly sincere men, because of greater light, are compelled to surrender cherished beliefs in religious dogmas, and are floundering in the cheerless depths of doubt or confirmed skepticism. That which was once so certain and real had been wrenched from Brown because of his inability to harmonize the practice of polygamy with his views of a just and merciful God; and was being tortured with the ever-recuring "might-have-beens."

A prominent divine, at one time a resident of Salt Lake City, voiced a grim truth when he jocularly said: "An apostate Mormon is like a sieve,—when Mormonism goes out it leaves him so full of holes that he can't hold anything else."

Followed by his foreman, Brown rode up the river about thirty rods and stopped. Turning to his companion he inquired: "Do you think this distance up the river will offset the force of the current?"

The foreman thought it would if everything worked right.

The bank was about three feet above the water, and vertical.

Brown moved as if to enter the stream when his companion checked him:

"If someone must go let me do it. Your horse is the most powerful and courageous in the bunch, and I am lighter than you. Change horses with me. If I fail, why—I'm not married."

"'Married', am I?" Brown mockingly responded. "Well, If we don't meet again, so-long."

A light touch of the spurs and the unprotesting brute sprang into the river. He disappeared, came to the surface, blew the muddy water from his distended nostrils, then, with outstretched neck struck bravely out for the opposite bank.

The hearts of those danger-spurning men ceased beating as they witnessed the insane plunge into the river, and mentally weighed the chances against their employer. With sympathy and admiration they watched the efforts of the noble brute, as with almost unmatched strength and courage he moved toward the opposite bank. He would make it! and the men cheered as horse and rider neared the bank fifty feet above the ford. They saw the nervy animal respond to the reins and turn down toward the landing.

The foreman had ridden down to where the others were watching the superb struggle. An expression of horror accompanied the words of the foreman: "My God! boys, the horse is losing his wind. Blame my fool soul, why didn't I tell Brown to loosen the cinches?" he exclaimed as the horse disappeared.

Brown swung himself into the river and swam to the landing. The men saw him clutch the slippery bank in an effort to raise himself above the water. His grip relaxed, and he repeated the effort to climb out lower down. One of the rangers suggested that the ford was washed out, which was too true. The current swept the struggling man past the ford, and on downstream with the impassable bank on his right.

As soon as relieved of his burden the horse regained the surface and began a splendid fight for life.

Brown's efforts to climb out wasted valuable time. He made a last effort to overtake his horse. He knew that if he could

reach the animal he could support himself for sometime by grasping the saddle horn, and perhaps be piloted to safety.

"He's trying to make the cow trail a half mile down the river," the foreman suggested, "but he'll never do it in that ice water. Boys, we can't see him drown without making an effort to save him. One man is as good as a dozen—I'll try it."

Dick Judson divested himself of his schaps, and after easing the cinches sprang upon his horse, rode back a few paces, then wheeled toward the ford at full speed. The momentum carried the horse over the quicksand and into deep water.

The rangers rode down the bank hardly breathing as they watched Brown's efforts to overtake his horse, and Dick's determined effort to rescue his employer. They saw Judson's horse spring forward in response to the spurs as Dick neared their rapidly-failing employer.

When within hailing distance Judson shouted: "Keep up your courage, Brown, I'm coming. Take it easy 'til I catch up."

"All right, Dick," Brown replied.

Again Judson's horse leaped forward and was within a few feet of Brown when a ringing cheer from the south side of the river reached the struggling men.

But the ice-cold water from the melting snow had chilled Brown to the marrow, and while Judson was swinging from his horse, and while telling Brown to grasp the saddle horn, his employer disappeared in the murky flood.

Judson's heroic effort at rescue failed, but in after years it was a source of satisfaction to know that he had not been recreant to his duty.

None of those who witnessed the intelligent behavior of Brown's horse ever doubted that the noble animal knew exactly what he was doing, and what he wanted to accomplish. He closely watched the bank for an opening, and on nearing the deep-cut cow trail, he turned to the bank and with a few lunges wrenched himself from the quicksand, climbed to the surface and shook the water from his body.

On arriving at the cow trail Judson assisted his horse up the bank.

The male residents of St. George turned out enmasse and searched for the body of Alma Brown. Doubtless his grave is in one of the quicksand bars, perhaps miles down the treacherous Rio Virgin.

The intending purchaser of the steers exacted his "pound of flesh," and when Brown's affairs were adjusted a few hunded dollars, only, were saved from the wreck of his comfortable fortune. Clara was the legitimate heir, but she insisted that the money be placed in the bank for the schooling of her half-brother when he arrived at the age of eighteen years. It was an obligation which under all the circumstances Clara believed was due the innocent and helpless heir of her father's mistake.

The only property which Clara desired to keep was her saddle pony,—her old and cherished companion of her childhood. She was an accomplished housekeeper, and looked the world bravely in the face. All that she asked or expected was, in western parlance, a "square deal."

Old Cabin at Lee's Ferry, Built and Occupied by John Doyle Lee While Eluding the Officers Because of His Participation in Mountain Meadows Massacre, 1857.

VII.

LEE'S FERRY ON COLORADO RIVER—VISION OF MASSACRE.

Occupying the middle of a low depression in the north-central part of Arizona, a wide, deep and swift river, known as the Colorado, sweeps onward toward the Gulf of California. To the east, the depression is walled in by towering mountains, torn and riven by seismic forces which left their imperishable scars in the form of almost unfathomable box gorges,—deepened by post-glacial torrents which fed the mighty stream which, today, is merely a reminder of its former greatness. To the south, in broken masses, the low mountains roll away over the Navajo Indian reservation, and to the less rugged interior of central Arizona. To the north, in low-lying mesas and shallow ancient water courses, the vast desert, known as House-Rock valley, in dreary, sun-scorched barreness, stretches well out toward the fertile valleys of southern Utah. To the southwest is the vast Colorado plateau, marked by shore-line terraces,—mute sentinels which, even in their eternal silence, bear eloquent witness of the stupenduous changes wrought by nature's forces since the majestic river laved their sides, and dug its way downward into the earth, and excavated the stupendous gorge now known as the Grand Canyon.

It was sometime during the middle sixties that a man of medium stature, powerfully built, with a square, determined face, entered the above-described depression and camped on the north bank of the Colorado. A rude ferry boat was made and launched on the river. Then from the nearby quarries stone was gathered, and soon a long, low, rock cabin arose on the south edge of the desert.

On the summit of a nearby butte a stone fortress was erected. Suggestive loopholes warned the few travelers of the object of its builder. The small fort was not built for protection from the Indians, for the redmen were friends of the builder. The white man was known to the travelers as John Doyle. John Doyle dwelt within the shadow of a crime unparalleled in treachery

and wanton heartlessness, for which, in the final adjustment, he will be adjudged guilty of fanaticism rather than of wilful murder. The man's full name was John Doyle Lee. The reason for his isolation was that he was being hunted by the federal officials of Utah who wanted him for participation in the Mountain Meadows massacre, September 16, 1857.

It was late in the afternoon of an unusually warm day for that locality, in the latter part of May, 1887. In the shade of Lee's cabin, at the ferry, a man stretched full length on a rude bench. His head rested on one arm, while the other moved to and fro in a futile effort to keep at bay swarms of pestiferous flies which, even at that early part of the season, infest the low altitudes along the Colorado river. The extended form was fully six feet in length, angular, and somewhat bent. Even a casual observer would have noted the fine head, firm mouth, slightly aquiline nose, brilliant black eyes,—shaded by long lashes, and guarded by heavy brows—shock of iron-gray hair, and closely cropped beard and mustache. Over the expressive face the lights and shadows of an eventful life flitted with alternating recurrence. Occasionally a tender expression relieved the hard lines, and the stern eyes softened with the memory of domestic happiness, to be instantly succeeded by an almost habitual frown. Nephi Judson was indulging in a profound reverie. Let us follow the tortuous trail of his thoughts.

Judson's mind harked back to his boyhood on the bank of the Illinois river, and to the care-free days when he chased squirrels, and listened to bird songs which he learned to imitate with such precision that the songsters would come at his call. He recalled the log school house in which a portion of the later years of his life in Illinois were spent. He remembered with what ease he outstripped his competitors in obtaining the rudiment of an education, and by that token knew that had his life been lived in a progressive and congenial environment he could have risen to distinction among his fellow men.

Following the chain of events, Judson vividly recalled the

long trek across the plains, when, in 1850, his parents followed the Mormons to the then infant city by the great salt sea.

Then came the call of Brigham Young to aid in colonizing Washington county where, in 1853, his parents settled at St. George. He was then a lad of fifteen. That part of Utah's sunny southland was a favorite home of the Indians, and Judson recalled with what rare facility he mastered the vocabulary of the redmen, and became useful to the people as interpreter.

The face of the recumbent man darkened as he recalled the fateful day when, early in September, 1857, an order came from Bishop-Colonel William H. Dame of the Mormon militia, and from Colonel Isaac C. Haight, president of the Parowan "Stake of Zion," to collect the St. George and Santa Clara Indians and conduct them to the Mountain Meadows.

Young Judson marveled at the strange request. He knew nothing of the nature of the "mission," but he did know that the call had come from representatives of the Mormon priesthood in Salt Lake City. And he further knew that refusal to obey the summons would bring upon him the hot displeasure of the local priesthood, and that violence to him would almost certainly follow. Even in his young life he knew of instances where refusal to obey orders from the Mormon chiefs had resulted in death to the disobedient.

During Judson's reverie the sun had been dropping lower until it hung over the great plateau to the west. The air had become cooler, and the persistent flies sought the sunny side of the long, low cabin. Judson's hand ceased its monotonous movement and fell limply by his side. He was sleeping, but the realism of his waking thoughts became even more startlingly real in his dream, or vision.

On August 7, 1857, thirty-two wagons and carriages were descending Emigration canyon to the southeast of Salt Lake City. Slowly the train moved in and out among the abutting ridges of the sinuous gorge through which, ten years previous, the Mormon pioneers passed to the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

Two weeks had passed since, on July 24, President Brigham Young received word that the government of the United States was sending an army to Utah for the purpose of protecting the federal officials in the enforcement of the laws.

Because of alleged persecutions in Missouri and Illinois, the Mormons regarded all "Gentiles" as "enemies," and entertained for them undying hatred. The sending of an army to Utah intensified the spirit of rebellion and treachery which long had slumbered in the heart of every devout follower of the first Mormon prophet. President Brigham Young, as "Prophet, Seer and Revelator" of the Mormon church, and the governor of Utah, proclaimed martial law, and forbade anyone to "enter, pass through or leave" the Mormon domain "without a permit from the proper authority," which, of course, was the Mormon prophet and those of his servile minions whom he selected.

Such were the conditions when the ill-starred "Arkansas" train entered Salt Lake valley and camped on Emigration square.

Those facts passed in review through the mind of the lightly-slumbering Judson. He saw the doomed train move slowly out of Salt Lake City and on toward southern Utah. In each settlement they begged the privilege of purchasing food for the toilsome march over the blistering sands and gravel-strewn mesas of southern Nevada, and on to the Pacific coast. And in nearly every instance, although the Mormons had three years' provisions in their bins, the requests of the emigrants were sullenly refused.

The vision became more startlingly real as Judson saw the train move onto the Mountain Meadows, where they encamped for the purpose of recruiting their cattle, and to await the advent of cooler weather.

From the bench east of the encampment Judson again looked down on the white-topped wagons and tents which, spectre-like, occupied the shadowy background of a dozen campfires. Around the early fires were groups of men unconscious of impending danger. In the darkness that precedes the dawn a hundred rifles spit death and torture. Judson shivered at the carnage, and moved as if to close his ears to the terrified screams of women

and children thus rudely awakened to the realization of the danger that menaced them.

Again Judson saw the gathering of the white assassins, sent by the Mormon priesthood of Iron county to complete the work which the Indians were unable to accomplish. He saw them go into camp to the south of a sheltering butte, not more than two hundred yards from the camp of their victims. With deep disgust Judson saw those servile dupes of unquestioning obedience gather on the morning of the massacre, and while the stars yet looked down on the unspeakable scene, he saw them kneel in the form of a "prayer circle," and again heard the voice of their leader ask the blessing of God on the awful "mission" of slaughter which would soon stain their hands and souls with murder.

Later, Judson saw the preparations for the most treacherous and cowardly wholesale assassination of men, women and children that has ever blackened the characters of men who professed to be followers of the merciful Nazarene.

Again Judson saw the white flag, sent by the chief elder to decoy the emigrants from their wagon fort, move down the slight descent toward the meadow. Again he looked while the strangers moved out to the positions selected for convenient slaughter. The Mormons raised their guns, fired, and sixty men who had placed themselves, their wives and children under the "protection" of the fanatics, were murdered in cold blood. At the same instant the Indians rushed on the helpless women and children, and within three minutes the "mission" of blood-atoning the "enemies" of the Mormon god was finished.

On his hard couch Judson groaned aloud: "Merciful God, take this vision from me!"

He arose to a sitting posture and vacantly gazed at the swiftly-flowing river. His face was drawn and haggard. Beads of perspiration oozed from every pore of his dark, sun-burned face and fell to the ground. Vainly he tried to break the current of his thoughts which, against his will, forced him to review a portion of his life subsequent to the massacre.

He made an effort to analyze the moral make-up of the man

upon whom, unjustly, the Mormon leaders placed the responsibility for the hideous crime at the Meadows, and for which, in 1877, he paid the mortal penalty on the spot where the victims to unquestioning obedience and blood atonement were butchered. Judson had known John D. Lee as a kindly-hearted, hospitable man whose word was his bond, and who, but for the unkindly fate which linked his early life to that of the first Mormon prophet, would have lived and died loved and respected by his friends and neighbors. (If John D. Lee was the inhuman monster, described by Mormons, and believed by Gentiles, Mormonism is responsible for his crimes.)

It was those sterling qualities of mind and heart which won the confidence of the Indians of southern Utah over whom Lee's influence was unlimited. Many secrets withheld from other whitemen, were freely communited to Lee by his copper-colored friends.

Among his reminiscences Judson remembered a story of a Navajo having told Lee of a locality down in the Grand Canyon where one could gather grains of gold, and as evidence of the discovery exhibited some of the precious metal which, the Indian affirmed, came from a gulch down the river. He offered to conduct Lee to the place, but he had listened to so many of those legends, told by redskins, that he gave scant credence to the Navajo's story.

Even as an "apostate" Judson could have lived in peace among his former friends had it not been for his unfortunate practice of freely expressing his opinion of men and incidents. To Judson the execution of Lee was a miscarriage of justice. Out of fifty-five Mormons who participated in the massacre, and as the reputed leader of the Indians and white men, Lee had been selected by the prophets as a sacrifice to the demands of the people of the United States that an atonement be made for the crime at the Mountain Meadows. And Judson was familiar with all the details of the tragedy, and with the trial and execution of Lee.

In the revulsion of feeling which accompanied his apostasy, Judson's indignation at the treacherous sacrifice of Lee swept aside his discretion, and in terms more energetic than prudent he

publicly cursed Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Jedediah M. Grant, whose fanatical and blood-thirsty sermons were not only responsible for the Mountain Meadows' tragedy, but for the murder of others charged with the commission of "unpardonable sins," and who could not be saved in the Mormon heaven except by willingly, or unwillingly, submitting to blood atonement.

Friends of Judson warned him to leave St. George, and to remain away until the fury aroused by his criticisms would be allayed. He sensed the danger, and accepted the position at the ferry which, as previously stated, had been established by John D. Lee, and which he had filled during the ten years preceding his introduction to the reader.

In the meantime Judson made Kanab his base of supplies, and where he occasionally met his oldest son. Judson's wife and younger children joined the priesthood in denouncing the husband and father when he could no longer reconcile the fruits of Mormonism with its ridiculously bombastic claims of exclusive favoritism of the Almighty, and with the affected holliness of the Mormon prophets.

Judson's reverie was interrupted by a massive form which had silently turned the corner of the stone cabin and stood before him. The intruder was a large, powerful man, with square, mobile features, a large, well-formed head, thatched with a heavy growth of black wire-like hair, and covered with a Mexican hat,—resplendent in its silver-like spangles and other ornaments. His clothing was that of a frontiersman—a combination of white man and Indian.

A faint smile of recognition lighted the face of Judson as he glanced upward at the dusky face of his only neighbor at the ferry, and inquired: "Hello, Kawich; anything doing?"

"White man want to cross river," the Navajo replied.

Judson arose and went to the corner of the shack whence he had a view of the ferry. On the opposite bank of the river, some two hundred yards distant, Judson saw a covered wagon. A faint "Hello" apprised the ferryman of the wants of the traveler.

Accompanied by Kawich Judson leisurely walked down to the

Lot 5 (1921). Motor Boats in Portsmouth Loaded Ports Boat on Right Broke (Looking Southwest).

landing. The tie-rope was cast off, and by the aid of large paddles the clumsy mass of timbers and plank moved slowly toward the south side of the stream.

The stranger greeted Judson and his copper-colored aid with reserved but kindly courtesy, then looked somewhat doubtfully at the primitive ferryboat. Turning to his daughter the stranger said:

"Rachel, we will make two crossings. Take the loose horses with you on the first trip; I will follow with the wagon and other horses."

With no hesitation Rachel rode her timid pony onto the boat. She sat her mount with the ease, grace and confidence of one well-trained in the art of horsemanship. A wide-brimed Mexican hat, with the care-free abandon of a girl of fifteen years, hung at her back. The usual evening breeze from up the river toyed with the mass of disheveled hair, and in the warm glow of the sun, which was disappearing beyond the great plateau to the west, was transformed into waves of beaten gold. Through the once fair skin, darkened by Arizona's warm suns and desert winds, the rich blood of perfect health rivaled the tint of the clouds in the western sky toward which she looked with youthful and appreciative enthusiasm. Her girlish form, evenly developed, rivaled in graceful lines the lovely face and head of the desert sprite.

The deep, blue-black eyes of the girl turned with an expression of kindly curiosity on the massive form and face of the Navajo, and seemed to be wondering why so splendid a type of manhood had so dark a skin.

Kawich had taken the halter ropes from the hand of the fair traveler, and was holding the restive horses whose experiences had theretofore been on land. In recognition of his services the Navajo was rewarded with a smile which wreathed the fair face of the child, and beamed in friendly light from her girlish, sparkling eyes. Furtively, the redman reverently glanced at the vision of lovliness. Often in his dreams of the future life Kawich had peopled the mysterious land of perpetual sunshine with beings

very like the one who so serenely looked down on him from her seat on the pony.

The grating of the boat on the gravel of the north bank aroused the Navajo from his modest worship of the "sun-haired" goddess of the land of dreams. Her advent within the narrow horizon of his life was not unlike the coming of the star of Bethlehem to the simple shepards of Palestine.

Aided by Judson the stranger guided his horses onto the unsteady boat, then again glanced at the weird panorama which in deepening shadows marked the western horizon. Limned against the brilliant coloring of the background the vast Colorado plateau resembled a low-lying bank of purple clouds. And as his vision alternately shifted from the restless stream, shimmering with reflected light from the glowing horizon, and out on the mysterious vista to the west, he dreamed not of the strange adventures which awaited him within the depths of the mighty gorge which the tireless waters, in the remote ages, had eaten in the indurated rock.

Looking Westerly From Lee's Ferry—Illustrating Ancient Erosion Terraces.

VIII.

DOCTOR WENTWORTH—THE TAMING OF KAWICH.

At the time of his arrival at Lee's Ferry, Doctor Frank G. Wentworth was forty-five years of age. Slightly over medium stature, his well-developed, compact form, erect and graceful carriage denoted perfect health, and a large reserve of physical and mental energy. His fine head, thoughtful gray eyes, clean-cut features and deliberate movements marked him as a student rather than a man of affairs. His was a strong, resolute face, but there was ever an expression so kindly, sympathetic and refined that he won the love and respect of those with whom, in a social and professional way, he came in contact.

During the last two years of the Civil War Doctor Wentworth served as surgeon in the Confederate army. At the close of the war he settled in Richmond, Virginia, and after acquiring a large practice the doctor married. The marriage was an exceptionally happy union,—the blending of the physical and spiritual as God, in the beginning, designed for the perfection of his children.

The strong, tender nature of Doctor Wentworth found complete expression in love and reverence for his beautiful wife, who returned his almost worship with the strength and gentleness of the typical southern woman.

The hour so fraught with emotions of mingled expectation and anxiety for young wives and husbands arrived. With the coming into the world of his infant daughter there went out the life of the woman to whom Doctor Wentworth had given his wealth of love and devotion.

The years intervening between the birth of Rachel, named after her mother, and the doctor's arrival at Lee's Ferry, have little bearing on the subject-matter of this story, and will therefore require but slight attention.

Each year the singularly beautiful child became more and more the living counterpart of her mother. And each year the father's worship for his daughter intensified and became the ab-

sorbing passion of his life. But at eleven years of age, Doctor Wentworth noted with deep concern the increasing pallor of his daughter's face, the deepening of the hectic flush, and the unnatural luminosity of her eyes. He well knew the portent of the dreaded symptoms which failed to respond to the usual remedies.

The child's condition became so alarming that the father was convinced that the only hope of saving her life was in taking her to the higher altitude and dryer climate of the Rocky Mountains. His first choice was the warmer climate of Arizona.

The president of the University of Virginia and Doctor Wentworth were warm personal friends. And prior to his departure for the west the doctor wrote his friend, and suggested that his time and experience as a botanist would be at the disposal of the university in making collections of western plants, if the president so desired. The proposition was gladly accepted.

Accompanied by a trained nurse, Doctor Wentworth and his daughter departed for Arizona.

As much as possible the doctor and his daughter lived in the open air. And when Rachel's improvement permitted, the carriage was exchanged for horses as a means of exercise, and was supplemented with vigorous gymansium training. The doctor's unremitting care and unyielding discipline transformed the fragile child into a strong, fleet-footed, joyous, romping girl of fifteen.

Notwithstanding that to all appearances his daughter's health was fully restored, Doctor Wentworth decided to spend a few more years in the west; and to test the thoroughness of Rachel's recovery, he would take her to a colder climate. In casting about for a favorable locality,—one in which he could resume the practice of his profession—and after weighing the advantages and disadvantages of the respective localities, Doctor Wentworth selected Salt Lake City.

Like thousands of others, Doctor Wentworth had become infatuated with life amid the rugged scenes of the west, and with the unconventional freedom of the mountainous wilderness. After consulting with Rachel, the doctor decided to make the journey overland to Salt Lake, and if convenient to visit the Grand Canyon.

Group of Navajo Indians, Lee's Ferry, 1912.

A few more lines, only, are necessary to further introduce Kawich, the Navajo Indian.

A few years prior to his introduction to the reader, he left the reservation and crossed over to the north side of the river. He had with him his ponies, and a couple of packs of blankets. After a few days at the ferry Kawich went on to Kanab where he exchanged his blankets for provisions and other necessaries, then returned to the river where he pitched his tepee; and excepting short intervals, when on trading expeditions to the Mormon settlements of southern Utah, he resided continuously at the ferry.

Frequently Judson noticed the Navajo's wistful glances across the river, and over the low range toward his old haunts on the reservation. Replying to Judson's persistent questioning, Kawich told him that he had killed an Indian, and dared not return. Pressed for the reason for the homicide, the Navajo reluctantly told the ferryman that his wife had been unfaithful, and the taking of her paramour's life was the only act which could wipe out the stain of dishonor which attached to himself. He explained that relatives of the dead Indian warned him to leave the reservation on pain of death if he ever returned. Hence his prolonged sojourn at the ferry, where he engaged in occasional barter with members of his tribe who crossed the river on hunting and trading expeditions.

Unlike the average of the semi-civilized tribes, Kawich never begged nor asked favors of white men. Also, unlike the majority of Indians, he possessed the unusual faculty of introspection, and of comparing himself mentally with the average white man; and because of which he had a hearty contempt for those whose egotism impelled them to treat the Indians with condesension, or as their inferiors; with the result that the comparisons increased his native reserve and dignity.

With arms folded on his large breast, the morning after Doctor Wentworth's arrival at the ferry, Kawich watched with admiration while Rachel, with quick, graceful movements, aided her father in putting up a large tent, and installing a camp stove, table, chairs and other articles necessary for comfortable camp

life. During several days the Navajo kept aloof from the tent of the strangers. But, one morning, his interest in the travelers got the better of his reserve, and he appeared at the opening of the tent.

Doctor Wentworth bade the visitor enter, and with grave, kindly courtesy extended his hand, and placing a chair asked the Indian to be seated.

Kawich was visibly embarrassed. It was the first instance he could recall of having been treated as the equal of any white man.

Breakfast was soon ready, and the doctor politely invited his guest to partake. The Indian hesitated. He looked at the white table cover, then furtively glanced at the daintily-clad form of the small "sun-haired" hostess. Then, with increasing embarrassment, he looked at his soiled hands and clothing. It was very likely the first time in his darkened life that he fully realized the (somewhat shallow) gulf between civilized man and the barbarian. Perhaps it was the first time in his career that he would have cared to be white.

Intuitively Rachel understood the cause of the Indian's embarrassment. Taking Kawich by the arm she gently led him to the tent opening, poured water into a bowl, then pointed to the soap and towel, and watched the Indian's awkward but energetic efforts to make himself presentable. His unusual and vigorous ablution completed, the small hostess took the entirely tamed redskin by the arm, and after seating him served the hot rolls, ham and eggs and coffee. With the gentle, unconscious air of a little matron, Rachel taught the large copper-colored child how to use his knife and fork.

Kawich was an apt pupil and needed no second lesson in cleanliness and behavior. The golden-haired maiden had accomplished more within thirty minutes towards civilizing the barbarian than all of Uncle Sam's Indian agents could have done in a life-time. And from that moment Kawich became the willing slave of the child who, like an exquisitely beautiful vision, momentarily,

as he believed, lighted his darkened life only to vanish and leave the darkness more dense than before.

Several days elapsed before Kawich again ventured a visit to the tent of the strangers. His new-born passion for the girl was as pure and holy as Catholics feel for the Madonna. With the worship which found place in his heart there was born an unquenchable desire to become as nearly as possible like the race to which the sun-haired maiden belonged. But the strangers would soon leave, and without the gentle, compelling influence of the little goddess would not the strange ambition to become civilized desert him? He knew that he could not go with them into the land of the white men.

In his perplexity Kawich thought of his gold mine down the river. The quiet, gentle dignity of the father of the object of his worship had inspired the redman with respect and confidence because there was no selfish motive beneath that kindly, uniform courtesy. If, perchance, he could interest the father in his secret treasure—convince him of its reality—he could keep the vision near him. At least, he would make the effort.

During many years Kawich had concealed about his person a number of gold nuggets. He carried them to the stranger, laid them in his hand and respectfully awaited the latter's comment.

Asked where he obtained them, Kawich pointed down the river; then, making a map in the dust while earnestly gesticulating, and in broken English, he described the route to the mine.

The earnest vehemence of the Indian convinced Doctor Wentworth of his sincerity, if not in the reality of his mine, and he decided to investigate it. There was yet another incentive; he had determined to visit the Grand Canyon, and could now do so under the guidance of one fully acquainted with the country.

Glade and Catchment Pools in Kaibab Forest.

IX.

KAWICH'S GOLD MINE.

A day or so later Doctor Wentworth broke camp and proceeded toward Kanab. To avoid arousing suspicion in the mind of Judson, the ferryman, Kawich suggested that he remain a day at the ferry.

Toward evening of the second day Kawich, driving a pack horse laden with his personal effects, rode up beside the wagon and in his Indian way saluted the father.

In the distance Kawich saw the wagon appear, then disappear in the numerous washes with which the country abounds, and was anxious lest the doctor pass a spring, a quarter mile from the road, which affords the only good camp-ground along many miles on that almost waterless desert. His horses were dripping with perspiration,— an Indian has little more compassion for his horses than for his enemies.

About noon of the third day after Doctor Wentworth's departure from the ferry they were nearing the north end of the Kaibab plateau. In the distance they had observed it as a low, dark ridge that each day appeared higher until the details of its broken east side were visible. The north end of the Kaibab uplift gently descends to a sandy plain some fifteen miles southeasterly from Kanab.

Kawich led the way from the traveled road across the plain to a dim trail which was followed to the plateau. The route was then nearly due south through increasing firs, spruce and balsams.

As the party easily gained the higher altitudes, large yellow pines appeared and became so thickly studded that much time was consumed in picking their way through the forest.

Often the dim trail led them from the damp chill of the forest into glades where the warm sun had coaxed a luxuriant sward from its winter slumber. One or more pools of water glistened in each of the openings. Frequently herds of deer, disturbed while feasting on the tender grass, raised their graceful

heads while their luminous eyes looked inquiringly at the intruders, then bounded away to other nearby glades.

It was in one of those glades that the travelers camped for the night. A primeval forest, in all its gloomy, solemn wildness and abandon was on all sides, and formed a black wall around the camp-ground.

There was something in the silent majesty of the vast evergreen wilderness that appealed to the yet sore heart of Doctor Wentworth. If Kawich's story should prove true, the struggle for subsistence would be ended; and in that hospitable retreat, and in the great gorge to the south, he would spend the next few years of his life, or until he felt that the society of his fellow men would be enjoyable.

As for Rachel, it would be better that she remain under his personal care during the next year or two than under the uncertain supervision of a governess. She was enjoying the novel life upon which they had entered as only a physically and mentally healthful girl could do.

The afternoon of the fourth day within the forest the party was nearing the brink of the great chasm. Kawich led the way, zigzagging through the trees, to a secluded glen of several acres in extent on the brow of the southeastern descent of the plateau, and partly walled in by rocks and trees. A tiny brook moved through the meadow, then noisily tumbled over the sharp descent toward the river, more than a vertical mile below, and ten miles distant by the winding trail.

Kawich told the doctor that because of its isolation and convenience the place would be the camp-ground when going to, or returning from the river. But the doctor's thoughts were occupied with an effort to grasp the stupendous proportions of the panorama, which in immense terraces rose to the opposite rim not more than five miles distant.

Excepting three or four narrow terraces, from the point where Doctor Wentworth stood, the descent to the river was vertical. During countless ages persistent waters had beaten against the soft limestone at the bottom of the great gorge, and so undermined

it that the ancient erosion benches had well-nigh disappeared. On the southeast side of the river the walls rose terrace above terrace, like giant stairs, composed of granite, marble, lime and sandstone, and each so variegated with sculptured forms and tints as to baffle the most skillful artist. A barely perceptible haze added indescribable weirdness to the gigantic panorama.

Fascinated, the doctor again looked down into the heart of the earth. The awful grandeur of the abyss seemed to increase,—it was the brink of eternity into which a step would plunge him. It was the mightiest demonstration of nature's forces into which man ever looked.

Doctor Wentworth felt a gentle tug at his sleeve, he turned and looked down into the moisture-laden eyes of his child. Her lips were quivering, and over her perfectly-moulded features was mirrored the sensation of pain. "Papa, it's awful," the girl softly remarked as they turned from their first view of the Grand Canyon.

Intently, but stolidly, Kawich observed the interest with which father and daughter viewed the awe-inspiring scene. Since boyhood he had often visited the forest with many of his tribe who came to hunt deer, and to trap wary cougers which have their lairs in caves below the rim-rock of the gorge. To the redmen the plateau is "Buckskin Mountain," and to Kawich's practical mind scenery was hardly a secondary consideration.

Next morning Kawich early aroused the soundly-sleeping doctor, then began preparations for the descent to the river. Pack-saddles were adjusted to the backs of the horses, and large canvas bags were hung on the saddles. After placing the necessary articles therein, bedding was spread on top and the packs skilfully lashed.

When all was ready Kawich, leading the pack animals, turned to the south, following the rim-rock of the canyon a couple of miles where he turned to the right and pursued a northwesterly course. On the right was the Kaibab plateau, steep and impassable. On the left the descent was vertical to the bottom of a box canyon. The rim-rock trail led them into a lateral defile which descended from the northeast into a box canyon on the left.

The doctor noted that each of the canyon heads was guarded by impassable cliffs, and that the only means of reaching the river was by the devious trail they were pursuing.

Following the lateral defile down to its intersection with the box gorge, the party again turned toward the south.

It was a picturesque cavalcade that in Indian file moved slowly in and out among huge rocks, along the brinks of precipices, and down narrow canyons where, during ages, floods had been digging a trail to the river.

The descent was unexpectedly barred by a precipice which dropped six hundred feet vertically to a box gorge which descended southeasterly to the river. Apparently there was no way out of the gorge but to return.

There was, however, no hesitation on the part of the dusky guide. That morning, at his request, Doctor Wentworth gave him a few candles. Kawich lighted three of them, giving one each to the doctor and Rachel.

Years before a great slab of limestone had fallen from the west wall and was leaning against the cliff. Other rocks had fallen and completely closed the north opening of the tent-like inclosure formed by the slab and the wall against which it was leaning.

Some six feet intervened between the south opening and the brink of the precipice. Kawich led the horses behind the slab and was followed by the doctor and Rachel. Near the north end of the inclosure Kawich turned abruptly to the left and entered a tunnel-like opening about eight feet to the roof and twelve feet wide.

The Indian had probably never asked himself how the tunnel had been formed. That it was an opening was all that he cared to know. But the doctor recognized in the tortuous tunnel the channel of an ancient under-ground stream.

At the end of about six hundred feet the party emerged from the west portal into a scene which forced an exclamation of surprise from the usually self-contained doctor. A terrace, fully a mile long by a half mile wide, stretched out as level as a floor. On the east, west and north walls ascended a thousand feet, while to the north

other precipices arose above each other in broken masses to the rim of the canyon. It was a gigantic three-sided stone box into which no human being could enter except by the trail they had come.

But it was not the grandeur of the inclosure, nor its strangely guarded seclusion, which claimed the admiration of the doctor. From the partly snow-clad forest they had descended five thousand feet and entered a semi-tropical fairy land. From the base of the cliff to the north a number of small streams emerged, and separating into numerous small rivulets meandered through a meadow of rare luxuriance and beauty. Groves of cottonwood trees, clumps of black willows, wild rose bushes and other shrubs dotted the meadow, while richly-tinted flowers in their spring freshness nodded a million welcomes to the weary party.

Rachel seemed dazed for a moment, then, with the joy of sudden transition from a desert of bristling crags and prison-like gorges to a real fairy-land, she flitted from flower to flower with the joyous abandon of the butterflies which fled at her approach.

Replying to the doctor's question, Kawich pointed to a flock of mountain sheep which scampered away at the sudden appearance of the strange-looking men and horses, and explained that he pursued one of them from the forest, believing he would get the animal into a corner from which it could not escape, to the verge of the precipice where it disappeared. Believing the animal had taken shelter behind the slab, he entered, and by the occasional lighting of matches followed the tunnel until he emerged onto the terrace.

After lunch Kawich took his gun and started toward the inquisitive sheep. The doctor stayed him, and in a kindly manner said the animals must not be molested at that or any other time. The request was heeded, but to Kawich the motive was incomprehensible, as doubtless it would have been to many white men.

While Rachel amused herself chasing the bewildered sheep, and almost crying with merriment at their confused, uncertain antics, the doctor and Kawich walked out to the brink of the precipice to the south. The doctor was astounded at the fact that the terrace was marble, and beautifully variegated with pink veinlets.

Kawich pointed down into a box gulch, hundreds of feet beneath them, and said, "Heap money." The doctor laid down and looked into the abyss. At the base of the marble wall, and extending easterly and westerly, a brown vein or dyke ascended a narrow defile which began at the bottom of the gulch and extended upward to the terrace, nearly a mile distant to the west, and where water from the meadow converged and formed a creek which ran down the defile. That ravine was the only way by which the gulch could be reached.

The early morning saw the party on the way to the mine. The material of which the dyke was composed proved to be comparatively soft, and the doctor knew that a passable horse trail could be made down the ravine. Although not so rich in gold, the gulch is similar to another nearby gulch to be presently described. The party proceeded to the south of the gulch and descended along a terrace to a granite promontory. Some twenty rods distant they entered a glen which, in miniature, was like the terrace above them. It was formed by a curve in the north wall, and is about thirty acres in extent.

Kawich turned to the doctor and gravely inquired: "Indian no lie?"

Doctor Wentworth was not a demonstrative man, but had some difficulty in restraining his emotions. Extending his hand to the Indian, he simply replied: "No, Kawich no lie; henceforth we are brothers."

X.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE—LIFE AT KANAB

Except for ornamental display, for which brass answers every purpose, gold is valueless to aboriginal man, and for that reason Kawich had but a dim idea of the value of the mine to which he led Doctor Wentworth. Kawich had lived for the satisfying of his purely physical requirements. Into his uncivilized brain had rarely entered any thought for the welfare of others further than supplying their necessities; and then, only, because it would aid in satisfying his own wants. In his tribal relations, like the animals which roam the forests and deserts, it was each individual for himself. During a score of years he had guarded the secret of the mine from all but John D. Lee for the reason that the hated white race was crazy to possess the glittering metal; and to forstall them was sufficient pleasure for him. And had there not entered his heart the singular passion for Rachel, for which he could have given no coherent reason, the mine would very likely have remained unappropriated while the years were swallowed in eternity.

Not so, however, with Doctor Wentworth. As the party returned over the trail to the terrace his mind was busy devising ways and means through which he could distribute the vast wealth for the benefit of his fellow men.

Then arose the perplexing problem of guarding the secret during the time which must elapse while the gold was being separated from the sand. Assistance in the enterprise would be imperitive, and it must be such that it could be relied on at all times and under all circumstances. Those were the first and paramount questions to be settled.

Were his base of supplies a city, the problem of guarding the secret would be simplified. But in country towns, and especially in frontier settlements, the doctor knew that the principal social amusement is gossip, and the chief employment of the always numerous idlers is to pry into the business of strangers.

If the secret became known to even one person in Kanab it would rapidly spread and send down on the doctor a horde of hun-

gry gold-seekers such as would destroy the solitude he so highly prized. And notwithstanding that the mineral laws of the United States guarantees peaceable possession, Doctor Wentworth's experience in Arizona taught him that mining men generally are unscrupulous in devising means, even suborning perjury, whereby they often swindle rightful owners.

The doctor also knew that among the riff-raff which rushes to boom camps there is always a criminal element which hesitates not at murder when that crime will aid in satisfying the consuming thirst for gold.

Another cause for anxiety,—a cause which overshadowed all others—, was the doctor's determination to keep his daughter under his personal care until her guiless mind would be sufficiently matured to resist the follies and temptations of life. He could not, would not rear her in an atmosphere of vileness such as characterizes every prosperous mining camp. If it came to a choice he would abandon the field.

During his residence in Arizona Doctor Wentworth received a number of letters from his sister's son, Charles Denton, who was attending the University of Virginia. Denton's last letter announced his graduation, and that he was "ready for almost any kind of job, as a starter, in the west" toward which he was looking for quick prosperity. The doctor's first thought was of his nephew. He was strong, willing and trustworthy.

It was yet early when the party arrived at their camp on the terrace. Securing pencil and paper, Doctor Wentworth wrote his nephew to come as soon as possible, that the coveted "job" was awaiting him. He gave explicit directions as to the route, and told him that he would meet him in Salt Lake. In the meantime he would stop at Kanab until a reply was received announcing the date of young Denton's departure.

The following morning the men were early astir, making preparations for the return to the forest.

After the packs were adjusted the men entered the tunnel. A small voice from the rear: "Papa, Kawich, you've not put up the bars, the sheep will get out," arrested their attention. The ob-

struction used the evening before to keep the horses from leaving was again "put up," and the party began the strenuous ascent.

At the camp on the plateau the doctor explained to Kawich that some weeks must elapse before they could begin work at the mine; that tools and supplies must be procured; and that, in order to disarm suspicion, Kawich should assume the role of employee, care for the horses and perform other work for the University of Virginia. Kawich proudly assumed the duties with a zeal and fidelity that never faltered.

The tent was put up, and all unnecessary luggage housed until the return.

At the north fringe of the forest Kawich pointed out the dim outlines of Kanab, twenty miles distant, situated at the base of sandstone cliffs by which it is walled in on the north, northeast and west.

At the time of which we are writing Kanab was a town of perhaps a hundred families, and headquarters for cowboys, sheepmen and stock buyers. The place boasted a good country hotel, owned and run by the first wife of a polygamist. She was hustling to feed, clothe and educate a small brood of youngsters.

The landlady was ill at the time of the doctor's arrival. Overwork and worry were undermining a constitution not too rugged, and a mind too sensitive and ambitious for the duties the woman thought she could not entrust to others. There was no physician in the place, and the good woman was worrying more than usual over her condition, which she greatly exaggerated.

Learning the condition of the landlady, Doctor Wentworth informed Mrs. McLain, as we will know her, that he was a physician, and that it would afford him pleasure to take her case without compensation for the reason that he and his daughter would be guests during an indefinite period.

It was only a few days until Mrs. McLain was at her usual tasks of supervising and assisting in the work of kitchen, dining room and sleeping apartments. If the doctor would not accept money for his services he and his daughter should have the best

rooms in the house, and the best service of which she was capable.

Mrs. McLain was one of those intelligent, whole-souled women who are ever striving to do all the good they can, and apparently believe that a part of their earthly mission is to receive and dispense the neighborhood gossip.

The engaging personality of the doctor, and the rapidity of his medical aid—a mild tonic and uninterrupted rest—won for the physician a warm corner in the heart of Mrs. McLain.

Doctor Wentworth's quiet demeanor, and especially the interest with which he listened, invited confidence on the part of the landlady, who freely gave as she cheerfully received from her neighbors. She confided to the doctor that she was a "firm believer in all the doctrines of Mormonism except polygamy;" that earlier in life she "believed in the divinity of that principle," and still thought it might be "all right for the next world," but was discouraged with the effort to care for her own family and the plural family of her not too ambitious husband; that she had told him that her present family was as large as she could care for, and with that surprising statement had permanently dismissed him.

The fame of Doctor Wentworth's skill spread with village-like rapidity, and it was only a few days until every sick person in town, and many who imagined they were ill, either sent for or called on the new physician. And they were even more eager to avail themselves of his services when they learned that he invariably declined compensation for his time and medicine.

Doctor Wentworth's mission of aid, cheer and good will toward his fellow men began early, and he enjoyed it to the utmost. And the pleasure was enhanced by the knowledge that he was studying Mormonism and its "peculiar" devotees from the exceptionally favorable vantage ground of personal contact.

In reply to her inquiries, Doctor Wentworth told Mrs. McLain how he came west for his daughter's health; that to all appearances she had entirely recovered, but would not return until that object was assured beyond all doubt.

In response to further inquiries, the doctor gratified the good woman's curiosity by relating a little of his past life. Doctor Went-

worth's evident pain while telling of the death of his wife touched the womanly heart of Mrs. McLain, and added to her already abundant respect for her guest.

The doctor volunteered the information that he was in the employ of the University of Virginia, collecting mineral specimens and rare species of the fauna and flora of the west, while studying the medicinal properties of the strange plants of the deserts and mountains. Also, that he moved about as fancy or his work impelled him, and that during the next several years Kanab would doubtless be headquarters for himself and assistants.

The information regarding the doctor's antecedents and plans for the future entirely satisfied Mrs. McLain; and it was but a few days until the community knew all about him, or thought they did, which answered every purpose of quieting curiosity.

Doctor Wentworth told Mrs. McLain that he was waiting to hear from his nephew, a young professor to whom he had written, who would be associated in the work for the University of Virginia, relative to the date of his leaving for Salt Lake, where the doctor would join him.

It must not be inferred that Kanab was a typical Mormon community. The place was headquarters for cowboys, sheepmen and stock-buyers. As a rule the transient element was rough and irreligious, but, withal, progressive and broad-minded. The influence of the transients was not calculated to spiritually benefit young Mormons of either sex, and was the cause of a lot of worry for the bishop of the ward, the president of the Kanab stake of Zion and his counselors. But the transients were annually putting thousands of dollars in circulation, and were therefore welcome guests of the community. Notwithstanding the Saints (Mormons) were looking for the near "redemption of Zion," and migration of the "faithful to the Land of Zion in Jackson county, Missouri," which was also the "ancient garden of Eden," the "leading brethren" were not averse to gathering in a few "Gentile" sheckels even if a few young Saints were barred from the "celestial kingdom" because of their wickedness.

Immediately on his arrival in Kanab Doctor Wentworth sensed

an air of mystery which appeared to pervade the community. One day a rapidly-driven carriage rolled up to the hotel. A large, finely-appearing man of about forty years alighted, then assisted a handsome woman to the walk. Great commotion was immediately manifest in the hotel. Mrs. McLain met the pair on the front porch and gave them a cordial greeting. The gentleman wanted a quick lunch for two.

The doctor noticed that the horses were dripping with perspiration. The air of mystery puzzled him, and was increased when, within a few minutes, a fresh span of horses was taken out and attached to the carriage. The man and woman entered and were off like the wind. For once Mrs. McLain offered no explanation.

Late one afternoon a horseman rode into town at break-neck speed and stopped at the first wife's residence of President Edwin D. Wooley. Within a few minutes men were scampering in every direction. A short time elapsed when carriages, each containing a man and woman—often two or three of the latter—were rolling out of town in the direction of Fredonia, eight miles distant over the line in Arizona. Others on horseback galloped toward the friendly recesses of the nearby sandstone escarpments. It appeared as if fully one-third of the male population was making a frenzied effort to get somewhere, almost anywhere, in search of something which the doctor did not divine.

As usual, when Doctor Wentworth wanted information he asked it of Mrs. McLain.

With an amused smile the landlady replied: "Well, you'll find out sooner or later, and you might as well know it now as at any other time. The man who just now rode up to President Woolley's is a messenger sent by one of the guards to inform him that the deputy marshals are coming."

"And who are the deputy marshals?" the doctor inquired, "and why are the men stampeding in all directions?"

"Well, I'll tell you, though I ought to keep my mouth shut, as advised by our leaders. But you're not a 'spotter,' and I know you'll not give away information you may obtain relative to the marital relations of the brethren. This is a kind of distributing

station for the polygamists of northern Utah who are being hunted by United States deputy marshals. The government is trying to stamp out polygamy, but is having a lively time of it. Every road and trail is guarded by the brethren, and when a marshal is sighted at Panguitch, for instance, coming this way, hosemen are dispatched to notify polygamists to take to the 'underground,' as it is called.

"The large gentleman with the iron gray beard, who lunched here the other day, is Apostle John Henry Smith, and the lady is believed to be his latest plural wife.

"The deputies who caused the stampede this afternoon will likely be along during the fore part of the night, but the polygamists will be in hiding. Whenever you see a white flag floating over the meeting house it means that the coast is clear, and that the brethren may come in."

The information that the entire membership of a professedly religious people were breaking the laws of their country, or aiding therein, was a revelation to Doctor Wentworth; but his acquaintance with the religious abortion had just begun.

XI.

DENTON ARRIVES IN SALT LAKE.

At the end of four weeks a letter was received from Denton announcing the probable date of his arrival in Salt Lake. The doctor's preparations for the journey were already made,—he was awaiting the convenience of his nephew.

Immediately on arriving at Kanab, Doctor Wentworth undertook the exterior reclamation of his dusky partner in mining. For the first time in his life Kawich felt the civilizing shears of a barber on his coarse, black hair. He was then togged in the best that the town afforded, and except for his dark skin, increased reserve and dignity there was little difference between him and the generality of prosperous white men. The doctor anticipated the needs of his dark-skinned friend, and furnished him with abundant cash for all purposes. Notwithstanding his sudden prosperity Kawich continued his practice of driving sharp bargains,—holding to his unstinted means with the air of one who didn't propose to be bunkoed by the sharpest of the affectedly superior race.

On the eve of the doctor's departure for Salt Lake, Kawich expressed a wish to accompany him. He had not visited the Utah metropolis for a number of years, and wanted to make some special purchases. Doctor Wentworth was pleased with the idea and Kawich, on horseback, was a proud member of the party.

The purchase of gold pans, quicksilver, a retort, picks, shovels, canvas bags for the dust, and other necessaries for camping and mining were made, and the doctor was impatiently awaiting the delayed arrival of his nephew when that young gentleman entered the lobby of the Walker house, where his uncle was stopping.

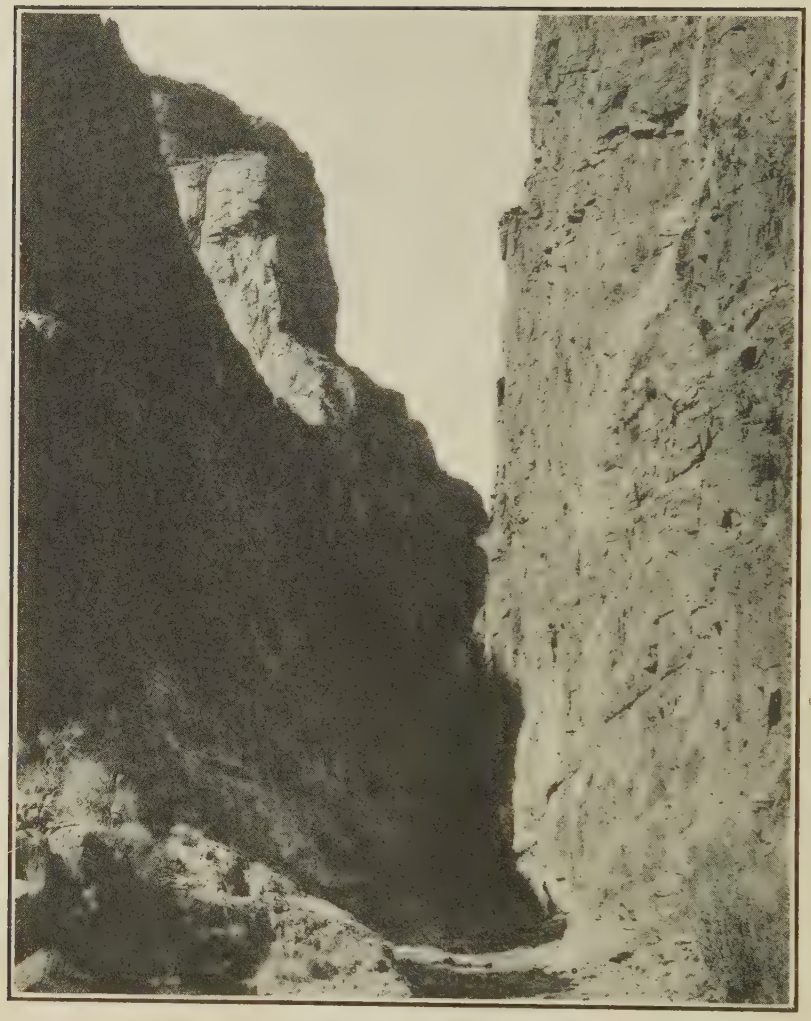
Before greeting his uncle, Denton surprised and annoyed his little cousin by lifting her in his arms and vigorously kissing her. Rachel had not seen him during a number of years, and objected to such vigorous handling by a stranger.

Charles Denton was a man who would have attracted attention in any company. There were few, however, who would have suspected that within his trim-built five-feet-eleven-inches of stature

there was the strength of a Hercules, and the litheness of a panther. His light skin, hazel eyes, frank, even boyish face and bubbling nature invited confidence and friendship, and impressed strangers with the thought that his was an easy-going temperament,—one that would endure almost any imposition without resentment. But beneath that effervescent exterior was invincible courage, and an iron will which, when aroused, swept obstacles aside with the impetuosity of a cyclone. Manly himself, he insisted on manliness in others. His latent consciousness of superior strength and activity inspired no unworthy egotism. He regarded those physical attributes as gifts which should be used in defense of others not so generously favored. Even a crippled or homeless dog was an object of compassion,

Doctor Wentworth surveyed his nephew with admiration,—in no respect had he failed to fulfill the magnificent promise of his youth.

Kawich was at first distrustful of the stranger, but his hearty hand-clasp, friendliness and democratic nature soon disarmed his aboriginal suspicions.



By permission of Kolb Bros., Grand Canyon, Ariz.

A Latteral Gorge of the Grand Canyon.

XII.

AT HOME IN THE GRAND CANYON.

The men were novices in placer mining, but the art of using a goldpan was soon acquired. Kawich worked industriously with his white friends, and was doubtless the happiest Indian on earth. The daily "clean-up" was about two hundred dollars to the man.

A trail for the horses was made down the defile, and as the dust and retorted bullion accumulated it was taken to the terrace and stored pending shipment to Salt Lake, where Denton and Kawich made periodical trips. The services of the Indian were invaluable. He was always near the wagon in which he slept while the gold was in transit. On those trips Doctor Wentworth and Rachel went as far as Kanab, where they were welcome guests at the homes of those whose friendship had been won during the illness of some member of the families.

The monotony of washing gold was relieved by visits to the forest and other points where collections of plants, animals and fossils, valuable to the university, were made and gratuitously forwarded. In fact, the collections, and labor incident to packing at Kanab, were indispensable to guarding the mining operations.

In the early autumn of 1888 Rachel was sixteen years of age. Her father took her to Salt Lake, where he secured a home for her in the family of a minister who had a daughter of about the same age as Rachel. Private instructors were employed, and arrangements made for her schooling. Except during vacations in the canyon, the girl's time was occupied with her studies.

But Rachel loved the free, unconventional life of the wilderness in which the formative period of her life had been lived. Even the vast receding deserts of Arizona, famed for their fitful mirages, —those mysterious dissolving views of lakes, and distant mountain ranges lifted for the moment above the horizon, then disintegrating, like the clouds above them, into shadowy forms, quivering and trembling in their ghostly, unreal dissipation into the attenuated air of the desert, appealed to her mind and heart,—a soul unperverted by the artificial restrains and narrow, deadening pleasures

of "society." The towering walls of the great canyon became vast battlements which protected her from the great seething world with its counterfeit civilization,—its toiling millions with its cruel, criminal contrast between vast wealth for the few, and the grinding, soul-dwarfing poverty for the many, of which Rachel had read so much, and personally knew so little. In her pleasant isolation the girl was deeply interested in the erratic moods of the river which, late in the warm, dry autumns, often shrinks to comparatively small proportions, then, responding to the spring thaws and rains, becomes a turbulent flood that with majestic sweep marks the coming and going of the years, regardless of the annual milestones so precious to mankind.

XIII.

HARTWELL AND JENKINS.

The months of July and August, 1890, at Lee's Ferry had been unusually lean in profits, and excessively lonesome for Nephi Judson. Only those impelled by urgent business, or sense of duty, braved the hot sands of the Arizona deserts during the summer months. The occasional visits of Utah cowboys, the infrequent advent of prospectors, with now and then a traveler, comprised the sum-total of Judson's association with the outside world.

The ever-present vision of the tragedy at the Mountain Meadows, and his long isolation had hardened his heart, and were rapidly transforming a naturally sunny disposition into that of morose rebellion against the grim fate which had enveloped his life, and which, despite his tortured protests, was yet holding him with relentless tenacity. His past was a desert, strewn with the debris of wrecked hopes and ambition; the future—all that remained—seemed barren, lifeless and uninviting as the sun scorched waste stretching out toward the north. Nephi Judson was mentally starving for real life and action.

The wail of a burro, then a chorus of those plaintiff cries apprised Judson that a number of those patient animals had scented water and a camp-ground.

Looking up the road to the north, Judson saw within the deepening shadows a couple of men and a half dozen burros descending the road to the river.

Paying no attention to Judson, the new-comers selected a patch of grass stubble, and began relieving the burros of their burdens.

The morning after the prospectors' arrival Judson was gratified at the pitching of a tent, and other preparations for at least a brief sojourn at the ferry.

George Hartwell was born and reared near the Ohio river where, until a few months previous, he had lived his uneventful existence on his father's farm. He had been reading in the eastern press exaggerated stories of the discovery of placer mines along the Green, Grand and San Juan rivers in eastern Utah; and on leav-

ing college had asked his father's permission to try conclusions with western life.

Contrary to his son's expectations the elder Hartwell, with an amused, expansive smile, readily gave his consent, and added: "Whenever you are tired of the west, or busted, remember there is always a home, and plenty of work on the old farm. Others have failed in their search for quick fortunes, and were too proud to let the old folks at home know the actual conditions. Don't be foolish. When you are in need, let us know the facts, and we will bring you home as soon as your hunger for adventure is satisfied. Will a thousand dollars be sufficient for your experiment?"

On Hartwell's arrival at Green river station, on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, the old-timers noted that a canvas boat was a conspicuous item of the "tenderfoot's" baggage. And as the majority of them were dead broke and seeking employment, or coveted grubstakes for prospecting trips, they were eager to make his acquaintance. They knew what the boat meant, and were anxious to relieve themselves of their valuable information regarding the placer bonanzas down the river, and believed that the new arrival would be an easy mark.

But to those who could "size up" a man, Hartwell's five feet, ten inches of muscular manhood, his clear, penetrating brown eyes, and quick, decisive movements bespoke the man of nerve and action.

During several days Hartwell carefully studied the conditions. With ever-increasing interest he watched the caravans of laden burros disappear around the bend of the river to the south, and made the willing acquaintance of the stranded gold-seekers.

Hartwell soon discovered that a companion in his enterprise would be necessary. From the dead-broke contingent he selected a man named Jenkins; and after judiciously investigating his antecedents, proposed to furnish the outfit and give his prospective partner one-half of the proceeds of the venture. It was Hartwell's time and money against Jenkins' time and experience.

Nearly all of Jenkins' adult life had been devoted to prospecting the gulches and canyons of Colorado, ever in search of something

beyond the golden swamp light. Jenkins' wife was equally as enthusiastic over prospecting as her husband; and cheerfully washed for the Leadville miners, thus supporting herself and increasing family while the husband and father continued his search for gold. She reasoned that hundreds of others had been successful, and "why not Bill Jenkins?"

The evening after the prospectors' arrival Judson visited their camp, and ventured a few questions regarding the luck of the men, and their future intentions.

Hartwell informed their visitor that owing to the fineness of the gold the trip had been a failure; and that they were on the way to the mining districts of Arizona, where they would search for lodes, rather than placers.

During the evening the many stories of placers down the river were discussed and analyzed. Judson told the strangers of Kawich's alleged discovery of gold in a gulch in the Grand Canyon; that the gold was rough, thus proving that its source was not far from the place of its discovery.

In reply to Hartwell's inquiries Judson told him that John D. Lee had seen the gold, and while he had confidence in the Indian's truthfulness, he was skeptical regarding the quantity.

Asked if the Indian's discovery had been made by boat, Judson replied that while the Indian was a skilled boatman, he never knew of his having ventured into the Grand Canyon.

Replying to further questions, Judson told Hartwell that while the river was not as low as it would be later on, he believed it to be the best season of the year to run the chasm; that the bars were then sufficiently exposed for close prospecting; and that a trip down the gorge would be comparatively easy for experienced boatmen.

With dismay Jenkins noted the deep interest with which his companion listened to Judson's statements. Was it possible that the reckless tenderfoot entertained any thought of exploring the dreaded depths of the great canyon?

While Jenkins rolled on his hard couch, that night, and con-

jured visions of disaster within the mysterious gorge to the west, Hartwell was soundly sleeping.

Within a few days Hartwell announced his decision to search for the Indian's gold mine, in the existence of which he had implicit confidence. He told Jenkins that their contract did not bind him to that which, to most men, would be a foolhardy undertaking. And further proposed, if Jenkins so elected, that they divide the supplies, and that the latter proceed to Arizona and prospect for lodes; that in case either were successful the proceeds be divided as previously agreed. Hartwell further explained that on a stream so large as the Colorado, and amid such difficulties as might reasonably be expected, one man could hardly aid the other should serious accident befall them.

Never before had Jenkins' courage come so near deserting him. He was on the point of accepting the proposition to go to the Arizona districts when the memory of Hartwell's generosity and fairness was forced upon him. He had learned to love his intrepid companion, and believed that if any man on earth could successfully accomplish the hazardous undertaking, that man was Hartwell. With mixed admiration and apprehension Jenkins had watched his companion while the latter launched that frail boat on the rushing, boiling water of Green river that he might inspect bars on the opposite side; and while Jenkins trailed the burros down the river, the eastern dare-devil shot the rapids with the ease and confidence of a water fowl.

A strong boat was purchased from Judson, and their burros and other property were left in his care. From his small commissary the prospectors replenished their supplies. On top of their provisions the prospectors lashed the precious canvas boat which, in an emergency, might prove invaluable.

The afternoon before their departure Hartwell and Jenkins wrote their families, but nothing was written regarding their prospective voyage down the Grand Canyon. But through Jenkins' missive to the "little woman" over in Colorado there ran a thread of unconscious melancholly. His concluding words were: "Whether successful or not, this is my last prospecting trip; when this ends,

I will soon be with you and the children, and will not again leave you."

Hartwell had become impressed with the sterling qualities of Judson, and gave him a letter to his father, apprising him of his determination to penetrate the Grand Canyon, and instructing him as to the disposition of his personal property in case of fatal accident. Unless otherwise notified, Judson was to post the letter at the end of sixty days.

Jenkins was in the act of sealing his letter when Hartwell interposed: "Jenkins, just add a postscript to your letter. Tell your wife that you inclose another fifty dollars; and that three hundred dollars will be placed to her credit in the Western National Bank of Salt Lake, subject to her draft at the end of sixty days. That will aid her if—in the meantime—we are not successful."

By permission of Kolb Bros., Grand Canyon, Ariz.

Typical View of Grand Canyon—Water at Lowest Stage.

XIV.

IN THE DEPTHS OF THE GRAND CANYON.

The sun was rising over the broken country to the east when Hartwell and Jenkins pulled out into the stream and committed themselves to the impetuous current.

Judson waved his dilapidated hat in farewell, and as evidence of his wishes for good luck.

On reaching the middle of the river Hartwell permitted the boat to sweep on with the ever-flowing tide. The sensation of gliding within an ever-changing panorama of increasing grandeur and mystery was so exhilarating that all thought of difficulties and dangers was for the time forgotten.

Along the first few miles the banks ascended easily to the right and left; then, almost without notice, the boat shot into a gorge three or four hundred feet deep which the river had cut in a bed of lava.

Toward evening the walls of the canyon arose to about two thousand feet, and the men realized that they were entering a region which through all the ages will be recognized as the crowning triumph of nature in all that is picturesque, sublime and awe-inspiring.

Even the increasing gloom, caused by the encroaching walls and their greater altitude, failed to depress the buoyant spirits of Hartwell in which Jenkins temporarily shared.

Because the sun could no longer penetrate the gorge the men were compelled to seek a camping place earlier than they desired, and were forced to tie the boat to a large boulder and sleep on their supplies.

Early the following morning the explorers again committed themselves to the increasing impetuosity of the current. Right and left the river zigzagged in its southwesterly course. The walls continued to increase in height until the rims were three thousand feet above the river. Occasionally, bursts of sunlight streamed in from box canyons which cut the wall on the east side of river, to be shut out within the next hundred feet, when the cheerful re-

minder of the world above them instantly vanished, and by contrast seemingly increased the gloom of their self-elected prison.

With increasing altitude the walls of the great fissure appeared to reach the very heavens, whence the stars at mid-day blinked in seeming effort to pierce the gloom of the uncanny depths.

Anon, the canyon opened to five or six miles in width from rim to rim. The walls of the lowest depth were granite. Above the granite, reaching upward to dizzy heights, were walls of marble sufficient to build all the cities of the earth. And yet above the marble were cliffs and terraces of lime and sandstone, sculptured by the elements into vast domes, spires and other forms of magnificent proportions. Great veins and beds of copper, with intermingling hues of blue and green and lenses of glittering pyrites, were plentiful, and would be immensely valuable were transportation less difficult.

Thus, in the presence of alternating tints, and amid scenes of surpassing sublimity, the walls of the mighty gorge arose to full five thousand feet above the busy stream which, viewed from the rim of the chasm, seems a brook over which one might easily leap.

"Wildly, weirdly, grandly, picturesquely beautiful" was the verdict of those human atoms, who "looked through nature up to Nature's God."

From a folder map of Arizona, and the estimated distance traversed, toward evening of the fifth day from the ferry the voyagers believed they were within a few miles of the confluence of the Little Colorado with the larger stream.

From the character of the eruptives, and the large eroded area along the upper portion of the smaller stream, Judson was certain that pay-values would be found in the numerous gravel bars, and had impressed on the prospectors the importance of investigation.

It was Jenkins' hope that Judson's opinion was correct that partly reconciled him to the voyage down the canyon. But he had resolved that the mouth of the Little Colorado would be the limit of the journey.

With long, sweeping strokes Hartwell was aiding the swift current in an effort to reach the mouth of the smaller river in time

for a landing that evening. Jenkins, ever alert to danger, drew Hartwell's attention to the low murmur of rapids.

Resting on his oars, Hartwell listened to the increasing volume of the broken sound of tumbling water, then scanned the east wall for an opening for a temporary tie-up.

Hurriedly unlashing the canvas boat, Hartwell left Jenkins with the baggage. Crossing the river he approached the brow of the descent. The current at the west side was impassable. Keeping as close to the brink as possible consistent with safety, he pulled the boat toward the other wall. Occasionally rising to his feet he hastily searched for the least obstructed channel, and having satisfied himself on that point he forced the boat upstream to where Jenkins had secured a position on a ledge from which he was anxiously surveying the hundred and fifty yards of foaming water.

"Say, Hartwell," Jenkins inquired from his perch on the ledge, "you're not going to tempt providence, are you, by an attempt to shoot that infernal hell-hole of boulders and white caps?"

"Sure," Hartwell replied. "It's a trifle more difficult than others we've passed, but, like some dogs, its growl will be more terrifying than its bite."

"But," Jenkins protested, "even if we make it all right, which is not likely, there's not the ghost of a show to return over that mixture of rocks and water playing a never-ending game of leap frog. Better retreat while we have an opening than to be penned in this cursed crack in the earth, with an impassable wall on each side, with an unknown hell in front, and a well-known hell in the rear."

Jenkins' unusual volubility and vehemence forced a smile to the generally serious face of his companion.

"In his descent of this canyon," Hartwell responded, "Major Powell and his men passed these rapids, and we can do it."

"Yes," Jenkins again protested, "but two of his men were drowned, and very likely this is the place where it occurred."

Hartwell knew from the frequency of Jenkins' protests and increasing nervousness that the rapids must be passed that evening and the tension on his nerves relieved.

Hartwell pulled around to the stern of the larger boat and

secured the "toy," as Jenkins called the combination of slats, hinges and canvas.

"Now, Jenkins," Hartwell admonished, "you've learned something about rowing, and know how a boat is steered when descending rapids. Get into the 'toy,' keep one oar in your hand and be prepared to cut loose." Hartwell knew that by giving his companion something to do he would be less nervous during the descent.

When within a hundred feet of the place he had selected, Hartwell stepped to the bow of the boat and faced the difficult task with the alertness and self confidence acquired by numerous victories over far greater odds than then confronted him.

Standing erect, Hartwell guided the boat into the channel and entered the leaping flood. With graceful, sinuous sweep the water raced between numerous smooth boulders, or over them in foaming torrents in the seeming effort to beat all competitors to the comparatively quiet pools at the foot of the rapids.

With a knife in his right hand, and with an oar tightly grasped in the other, Jenkins knelt in the bow of the canvas cockle-shell, and with clenched jaws awaited the instant when the lead boat might collide with a boulder, or be capsized at one of the many curves which were being negotiated by the skilful pilot, and was joyfully surprised when, with the speed of a gasoline launch, the boats shot out into the placid pools where the water seemed to be resting after its mad race down the descent.

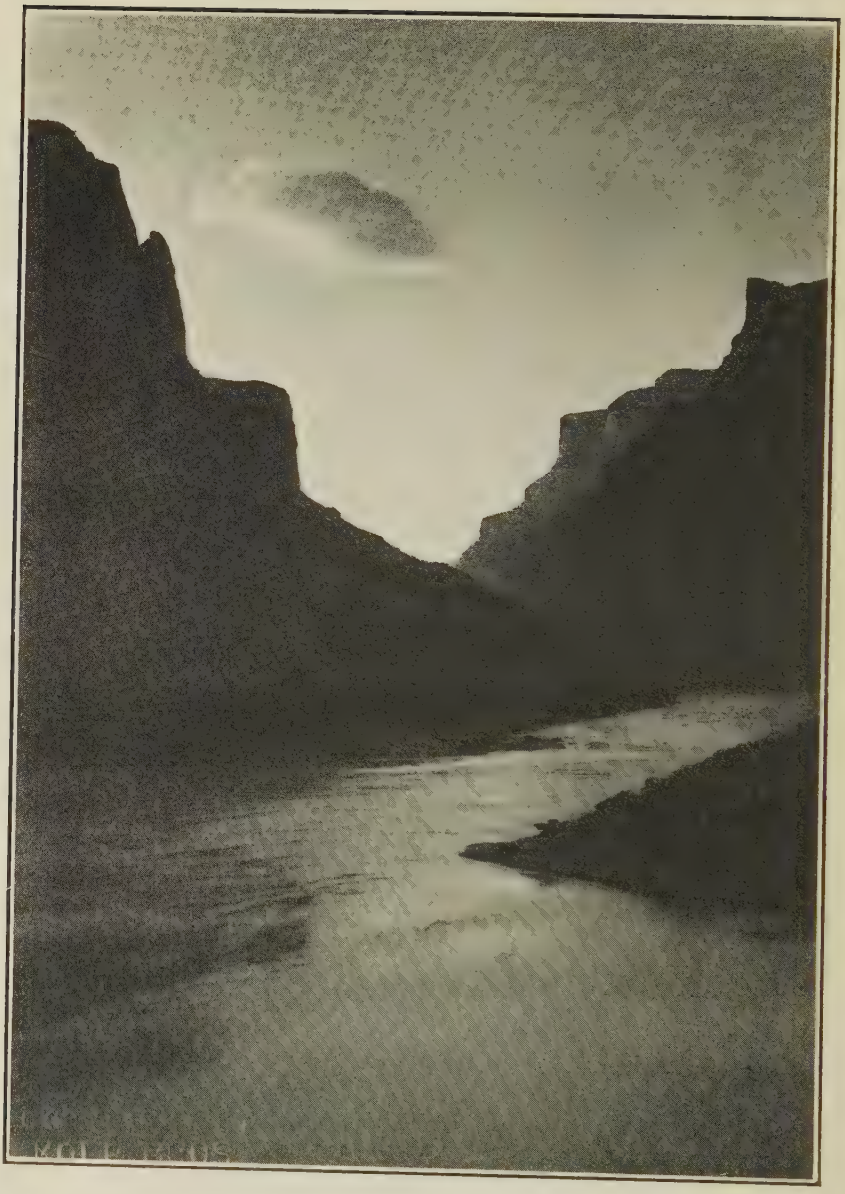
There was an expression of relief on Hartwell's face as he stepped back and resumed his seat. In addition to the natural obstacles of the trip there was beginning to be a haunting fear that in an emergency Jenkins would lose his head, or go entirely to pieces, and thus defeat the object of the expedition.

Jenkins had clambered onto the stern of the larger boat, and was looking back at the leaping torrent. Turning to Hartwell he solemnly said: "I've faced starvation in the Colorado hills; I've had one hand-to-paw tussle with a she grizzly, with a pair of half-grown cubs as interested spectators, and have dared a hundred deaths in the search for quick returns; and I'm ready to face anything in reason to aid in gratifying your curiosity regarding the

resources and scenery of this roofless cave, but it's the last time I'll chance a holy terror like that for all the gold in the universe."

"It is not because of your lack of courage," Hartwell soothingly replied, "but because of your inexperience on water. Had you been with my elder brother and myself on the Ohio river, while rescuing marooned people during the ice jams, when the bristling gorges were piled fifty feet above the water, with great blocks of ice grinding others to fragments; and the water seething and roaring with imprisoned fury, you would regard our little adventure just now as a May-day picnic."

The oars were adjusted and within the deepening shadows the explorers sought a convenient place for the night's tie-up.



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XV.

MOUTH OF LITTLE COLORADO—THE TEMPEST.

It was yet early in the forenoon of the sixth day from the ferry when the men reached the mouth of the Little Colorado, which afforded the only comfortable camp-ground they had thus far encountered along the river. They decided to take some exercise on land, and prospect the accessible bars along the smaller stream.

The tent was pitched on high ground near the junction of the rivers, and encircled with hair ropes, a precaution suggested by Judson to keep at bay the rattlesnakes which infest every favorable locality along the river and tributary canyons.

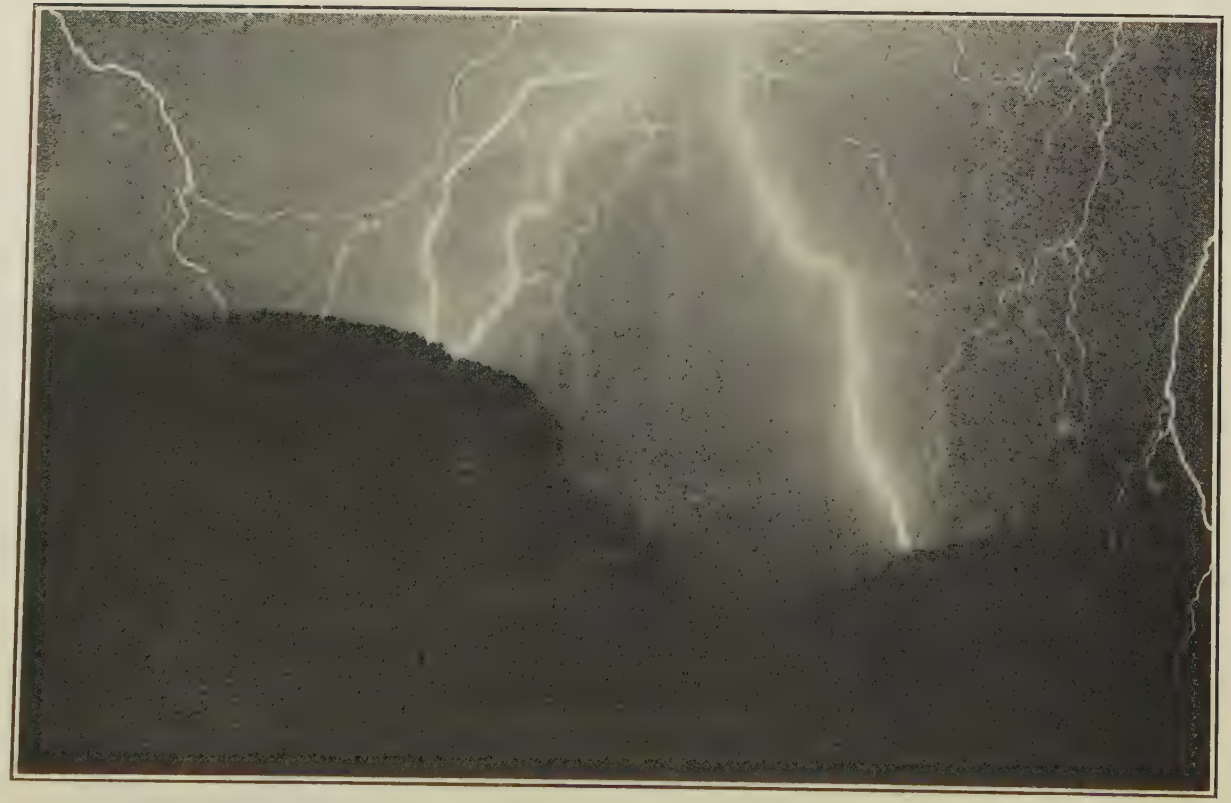
Like those of the larger stream the Little Colorado bars yielded gold, but of such almost impalpable atoms as to preclude the possibility of profitable extraction.

It was nearly dark when a low, rumbling growl, not unlike that of a nearby earthquake, echoed along the larger canyon. The men looked upward to the narrow line of blue above them. No clouds were visible, and the absence of tremors convinced them that it was not an earthquake. The men were at supper, and gave no further thought to the phenomenon,—they had become accustomed to strange sights and sounds within that weird desolation of scenic grandeur.

Perhaps five minutes elapsed when from the opposite direction another rumble, louder than before, rolled up the main gorge and was accompanied by fitful gusts of disturbed air. Again the men glanced upward. Great masses of black clouds, as if driven by a tornado, were skurrying over the path of light which extended from rim to rim of each of the canyons.

The prospectors hurried to the boat and hastily lashed a paulin over their effects; then returned and made more secure the frail shelter from storms.

Jenkins' experience with Rocky Mountain thunder storms had been such that additional gratification of his curiosity was superfluous, and with the remark, "I guess we won't be troubled with 'rattlers' until later on," he skurried within the tent to escape the



By permission of Kolb Bros., Grand Canyon, Ariz.

From "Rim" of Grand Canyon, Caught During Storm.

large drops of water shaken from those grim-looking heralds of a downpour. But he had not witnessed a tempest in the Grand Canyon.

Hartwell was deeply interested. From the titanic preparations he knew that it was to be a battle-royal of the most universally-dreaded forces of nature. Entering the tent he enveloped himself in an oiled coat, then returned to his uncanny vigil.

Meantime, the respective skirmish lines were appoaching with frightful velocity. The distant peals of thunder merged into one continuous roar, which was every second punctured with deafening explosions from up and down the larger canyon; and seemed to the solitary witness to be answering calls of the respective forces, bellowing defiance and threats of extermination.

Great masses of clouds, recoiling from the terrific bombardment within that mightiest of earth-wounds, rolled and tumbled up the darkened canyons, while nature groaned and quivered as if in the throes of final dissolution.

During the climax of the tempest the junction of the canyons appeared to be the vortex into which the warring elements had concentrated their world-wide forces.

From the rims of the great fissures bolts of fire leaped down into the depths where they mingled with other flaming streams, which crossed and re-crossed, writhing, twisting and darting in dazzling lines like a host of firey serpents engaged in mutual destruction.

Masses of rock, torn by gleaming bolts from unstable moorings, plunged into the river, transforming it into mountains of spray, hurling it hundreds of feet into mid-air, whence it fell in torrents on the deeply-interested spectator of the terrific conflict.

Sheets of water, converging from the terraces into the lateral gorges, formed immense torrents, increasing the deafening clamor of that hissing, roaring hell in the bowels of the earth.

Above the roar of the warring elements Hartwell heard the crash, crash of enormous boulders, swept downward by impetuous floods, as they leaped from terrace to terrace, or ground in savage helplessness along the bottoms of the lateral canyons.

It was the lifting of an incubus when Hartwell observed the

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Alcove
Case
Shelf

lessening glare of the pyrotechnics, and listened to the decreasing roar of the conflict whose forces sullenly retreated up the respective gorges. His steel-like nerves had been tested as never before. During his boyhood he had gazed with awesome apprehension on vivid portrayals of the "Judgment Day," of which hell was an essential part. He recalled those highly-colored nightmares of disordered minds, and for the first time fully realized the vastness of the distinction between the theoretical, or imaginary, and the stern reality.

Within the shelter tent Jenkins listened to the roar of the tempest. His nervous system, taxed to the limit, was at breaking point when Hartwell parted the flaps and crept inside.

"Hartwell," Jenkins began, "I'm certain that we can get out of this subterranean hell by way of this canyon. The river is smaller, and if we can't use the boats we can leave them, and pack our grub and bedding out to God's country. And I serve notice on you, right now, that you won't shoot any more rapids with me as a passenger; when we get to another mixture of water and boulders, I balk. You can go on to destruction, if you want to, but this Little Colorado canyon looks good to me."

"All right, Jenkins," Hartwell replied, "I'll promise you this: No insurmountable obstacles, without your consent, will be placed in the way of a return to this canyon. I will bring you back to this place, if you insist upon it, but it must be with the understanding that, as Judson told us, this smaller canyon presents the greater obstacles to its ascent.

"I am not a 'reckless tenderfoot,' as you sometimes charge. Since old enough to handle oars, boating has been my principal recreation, and I weighed all the risks before deciding to make this trip. I realized the gravity of the undertaking. Conditions are somewhat more difficult than I expected to find them, but where others have passed in safety, we can also pass. And I will add, speaking for myself, I will find Kawich's mine; then descend the river to civilization, or climb out on the north side and return to the ferry by way of the Mormon settlements."

XVI.

JENKINS REBELS—HARTWELL'S DILEMMA—UNEXPECTED VICTORY.

During more than a week the men had glided through an ever-changing panorama which, because of its stupenduous grandeur, was becoming oppressively monotonous.

Each gravel bar, and the mouth of every accessible gulch had been prospected for "colors," and had proved disappointing.

Six nights they had camped on damp bars, narrow ledges of rock, or occupied cramped positions in the boat and scarcely slept, while in the Egyptian darkness they listened to the hungry gurgle of the water they could not see.

On the morning of the eighth day Jenkins rebelled, and with an oath refused to proceed further. It would require a full month for a retreat to civilization, and if their provisions were exhausted while in the depths of that terrible fissure their ending would be certain.

Hartwell endeavored to allay Jenkins' apprehension. Again he told him they could easily go through the canyon and return to the ferry by way of St. George and Kanab,—that the most difficult part of the voyage was behind them.

But Jenkins would not be pacified. He related a dream which had disturbed his rest the previous night, and which like a hideous nightmare had been his companion since arising. Like a prisoner chained in a loathsome dungeon he was longing for the gladsome sunlight of the upper world, and for freedom of movement. The tumbling, foaming water of the rapids terrified him. He looked upward at the vertical walls, and realized that in the event of serious accident no sloping bank awaited a successful effort to reach it. They would be forced to swim on down the river between those impassable walls until a gravel bar was reached. Then what? Starvation within those inexpressably repulsive depths. The dream of the previous night was so real, so life-like and terrible that Jenkins was a nervous wreck.

In a measure Hartwell was sharing his companion's misgivings. By experience he knew that mortal strength was not equal to forcing even the light canvas boat up through narrow channels where,

over miles, the water raced with the speed of a steamer, and where there was not an eddy in which one might rest and recover his strength. And to add to the dilemma Jenkins had gone to pieces. Hartwell then realized the great injustice to Jenkins in permitting him to participate in the expedition.

To himself Hartwell gave scant thought,—he was unmarried and heart-free. But Jenkins' family, in case of fatal accident, would be left without a protector, and he mentally cursed the folly which was then so evident. But it was too late. They must go on, and if possible find a side canyon by way of which they might extricate themselves from the abyss which was fast becoming a very hell of anxiety.

The mouth of the gorge in which they were encamped ascended quite steeply a distance of a hundred feet, then fell back horizontally a half mile or so where it appeared to turn abruptly to the west, leaving an irregular strip of white, several hundred feet high, in the background. The apparent bend of the gulch toward the west suggested the hope that it might continue on with a passable grade up to the terrace that evidently extended back from the top of the white strip of background.

The conversation between the men took place during the preparation of the morning meal. Hartwell suggested that they remain a day or two in the gulch, and rest while mutually considering the best course to pursue in the attempt to regain civilization. Hartwell reasoned that a few days' rest and exemption from peril would aid in preparing Jenkins for the ordeal of again facing the turbulent stream, or perhaps for a greater ordeal in attempting to scale the five thousand feet of frowning crags and cliffs which reach upward, terrace above terrace, to the rim of the canyon.

While Jenkins reclined on his blankets Hartwell, with a cheery ring in his voice, told the weary man that he would explore the gulch for a break by which they might climb to the terrace above them, and from that point other breaks or canyons might be found.

With head bowed in thought as to how he could extricate his companion from the grave situation into which he had unwittingly

led him, Hartwell leisurely picked his way up the boulder-strewn wash, and gave scant attention to the brown color of the gravel, nor to the iron-stained boulders except to avoid them.

Hartwell turned to the left and passed around the abutting cliff on the east. A beam of sunlight from over the east rim was pouring its welcome rays down into an ampitheater several hundred feet in diameter. Hartwell raised his head, he was facing a precipice several hundred feet high, the coloring of which made it an object of exquisite beauty and grandeur. It was a marble wall, the body of which was as white as alabaster, and as smooth as if polished by human experts. Ascending the vast wall great bands of delicate rose tints crossed and recrossed until they merged into a shimmering, scintillating maze of rose-pink splendor.

At the base of the wall the deeply-interested man noticed a low, iron-stained mass which trended easterly and westerly across the gulch. In color and structure the ridge-like mass was identical with the boulders to which Hartwell had paid so little attention. From the brown ridge at the base of the wall wide and narrow veins of iron-stained material ascended the face of the cliff, a hundred feet or so, then separated into limbs, branches, stems and twigs.

During a few minutes the puzzled man was transfixed by the remarkable scene. He had forgotten the object of his search,—a possible means of escape from the now exquisitely beautiful prison. His mind was busy with the effort to solve the meaning of that which to an experienced man would have been instantly grasped.

Finally, the alphabet so plainly written on the marble wall resolved itself into words and sentences. It told the story of how, in the uplift which formed the stupendous fissure through which water from the northeast found an easier channel to the ocean, molten porphyry was forced up through a parallel fissure in the limestone and became a dyke, and subsequently a channel for hot solutions which, permeating the porus limestone, transformed it into marble. The imitation trees, or huge dendritic markings, were but portions of the porphyry which were forced into the crevices made at the

time of the uplift. Hartwell's college training, of which geology was part of the curriculum, unconsciously added in the solution.

There was another meaning to the unusual conditions which Hartwell finally grasped. He examined the boulders at his feet. Here and there nuggets of gold glittered a welcome to the recently discouraged prospector. The transition from what had appeared to be certain defeat to that of glorious victoy, which strong men prize far more than material results, unnerved the man of iron more than had the ugly current of the Colorado. He was in possession of immense wealth. His happy thoughts turned to Jenkins. He was curious to know how the ardent prospector would act in the presence of unstinted gold of which he was the owner of one-half.

But was it really as great as at first thought it appeared to be? Hastily he walked to the dyke. It also glittered with grains of gold.

But how to extract the precious metal? Hartwell's mind had been too occupied with the intoxication of the discovery to permit any thought of the problem of extraction. It dawned upon him that the gold contained in the rock was as worthless as barren earth unless it could be separated from its useless matrix. The installation of machinery in those practically immeasurable depths was next to impossible. There was no doubt that he had discovered the place where the Navajo secured the nuggets shown to Lee, but in the presence of insurmountable obstacles the discovery was of no present value.

With the thought of the Indian's presence in the gulch a great hope found place in Hartwell's brain. If the redskin could get into and out of the gorge, why not he and Jenkins? With the thought of escape from the gold which was now valueless, he turned his attention to the cleft which had been the object of his search. It was a narrow ravine, formed by erosion of the less indurated material of the dyke, down which a small stream poured into the gulch. But there were precipices a hunded feet high which defied any attempt to scale them. Perhaps there was a gulch down the river by which the Indian came and went. With that thought uppermost in his mind Hartwell turned and began slowly retracing his steps.

When a few hundred feet from the dyke Hartwell noticed a

thin quartz vein which protruded above the surface of the wash, a peculiarity he had not theretofore observed, and which extended easterly and westerly across the gulch. On the north side of the vein Hartwell noticed a yellow streak which followed the slightly protruding obstruction. The again deeply-interested man knelt down and examined the peculiar condition. It was gold mixed with sand! With impatient energy he dug down with his hands to bedrock where gold was relatively more abundant.

Returning toward the dyke Hartwell examined the bottom of the wash. Every fifty to one hundred feet the astounded man found similar veins, and back of them were narrow streaks of gold and sand. The gold was concentrates which, because of its greater gravity, floods had been unable to lift over the hard veins until the gold and heavier sand and fine gravel had filled the space up to the top of the natural riffles.

The wealth of the Incas was at the disposal of Hartwell and his partner. The remaining problem was how to get the precious dust to the rim of the canyon which, with increasing mockery, challenged all efforts to reach it. But that was a really secondary consideration. They could descend the river to the mouth of the canyon, and that could be repeated times without number if other means of reaching civilization were not discovered.

Hartwell filled his handkerchief with the glittering sand, and within a few minutes arrived at camp.

Jenkins was sleeping. The perilous voyage had exhausted his vitality, and he had surrendered all hope in the success of the expedition. Hartwell awakened him, and while the less rugged man rubbed his eyes to arouse himself, the shining sand was laid on the bedding.

"Can you tell me what this stuff is?" the quietly-happy Hartwell asked his companion.

Had the walls of the canyon fallen in on the astonished prospector he would have been less surprised. He essayed to speak, but sobs choked his words while tears coursed down his furrowed, care-worn face. That for which he had searched during many years, and for which he had endured the most grinding privations, was at last found. His unselfish thoughts sped over the mountains to where

the woman whom he was proud to claim as wife was toiling to keep the wolf from the door, while the husband and father continued his search for that which had come so unexpectedly.

Tears moistened the eyes of the less-emotional Hartwell as he watched the excitement of his comrade, and could hardly grasp the cause for the display of emotion. But Hartwell had not lived in an atmosphere of hope-deferred during more than a score of years.

As soon as Jenkins' burst of joy subsided, Hartwell took him by the arm and led him to where the yellow, glittering goddess awaited the embrace of the supremely-happy prospectors. The younger man had some difficulty in separating the fascinated Jenkins from contemplation of the gold which would soon relieve his wife from drudgery, and would afford his children opportunities in the world which fate had denied their father.

XVII.

STARTLING DISCOVERY—HEROIC STRUGGLE—DISASTER.

Added to the scarcity of fuel in the gulch where they were encamped, Hartwell observed signs of small floods. He therefore proposed that they explore the country down the river with the view of finding more comfortable quarters.

Such is the fairy-like touch of gold that Jenkins' dread of the river had seemingly vanished. Blithly he aided in launching the canvas boat with never a thought of the dream which had caused him so much unrest.

When a half mile down the river Jenkins drew Hartwell's attention to a reef situated nearly in the middle of the canyon. The latter pulled the boat under the south wall that he might examine the north terraces.

As Hartwell passed the reef he recognized the partly submerged remains of a granite dyke,—one of the evidences that the locality had been the center of eruptive forces of which the gold-bearing dyke was the valuable result.

From the shadow of the south wall the men entered a basin, or ampitheater, a full mile in diameter, and into which the sun's rays poured with grateful intensity.

On turning to the south Hartwell was face to face with a gulch in the north wall which was strikingly like the one in which they had left their effects.

Hartwell also observed that the terrace above the marble wall receded some distance where other walls, with narrower terraces, arose to the rim of the canyon, and that box-gorges cut the precipices and continued on up to the southeast portion of the Kiabab plateau. The topography of the north side was such as to warrant the certainty that the Kawich gulch was really discovered, and that little difficulty would be encountered in finding the trail by which the Indian reached the river.

From the mouth of Kawich gulch, as it will be known, a small stream, not unlike the filmy undulations of a white veil, fell down to the river a distance of fifty feet. But Hartwell saw that a narrow

Bird's-eye View—Section of Grand Canyon.

terrace, following the bedding plane of the limestone, gently descended from the mouth of the gulch down the north side of the canyon to an intersection with another granite dyke, or promontory, which appeared to project out into the river a couple of hundred yards, and terminated in a smooth dome some fifty to sixty feet above the water. Over the crest of the dyke Hartwell noticed the tops of cottonwood trees which proved that a piece of bottom land would be found in that locality.

While Hartwell studied the north side of the canyon the boat was permitted to drift with the current, the oars being used to keep the boat from turning.

Satisfied with his scrutiny, Hartwell drew in the oars and surrendered to the feeling of satisfaction which follows the victorious ending of an intense mental strain.

The boat was caught in a current which moved out toward the south where it was held in an eddy and turned partly around. A short distance to the west a pyramid reached upward, terrace on terrace to a height of nearly a thousand feet, and was crowned with an ancient fortress so strikingly realistic, that for the moment Hartwell failed to realize that they were drifting southward in a channel of the river which had been made centuries prior to the era during which the basin was excavated. The ancient channel continues to guide about one-fourth of the river around the pyramid to a point a quarter mile below, where the water again merges with the main stream.

Hartwell replaced the oars, drew the boat out into the main channel and again permitted it to glide with the current. Again the prow of the boat turned toward the north, and Hartwell studied the pyramid from another view-point.

Except when he drew Hartwell's attention to the reef at the entrance to the basin Jenkins had been silent. The reaction from the tension of the last few days induced a sensation of drowsiness to which he surrendered. His chin was resting on his bosom while his arms hung limply between his knees. But the spirit of Jenkins was not in the Grand Canyon. He was walking rapidly down a narrow street in Leadville toward the shack where dwelt those who

were bravely awaiting his return with the ever-hoped-for announcement that he had "struck it rich."

Jenkins paused at the door just an instant, then knocked; he heard the exclamation of delight as he felt the arms of his wife around his neck. Anon, he was holding his younger children on his knees, while his wife proudly listened, and was telling them the story of the penetration of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. He was relating how his brave and generous companion discovered the placer gold, and of the subsequent unraveling of the mystery of the Kawich trail, when the abrupt request: "Jenkins, wake up," brought him back to the realism of the grimness of the gorge from which, as yet, they had found no exit.

Jenkins raised his head. His vision passed to some object beyond Hartwell, and over his sun-darkened face crept an expression of intense surprise which instantly changed to abject terror. In the dream of the previous night he had seen that vision. He attempted to articulate, but the words died in his throat.

Hartwell's first thought was that because of the strain on his mind during the trip down the river, and the sudden reaction caused by the discovery of gold, the man had become insane.

Jenkins finally raised his arm, pointed his finger toward the northwest and fairly shrieked:

"Look there! for God's sake, look there!"

Hartwell turned in the direction indicated by Jenkins. Had the heavens opened, and had he beheld the white-robed angels descending and ascending, he would not have been more astounded and physically helpless.

On the summit of the granite dome was the white-clad form of a woman. She was making frantic efforts to attract the attention of the occupants of the boat. In her left hand she was waving a scarf, while the other was pointing down the river.

Over the hundred and fifty yards of water, and in clear, ringing tones, the one word,

"DANGER!"

reached the ears of the stupefied men.

The wind had been moving in a strong current down the can-

yon. During a brief moment there was a lull in which the woman signaled the men upstream, around the reef at the entrance to the basin, and down on the north side of the canyon.

The men failed to grasp the full significance of the signals, but they soon grasped the meaning of that word, "Danger!" The air veered and moved up the gorge. A muffled roar, then loud and sullen awakened the dazed men to a realization of their peril.

The boat was then about one hundred yards southeasterly from the dome upon which the woman stood and was watching the beginning of a desperate struggle.

Hartwell believed that he understood the situation. But in the excitement neither of the men remembered that a portion of the stream moved down on the north side of the reef to which Jenkins had drawn Hartwell's attention. The latter glanced at the water,—it was bounding forward with irresistible velocity. He knew that he could make no headway in an attempt to pull the boat upstream. His only hope was to cross over to the west end of the reef of which they were nearly opposite.

The oars were quickly adjusted, but precious minutes had been consumed during their amazed effort to comprehend the reality of the seeming apparition on the dome.

That he might offset the force of the racing water Hartwell kept the prow of the boat diagonally upstream, and after almost superhuman exertion the point was gained. The water was comparatively quiet, and Hartwell turned toward the dome as if for further instructions.

The woman called to them, but her voice was drowned in the volume of sound sweeping over the promontory. Realizing that she was not understood, she again used her scarf and signalled, as best she could, a course up the south side of the reef, and down on the north side of the canyon to the sloping bank which was plainly visible.

But Hartwell interpreted the signals to cross over to the landing. Had the signals been understood, they could easily have rowed up on the south side of the reef, and by keeping close to the north wall would have been carried to safety on an easy current.

But Hartwell could not use the oars and watch the signals, and Jenkins, after the first glance at the vision on the rock, had again gone to pieces.

Again the oars flashed in the sunlight and the boat shot out toward the north.

"Upstream, for God's sake, upstream," shouted the terrified Jenkins. It was too late. The nose of the boat was caught in the racing current which, in its narrowed channel, was returning from its attack on the north bank.

When of no avail Hartwell grasped the meaning of that waving scarf. He glanced at the forbiding side of the promontory, then at the tense form on the dome.

Never in the history of statuary did mortal genius chisel a work of art so grandly beautiful. Outlined against the dark south wall, the slender figure on the dome was as rigid as if hewn from marble. Her abundant tresses responded to the strong wind, while in clinging ripples her white skirts revealed a form perfect in its outlines and symmetry. Beneath her was the rounded dome of dark granite, laved and polished, through countless centuries, by the restless waters which in an impetuous tide now swept around its indurated base. It was a majestic pedestal supporting a sentient statue of unsurpassed grace and beauty,—a resolute goddess of mercy and rescue.

So thought Hartwell as he hurriedly turned and searched the side of the promontory for a break in which he might land his companion. If that could be done there would be only himself to meet the unknown terrors on the other side of the promontory. He instructed Jenkins to pass to the bow of the boat and prepare for quick work,—he had selected a crevice where, by holding the boat for an instant against the rock, Jenkins could effect a landing. Never before had Hartwell bent to the oars with such frenzied energy. Jenkins prepared to leap, but the nose of the boat struck the rock a few feet south of the crevice, then wheeled 'round and 'round in the swirling water. There was no alternative but to pass around the base of the dome and later solve the problem of escape.

The meeting of the rival currents produced a heavy swell which

was forced back against the base of the dome. As Hartwell was rounding the promontory the recoiling waves caught the boat and dashed it against the rock.

Hartwell's experience with the Ohio river, and especially during periodical floods, had made him familiar with such conditions as then confronted him. The terrific strain on his muscles had exhausted his strength,—a respite from the struggle was imperative.

The boat was quickly brought under control, and forced out into a seeming maelstrom not more than a hundred feet from the southwest base of the promontory. A cry as from one in mortal agony reached the men as the boat sped out toward what seemed certain destruction. The peculiar contour of the banks, and the obstructions to the west, forced the rival currents to cease for the moment their direct movement.

While the frail boat danced like a feather on the flood which boiled up from its fierce battle for the right of way over the falls to the west, Hartwell hastily analyzed the problem of escape from the perilous dilemma. To the west, a hundred yards, were the broken remains of an ancient granite dam. At the south end of the dam-like obstruction was an opening perhaps a hundred feet wide through which a part of the water raced to a vertical descent of six feet. To the northwest another opening permitted a fraction of the stream to escape from the basin, and which mingled its sullen roar with the broken voice of the rapids between the north end of the dam and the bank a hundred feet beyond where the circling water, moving north along the promontory, had eroded a semi-circular cove around which the current swept with impetuous force on its way to the rapids.

Hartwell's examination convinced him that the only alternative of shooting the rapids was to land at the cove, and he knew from the energy with which the water was hastening to its sharp descent that serious difficulties awaited the attempt.

Having rested, and satisfied himself as to the best route to reach the north bank, Hartwell turned his attention to their would-be rescuer. It was his first opportunity to more than glance at the woman since the moment he was transfixed with astonishment at

her presence in the last place on earth where he could have expected to encounter a human being.

Erect and motionless she was watching the occupants of the boat, and awaiting some sign of recognition. Her observations of the struggle which Hartwell was making convinced her that he was no novice in handling oars, and that his coolness and judgment in a crisis were infallible. But she knew the currents, and sensed the danger far more than could a stranger. When she saw that Hartwell was looking toward her she called with better effect. The wind had again veered and was carrying the roaring pandemonium down the canyon. She told him that his only course was to return to the promontory, and to keep as close as possible along its west side, keeping in the current which swept around the cove where she thought she could aid them.

With renewed energy Hartwell bent to the most unequal and hazardous effort of his life. With a few powerful strokes he forced the boat under the shelter of the promontory, then glanced at the woman who was racing along the crest of the reef toward the north bank. With superb grace she sprang from boulder to boulder and disappeared within the trees and shrubery on the stretch of bottom land along the north wall.

Jenkins was a passive, because powerless, spectator of the doubtful struggle. Had the contest been on land he would have fought like a demon for himself and friend. But added to his natural dread of the river was the clinging memory of that dream, which each minute was becoming more realistic.

As Hartwell feared, the pull of the water diverging toward the fall and rapids was slowly but surely drawing the boat away from the promontory. Had he entered the contest with strength unimpaired by previous exertions there would have been no doubt of the ending.

Jenkins had not moved from the bow of the boat after the effort to land him on the east side of the promontory. He anxiously watched for the re-appearance of the woman, and was wondering what kind of aid she could render. She emerged from the shrubery and ran to the bank where she descended to the water. Jenkins

understood the meaning of the coiled rope, and told Hartwell of the preparation for throwing a life line.

It was less than a hundred feet to the landing, but the boat had been pulled down until Hartwell was forced to meet the current which was returning from its sweep around the cove, and which compelled increased speed in the movement of the oars. But by the aid of that iron will which never yet had faltered, he reached a point within fifty feet of safety. He glanced over his shoulder to get his bearings. Poised on her right foot the woman's left hand held the end of the rope, while her right arm and hand holding the coil were thrown back for the final effort to save the strangers.

"Only forty feet to the landing," Jenkins encouragingly shouted.

Inch by inch the battle was being won,—the crisis had arrived. Jenkins leaned out over the prow and watched for the casting of the life line. It was accurately thrown, but at the same instant the nose of the boat turned down-stream,—the oar in Hartwell's right hand had broken in the row lock, and Jenkins' light grasp of the rope was broken. Again that faint cry of a woman in distress reached the men as the boat was carried toward the perilous descent.

Hartwell arose to his feet, glanced at the rapids, then called to Jenkins: "Jump for your life," and sprang into the river. As he turned toward the seething torrent which rushed in foaming masses over and between the smooth boulders, Hartwell saw Jenkins standing in the boat,—he was a fatalist, and had surrendered. His arms were raised as if in supplication to heaven, and above the roar of the maddened waters Hartwell heard that last despairing cry:

"O, God, remem——" and Jenkins' dream was a reality.

Hartwell was thrust against a hard substance, and grasped it with expiring energy. It was a smooth boulder to which he knew he could cling but a few minutes. He looked down at the inviting bank below the rapids, and was thrilled with mingled admiration, anxiety and hope. The woman with the rope in her hand was speeding down the bank.

While Hartwell sensed the caressing pull of the water, and knew that his precarious hold on the rock was relaxing, he watched

the swift, decisive movements of the woman as she unloosed a small dug-out, or canoe, and paddled out into the boiling flood.

She passed beyond Hartwell to that part of the descent over which the boat had plunged. A hurried scrutiny appeared to convince her that further search was fruitless, when she returned to where the current would sweep the surviving man directly toward her.

Hartwell saw her deftly make a loop in the rope, and knew what the preparations meant. Notwithstanding his perilous situation he could not but admire the skill with which she balanced herself in the unsteady craft. She was not more than sixty feet distant, and directly in the path of the current which he must take in that frightful plunge.

The woman's features were tense with determination. She knew nothing of the stranger save that his was a life which fate, for the moment, had thrust into her keeping. With a slight movement of her hand she signaled the stranger toward her, and to the left as if directing his course away from the dangerous rocks beneath him.

Hartwell looked downward, and nerved himself for the ordeal. He tried to push himself out into the unobstructed current, but his strength was exhausted.

He released his hold on the rock; there was the sensation of a swift descent, a crushing blow, and the unconscious form of Hartwell shot out into the swirling flood.

XVIII.

THE RESCUE.

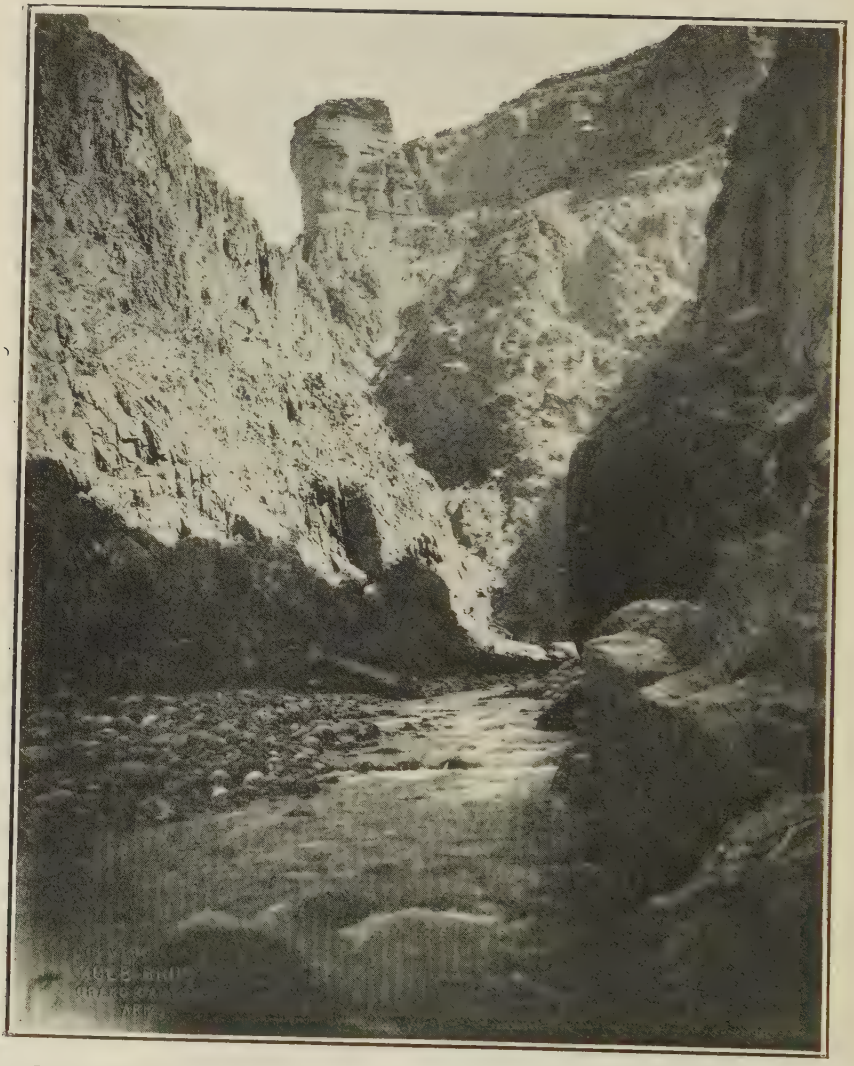
Rachel's insistent pleading for an extension of her vacation in the late summer of 1890, induced her father to defer their departure for Salt Lake until the middle of September.

The morning before the date fixed for the beginning of the journey the men were preparing the gold for shipment. Rachel had visited the gulch and was returning for the purpose of preparing lunch. When passing the promontory she decided to go out to the granite dome and take a farewell view of the canyon, and of the busy stream and again dream of the lands from whence it came, and of the vast ocean toward which it was hurrying.

While reclining on the smooth dome, and listening to the muffled roar of the falls and rapids, Rachel was startled by the appearance of two men who were descending the river. She knew her father's anxiety lest their retreat be discovered. She moved to the west side of the dome and while supporting her face with her hands watched with deep interest the movements of the strangers. Was it possible their secret had become known? That failing to locate the trail those men had descended the river with the determination to find the mine?

While lying close to the rock, Rachel watched them as they entered the basin, and observed the interest with which one of the men scrutinized the gulch in which her father and Denton were working. She was puzzled at the apparent absent mindedness of the intruders as they permitted the boat to be drawn by the current out to the east of the pyramid. She watched with keen interest while the larger man pulled the boat out into the main channel to again drift with the stream.

Rachel knew the cross currents of the river, and knew there was but one way out of the danger into which the strangers were unconsciously drifting,—perhaps it was then too late to save them. She sprang to her feet and signaled them as previously described. A precious moment passed without recognition,—why did not those stupid men make an effort to save themselves? In her desperation



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"Bright Angel" Canyon.

she called to them and pointed down the river. Why did they not hear the roar of the falls which would soon swallow them? A quick change in the air current answered her question.

With almost frenzy Rachel saw the hurried adjustment of the oars, and the beginning of the desperate struggle for life. The remainder of the story of that fatal contest with the treacherous waters of the Colorado is known to the reader.

Under the tutelage of Kawich Rachel became expert in handling a canoe, and learned nearly every mood of the turbulent river. Her father at first objected, but ceased his protests when the girl's apparent recklessnesses proved to be the possession of unusual courage and skill, and derived some satisfaction from the thought that the accomplishment might sometime be useful to herself and others.

It required but a moment to reach the eddy in which Hartwell was held. Quickly kneeling, Rachel leaned over the side of the canoe and passed the rope over the head and shoulders of the unconscious man and drew them above the water, then paddled to the bank where she drew him up as far as her strength permitted. After securing the rope Rachel made a hurried examination of the injured stranger. Blood was oozing from a wound on the side of his head. With her scarf she dressed the wound as best she could, then ran swiftly along the narrow terrace to the gulch where her father and Denton were working. Emerging, Rachel turned and again called: "Hurry, father! hurry, Charley!" and bounded on with the speed and grace of a frightened doe.

The girl was some distance down the terrace when Denton emerged from the gulch. He knew that something serious had happened. He had been the winner in many hard-fought races, but never before had he so exerted every muscle as he followed the lithe form of his cousin. He overtook her at the landing where she pointed to the stranger.

Denton glanced at the unconscious man, then at the slender form of the almost child, and with the terse comment, "Well, Sis, you're all right," sprang down to the water.

The limp form was drawn up on the bank, then lifting Hart-

well in his arms Denton carried him to a tent under the sheltering foliage of a large cottonwood.

Doctor Wentworth soon arrived and made a hasty examination. There was an ugly contusion above, and back of the left temple. The skull was fractured, perhaps dangerously. The pulse and heart were weak, but owing to momentary suspension of respiration, following contact with the rock, Hartwell's lungs were free of water.

Doctor Wentworth turned to his daughter. While reclining against the trunk of a tree where she had sunk from exhaustion the girl had fainted. Restoratives soon revived her, when her father led her to her room. Proudly and reverently the father took his brave little girl in his arms. No word was spoken, but Rachel understood.

The doctor turned to go when his daughter detained him: "Father, there's another man in the water, tell Charley to find him."

Denton unloosed the canoe, and after a few minutes' search returned with the body of Jenkins which was slowly turning in an eddy. His neck was broken.

While Doctor Wentworth watched by the injured man's cot, and closely scanned the face of the stranger, there came to him through the mists of bygone years the memory of someone whom he strikingly resembled. In vain the doctor attempted to connect the broken links in the chain of events which might lead to the time and place where he had seen the counterpart of that face and form. There was a faint impression that it had been under nearly identical circumstances, but the reality eluded him.

After lunch Denton went to the gulch and returned with a pick and shovel, and while Rachel watched by the bedside of the stranger, the doctor accompanied his nephew to the west end of the meadow where a grave was made under the branches of a large black willow which had sheltered the secluded spot during many years, and would guard the sleeping dead during many more.

That evening, after administering an opiate to the stranger who was becoming delirious, the doctor and Denton, followed by

Rachel, carried the remains of Jenkins to the grave where they were gently laid in their last resting place.

The full moon had arisen over the eastern rim of the canyon and flooded the weird scene with her soft beams. Doctor Wentworth reverently knelt and offered a simple prayer for those whom the unknown dead might have left in other lands.

With heads uncovered the trio sang,

"Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Never will the grand old canyon respond with echoes to harmony more divinely sympathetic. The full, vibrant soprano of Rachel was supported by the deep, mellow bass of the elder man, and the clear tenor of Denton. During the singing the air had been moving up the canyon, but as the last strain of the exquisitely beautiful hymn—"Nearer to Thee"—floated out and over the restless stream, the current changed, and the voice of the rapids, like the deep tones of a gigantic organ, rose in thunderous harmony, then softened to a wail as if in mourning for the life which had been so ruthlessly taken.

XIX.

CONVALESCENCE—MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS.

While the men were filling the grave Rachel returned to the tent. The cot had been placed where the moonbeams fell on Hartwell's face. His eyes were closed, but as Rachel approached his lips moved. Bending over him she softly asked,

"Are you better?"

Hartwell's eyes opened and were fastened on the girl's face. "Danger!" he muttered. His eyes closed and for a moment he was silent. Then with painful effort he partly raised himself and feebly called, "Jenkins, jump for your life!"

Gently, Rachel forced him to lie down. Her cool hand was placed on his forehead, and instinctively she knew that the man's condition was most serious.

Within a few minutes Doctor Wentworth arrived, and after again testing Hartwell's pulse and temperature regretfully said the stranger's chances for recovery were less than even.

"Rachel," the doctor admonished, "you must retire, Charles and I will remain with the stranger."

Hartwell grew rapidly worse, and raved incessantly. Occasionally the watchers heard the words "danger," "Jenkins" and other words associated with the events of the morning.

Soon after midnight Doctor Wentworth retired. He would need steady nerves for the work of the morning.

Soon after daylight the doctor was awakened with the announcement that the stranger's condition was becoming rapidly worse.

After an examination of the desperately injured man, Doctor Wentworth went to the house and returned with his medicine chest and case of instruments. An anaesthetic stilled Hartwell's ravings, the bandage was removed and the wound cleansed and enlarged. At the point of fracture a small piece of skull was removed, and a blood clot taken from the brain. After dressing the wound the doctor remarked, "If that doesn't relieve him his case is hopeless."

Within an hour the patient's condition was improved, but in milder form the delirium continued.

Day after day as Doctor Wentworth watched by the bedside of the stranger he studied the fever-flushed face, and each day became more certain that years before he had seen the man or someone whom he strikingly resembled. Link by link the chain of circumstances was followed backward until, like a vision of the past, the truth flashed upon him, and increased his determination, if that were possible, to save the life of the man whose name he could have spoken. His discovery was kept to himself, but Rachel observed the increased solicitude with which her father bent over his patient, and watched with unremitting anxiety for each symptom of improvement.

Day by day the fever abated and the delirium decreased until the morning of the eighth day when Hartwell was naturally and soundly sleeping.

The weather had been unsettled during several days with occasional light showers, and notwithstanding the morning was clear and pleasant, the excessive heat warned Doctor Wentworth that the afternoon might witness a downpour. Each heavy rain caused a flood in the gulch, and as the tools and dust were dropped at the cry for help, the doctor decided to visit the mine and put them out of reach of the impending flood.

Before departing, the doctor, aided by Denton, carried the cot and stranger out under the spreading branches of a cottonwood near the house. Denton returned to his tent, and Rachel took charge of the profoundly slumbering Hartwell.

The voice of the rapids rose and fell with the fitful changes of the restless air. Hartwell uneasily turned on his cot, opened his eyes and looked out on the strange environment. Slowly, the memory of the world to which during more than a week he had been oblivious returned with painful reality. The incidents associated with the recent tragedy passed in review. He had been rescued, but Jenkins,—what was his fate?

His thoughts reverted to the white-robed figure on the rock. Again he saw the waving scarf, and heard that warning cry. He

recollected clinging to the boulder while watching the swift, certain movements of the woman. He remembered his last effort to avoid the rocks beneath him and—the interim was a blank.

Hartwell's awakened faculties were abnormally acute. He heard a light footfall, and closed his eyes. He knew that someone was looking down upon him. A cool hand was placed on his forehead, but there was no sign of consciousness.

Rachel moved on to a seat near the foot of the cot. For a moment she looked at the white, passive face of the stranger, then at the tumbling water. The tragic scenes of the previous week passed through her mind in a procession of swiftly-moving incidents.

Instinctively Hartwell knew that the one who paddled out into the seething cauldron below the rapids was near him. He slightly opened his eyes, and from beneath his heavy lashes looked long and earnestly at his rescuer. The vision sent the blood rushing through his brain. The symetrical head was crowned with a wealth of gold-brown, the fine threads glinting like crystalized sunbeams. Her form was perfect in its graceful lines and proportion. Unconsciously his eyes opened wide and he gazed wistfully at the girl.

Rachel quickly turned and saw that the stranger was intently regarding her, and that the expression was that of sanity. With a pleased exclamation she stepped to his side. "I am so glad you are better," Rachel exclaimed, as she mechanically laid her hand on Hartwell's forehead. He attempted to reply, but a small hand was placed on his mouth and a musical voice protested: "Hush, you've done little else but talk during a week; you must now rest."

Hartwell was obedient, but continued his study of the beautiful woman whose sublime courage had snatched him from the hungry water of the Colorado, until weary with the pleasant exertion he dropped into peaceful and contented slumber.

While Rachel was keeping her vigil over the sleeping stranger her father returned from the gulch, and as he approached the pleased expression on his daughter's face told the story of the man's awakening.

Doctor Wentworth looked long and earnestly at the wan features of his sleeping patient. His study of the man's face satisfied him that he was not mistaken as to his antecedents.

Stepping to his nephew's tent, the doctor aroused him with the pleasing intelligence that his long night watches were ended. They returned to the cot, where Denton gazed approvingly at the peaceful face of the convalescent, then at his little cousin, and with assumed gravity remarked:

"So, Sis, your big waif is all right, and I'm awfully glad of it. In a few days we will know whence he came; whither he was bound; whether single or married; the size of his family, and a lot of other interesting data." He had observed the intensity of his cousin's interest in the recovery of the stranger.

While Denton was probing the heart of the child in experience, the father keenly watched the ebb and flow of color which in crimson waves swept over the face of his daughter. He was visibly annoyed. Of the man's ancestry he knew something, and was certain that he was honorable. But what of possible obligations suggested by Denton's jocular words? Doctor Wentworth knew the tender intensity of the nature of his wife of whom Rachel was the counterpart. The situation was embarrassing and painful. "But," thought the doctor, "it may be a passing fancy aroused by the tragic incidents associated with the stranger's presence, and anxiety for the recovery of the man whom she had rescued."

But Doctor Wentworth was mistaken. Rachel had unconsciously given her heart to the one whom she had rescued, not because he was her "big waif," but because he was a man. She had watched the strong man's battle against terrible odds. She had witnessed his solicitude for his companion in the face of seemingly certain destruction for himself, which had been the burden of his mind during a time when the sincerity of one's heart is bared in the unconsciousness of delirium.

Hartwell awoke and looked inquiringly at the men. As his eyes rested on Denton's manly face and form he sensed a strange twinge of resentment. He essayed to speak, but the doctor stepped to the cot and reassuringly said: "Don't exert yourself, Mr. Hart-

well, by any attempt to talk. There will be plenty of time later on for mutual explanations. Sleep is what you now require; rest easy, and congratulate yourself that you are alive."

Hartwell's eyes opened wide at the sound of his name which the doctor had inadvertently spoken. "Just a word," he insisted, "where is Jenkins?"

"If you refer to your companion, he has been cared for," Doctor Wentworth interrupted as Hartwell was again about to speak. "Now, not another word," the doctor firmly ordered, "until I give you permission," and Hartwell was forced to accept the indefinite reply.

Hartwell's convalescence was aided by his strong, wiry constitution, and within a few days was protesting that he was able to take exercise. In the meantime Doctor Wentworth took exclusive charge of his patient.

The time arrived when Hartwell could safely be permitted to converse. Doctor Wentworth took a seat in front of him and opened the conference.

"You are doubtless curious as to how I knew your name. There was nothing on your person, or on that of your companion, by which you could be identified. In fact, my daughter told me that except for yourself and Jenkins the boat was empty."

"But what of him?" Hartwell interjected.

"He is peacefully sleeping at the west end of the meadow," Doctor Wentworth answered. "He is beyond the reach of mortal aid, and it is better, for the present, to discuss other matters."

"It is as I feared," Hartwell persisted. "I am wholly responsible for his death. I should have given his singular premonitions of disaster more consideration. He has a wife and children to whom he was entirely devoted, and I could more easily have been spared than Jenkins. But, fortunately, I anticipated the possibility of disaster and deposited money in a Salt Lake bank which will aid them until I am in a position to further care for them."

"Have no misgivings regarding your late companion's family," the doctor added. "Give me their address, and I will see to it that their wants are supplied. I will again make the attempt to tell you

how I came to know your name, and can best do so in the form of some personal reminiscences.

"During the last two years of the Civil War I was a surgeon in the Confederate army, and during the last year of my service was detailed to care for the wounded of the Union soldiers who fell into our hands.

"One day, toward the close of the war, and after a skirmish in which our forces were successful in beating back the federal troops, a desperately wounded man was assigned to my ward. He wore the uniform of a lieutenant. His exceptional intelligence, fortitude and patience attracted my attention, and so far as my other duties would permit I made his a special case. He was a young man of about my age. As soon as he was able to converse I wrote to his father in Ohio, and informed him of his son's whereabouts and condition. Subsequently his parents told me of their joy when they learned that their son was living. As soon as the lieutenant could be moved he was exchanged, invalided and sent home.

"Within three or four months our hospital was surprised, and with the federal soldiers in my ward I was taken within the Union lines.

"The federal prisons at the time were full to overflowing, and necessarily unsanitary. My vitality was nearly exhausted by overwork. I contracted a fever, and was removed to the prison hospital, but I knew that my only hope of life depended on my release from a place where, owing to the crowded condition, I could not receive the attention and treatment which my case demanded. At my urgent request one of the over-worked nurses wrote the lieutenant of my presence in the hospital.

"Within a few days my former patient arrived. He learned the exact situation, and went on to Washington where he told President Lincoln of his hospital experience within the Confederate lines. He asked for my parole as a special favor to himself, and to others of the Union soldiers whom I had treated.

The lieutenant returned to the hospital and took me to his home on the Ohio river. Under the careful nursing of the family,

and my own prescriptions, I recovered. I remained on the farm until the close of the war, and had I been an own son could not have received more careful attention."

During the few minutes occupied by Doctor Wentworth in relating his army experiences, Hartwell's face was an interesting study. He extended his hand and feelingly said: "Then you are Dr. Wentworth. Often and often I have heard father speak of your kindness to the Union soldiers, and especially of your sympathetic treatment of him. I am proud to know you, and to express the gratitude of Lieutenant Hartwell's son for having saved both our lives."

Hartwell was curious as to how Doctor Wentworth knew that his name was Hartwell. The doctor told him of his striking resemblance to his father, and that while dressing his wound under similar circumstances it seemed like the recurrence of a long-forgotten dream.

In reply to Doctor Wentworth's request to relate something of himself, Hartwell told of his leaving home; of meeting Judson at Lee's ferry, and of his search for Kawich's gold mine.

"And," the doctor added, "your perseverance has been rewarded."

"Yes," Hartwell replied, "a part of it, at least, is above here in the second gulch, but the pleasure of it has vanished with the death of Jenkins."

Doctor Wentworth's mind was at rest so far as Hartwell was concerned. The latter, while deeply in love with his guardian angel, as he regarded the beautiful girl, was not aware that his passion was returned. His deportment toward her was reserved, and as he advanced toward complete recovery she seemed to move away from him.

Within the last two weeks Rachel's love for Hartwell awakened her to the fact that the romping, care-free days of her happy girlhood had ended,—that she was a woman. Unlike others of her sex the revelation came suddenly, and with it there was associated a feeling of sadness in parting with the joyous past. She realized the requirements of the change, and possessed the good sense to

adapt herself to the new existence upon the threshold of which she had entered.

As soon as Hartwell was able to move about he expressed the wish to visit Jenkins' grave. The doctor replied: "Charles and I will be busy in the gulch this afternoon. Rachel may be your guide."

Below the fringe of cottonwoods to the west was the truck garden, and yet below, the trees formed a dense wall of foliage from the cliff out to the river. Rachel and Hartwell walked slowly down the path to the grove of willows at the west end of the bottom land. Silently, Rachel pointed to the freshly-made mound of earth.

Hartwell uncovered his head, and with difficulty repressed his emotions as the memory of the incidents of the past three months passed in review. The loyalty of his comrade during those strenuous weeks came home to him with a force never before appreciated. "Poor Jenkins," he simply remarked as tears glistened in his eyes as he thought of the fate of his friend.

Hartwell looked beyond the grave of Jenkins. There was another mound, and like the other had a wreath of faded flowers upon it. A slab of limestone bore the following rudely-carved inscription:

"To the Memory
of
Kawich.

He was an Indian,
but God never created a
nobler man nor truer friend.

June, 1890."

Hartwell looked inquiringly at Rachel.

"We had been here but a few weeks," she explained, "when one day I missed my footing and fell into the river. Kawich rescued me, and afterward made the small boat and taught me how to use it. He led papa into this place, and after Charley came worked with them in the gulch. He was an exceptionally brainy man,

thoughtful, considerate and devoted to papa and me. I learned to love the dark-skinned man. Soon after I went to Salt Lake, a year ago, Kawich became ill. Papa did all he could for him, but he died soon after my return from school, last June. When he realized that he was dying he reached for my hand and held it until the end came."

Hartwell rapidly regained his normal strength, and after an examination of the Kawich mine invited the doctor to visit the gulch in which he and Jenkins had left their effects.

The canoe was moved above the promontory. While seating the doctor, Hartwell assured him that he need have no apprehensions; that canoing was the best part of his education, and that he had no curiosity to again shoot the rapids.

Doctor Wentworth was surprised at the richness of the mine, and accepted Hartwell's proposal that he and Denton join him in the exploitation of both gulches, with the understanding that a little woman over in Leadville be recognized as an equal partner, and without cost to her for labor in working the placers.

XX.

SOCIAL LIFE AT KANAB—DENTON ENMESHED—THE DANCE—THE RIOT.

It was the third Friday in October when the party from the river arrived at Kanab.

Added to the pleasure of Rachel's society, there were other and sufficient motives for Hartwell's visit to Salt Lake.

With surprising generosity Denton volunteered to remain at Kanab, and guard the mutual interests until the return of the doctor and Hartwell, which meant at least four weeks of "insufferable ennui" in that dull little town.

The ear-piercing jingle of the dinner bell rang its cheery invitation to one of Mrs. McLain's best suppers.

With the dignity of his southern breeding Doctor Wentworth escorted his daughter to the dining room, followed by Denton and Hartwell.

They were barely within the room when Denton crossed to the sideboard and caught the hand of a fine-looking girl, and unmindful that a score of amused faces were turned toward him, gave the young woman a most cordial greeting. Hartwell then understood the proportions of Denton's sacrifice in remaining at Kanab.

Rachel saw the confusion of the victim of her cousin's sudden descent, and hastily crossing the room cordially embraced her, while the humbled but unrepentant Denton sought his place at table.

During the serving of the food, Hartwell unobtrusively made a study of the young woman with whom Denton was unmistakably infatuated, and didn't care if the whole world knew it.

Miss Clara Brown was eighteen years of age, but looked at least two years older. Hartwell observed the lines of grief, or care, on the white brow, and in the expression of the sadly-sweet mouth of the girl who evidently had been thrown on her own resources. A mass of wavy, dark brown hair was brushed back and coiled on the crown of her shapely head, presenting a striking contrast to

the alabaster skin through which the delicate tracings of veins resembled faint lines in marble.

As Hartwell furtively watched the girl, he observed the changeful expression of her wonderously brown eyes, which alternately softened, opened wide as if in fear of invisible danger, or burned with defiance. Every moment of her supple, splendidly-developed body was as graceful as that of a fawn. A trifle over medium height, she carried herself with the quiet, unconscious dignity of a woman true to herself, and to the path of duty as she saw it. Hartwell glanced at Denton and mentally offered congratulations.

Except for a deepening of the faint color in her fair cheeks, as she leaned over Denton's shoulder, and studiously avoided touching him while serving the coffee, there was no sign that she knew him.

Hartwell further observed that Miss Brown was gowned in black, which was relieved by white cuffs and collar. There was no jewelry, no display,—just a woman as God created her, without affectation or self-consciousness of her perfections.

Miss Brown had been in the employ of Mrs. McLain during the past year, and it was only within the last six months that the persistent Denton had succeeded in obtaining any recognition from the strangely-reserved girl.

With her usual harmless love of gossip, Mrs. McLain had told Denton all, or nearly all of the girl's pathetic history, and was eloquent in praise of the young woman's scrupulous attention to her duties. "Girls like Clara are mighty scarce," Mrs. McLain had said to Denton who unqualifiedly endorsed the good lady's opinion of her domestic.

The season had arrived for the regular Friday night dance, and the one that evening was to be the opening ball of the season which, in the country towns of Utah, is generally from the middle of October until the first of April. Dancing is the chief amusement of the people in all the isolated Mormon towns, whether in the inter-mountain region, Canada or Mexico.

Denton confided to Hartwell the pleasing information that Miss

Brown had consented to accompany him to the dance, and suggested that he take Miss Wentworth. Hartwell would like to attend, but there were three serious obstacles. First, he had received no invitation; second, there was doubt as to Miss Wentworth's consent to accompany him, and third, he had no suitable clothing.

"Don't issue any invitations in this part of the United States. My clothes will fit you to a dot. I haven't any dress suits, but that's all right. These country cousins of ours would mob us if we wore dress suits to a dance in Kanab. Swallow tailed coats and expansive shirt fronts are barred in this neck of the woods. Not one of these Mormon girls would dance with a guy in such a burlesque costume. No one out here ever saw a dress suit except it was worn by the star character in a company of barn-stormers," was the way that Denton dispensed his large fund of information to the one who was about to be initiated into the society of southern Utah. And Denton chuckled to himself over the terpsichorean riot which awaited his tenderfoot friend from down-east.

"Well, yes, if Rachel cares to go. The child has no experience in society, but may derive some amusement from it," was Doctor Wentworth's reply to Hartwell's timid request to take his daughter to the ball.

While the party walked over to the combined school and "meeting house," as the Saints call their churches, where the dance was to be "pulled off," Denton volunteered more information.

"Hartwell," he began, "there's a lot of swell girls in this burg, but they don't know anything about the eastern style of dancing. You'd better go slow until you catch on. That which is regarded as the proper thing back home will subject you to the humiliation of being thrown out if you try it in this neck of the woods."

A man was stationed at the door and collected fifty cents, if the male escort had it, if not it was "charged." Denton paid his half dollar, and Hartwell moved to delve into his pocket for the "price" when the doorkeeper arrested his arm and said: "No, you are a stranger, and until you become a regular attendant there will be no charge for admission."

Denton led the way to the rear of the building, and seated his

"partner" on a platform beneath the combined music stand and pulpit, whence dance music and the Mormon "gospel" were alternately dispensed. The girls sat together with their escorts on the outside. It was Clara Brown's first attendance at a dance since the blighting shadow of Mormonism completely enveloped her life.

Denton and party were late arrivals. Mormon dances in country towns begin at eight o'clock, and continue until two in the morning—often until daylight.

Some twenty years ago, in each ecclesiastical ward outside of Salt Lake City, the local Mormon priesthood had absolute control of the dances. One of the rigid requirements was that not more than two "round" dances during the night were permissible, and waltzing was especially condemned. It was claimed, and not without reason, that the freedom associated with waltzing, as practiced in Utah, often degenerated into license, and was injurious to the morals of young Mormons.

And as irrefutable evidence of the source from which the Mormon prophets derive their "inspiration," the rule is now reversed, and "square" dances in country towns are as rare as were round dances twenty years ago. With added inspiration, the Mormon leaders now claim that the rowdyism indulged in by young Mormons, and some of the older ones when dancing quadrilles is fully as harmful as the waltz embrace. The quality of the amended inspiration is evident in the fact that the rowdies who take advantage of cotillions to display their rudeness could be kicked out of doors, and barred from future attendance; whereas, from a strictly Mormon view-point, religious or domestic, the prophets cannot consistently lessen the energy of the waltz embrace.

Hartwell and Miss Wentworth were novices in Mormon dancing, and their enjoyment of the scene was immense.

Cowboys and sheepherders comprised the larger part of the made attendants. Each male was given a number which reduced the confusion, and often prevented rough-and-tumble fights for positions on the floor.

"Numbers one to twenty-four choose partners for a cotillion," shouted the floor manager, and something happened.

The young men who occupied the east side of the room became a hurrying, pushing mob as they raced for the coveted girls who occupied the other side of the hall. When a girl was grasped by the hand or arm she knew from experience that it was the signal for quick and strenuous motion. As if hoisted by a "jumping-jack" spring, the girl sprang, or was "yanked" to her feet, and the race for "places" was on. If two couples arrived at the same instant at a coveted position, a controversy was an amusing sequel; and if the verbal argument culminated in a physical debate as to identity of rightful claiment, pandemonium broke loose, and not infrequently ended in the "breaking-up" of the dance.

When the noise of the scramble for places subsided, the music started and the fun began. "Honors to your partners." "Swing with your partners," at which the robust young Mormons caught the equally robust, romping girls by the hands, or around their plump waists, and whirled from three to a half dozen times around, or until, in sonorous voice, "Aleman left" passed the swing to the "other feller's girl." "All promenade," and the males caught the girls by the hands, or around their waists, then backing to the center wheeled rapidly as if on a pivot, while the skirts of the girls, not unlike the arms of a "Dutch" windmill, extended in the artificial hurricane. For speed and intensity the motion resembled a dozen rival cyclones.

The ending of each quadrille was the signal for a "break" for the open air, in which many of the girls accompanied their partners. Hartwell asked Denton the cause of the exodus. "If the ladies will excuse us, I'll put you next," Denton replied.

The young people were in groups across the street, along the meeting house fence, and behind the building. Each group was passing a bottle of "Dixie" wine to its select members. The nozzle of the bottle was never wiped except by twists of the bare hands.

Denton explained the spectacular exhibit. Along the valley of the Rio Virgin, of which St. George is the metropolis, the soil and climate are admirably adapted to growing grapes. Owing to lack of transportation facilities the fruit is dried, or made into wine. Because of the hot, dry climate, or alkaline nature of the soil, per-

haps both, "Dixie" grapes contain more alcohol than those of any other locality on earth. And it is notorious that a fair-size "jag" will cause a man to feel upward for the ground during an entire week. Also from grapes, as well as from "sorghum skimmings," those "holy men of Israel" distilled alcohol, locally known as "white-eye", one drink of which would induce the victim to steal from himself.

Because of the isolation of Utah's "Dixie" during the earlier years, the excise laws were of no avail in restraining those truly-good and fit representatives of the Mormon "prophets" from manufacturing and disposing of the abominable mixture of "Dixie" grape juice and "Dixie" flies; nor preventing those canting "Saints" from making drunkards of the young Mormons. The vile stuff was distributed by peddlers throughout all southern and central Utah, and was as common with the meals of the "Dixie" Saints as wine is in Italy or France.

During the evening a finely-built man approached Miss Brown and requested the honor of a dance. She replied civilly: "Thanks, I'm not dancing." The man knew that to be true, but his handsome face, handsome but for his sensual mouth and shifty, malignant eyes, flushed as he turned away with a muttered remark which failed to reach the ears of Denton. Miss Brown was visibly annoyed, and trembled perceptibly. Denton judiciously refrained from questioning the girl, and she was silent.

The twelve o'clock waltz was announced. For some reason best known to herself Miss Brown said to Denton: "If you care to take this waltz I will be glad to have you." Denton was delighted, and asked Hartwell and Miss Wentworth to join them. "Just as Miss Wentworth elects," hopefully responded the willing Hartwell.

Denton was deeply disgusted when the man who asked Miss Brown for a dance took a position immediately behind himself and partner. Denton knew that the man's name was Alex Johnson, that he was a well-to-do sheep raiser; further than that he knew nothing and cared less. Johnson was evidently under the influence of "Dixie" or "white-eye." Noting the nervousness of Miss Brown

Denton suggested a change of position. "No, thank you, this will do," the girl replied.

For a country town the music was excellent, and to the slow rythm the dancers floated around the room. It was a new experience for Clara Brown. The strong arm of Denton was a relief from the tension she had endured while struggling against odds which would have spelled defeat to a less pure and courageous woman. Unconsciously she clung to the strong man whose firm but considerate pressure was a protection from the terrors she had experienced, but of which she had never spoken to others,—there was no one in whom she could confide, or at least no one whom she cared to trust.

Denton's indignation was difficult to control when, every few feet, Johnson and his husky partner jostled himself and Miss Brown. Denton swung out and took a position behind Johnson and the girl with whom he was vigorously dancing, and who appeared to enjoy the "fun" as much as did her big partner.

When Denton took the rear position Johnson slackened his pace and again jostled Denton and Miss Brown. Denton then knew that the movement was purposely made. His eyes dangerously flashed the resentment he could hardly control. As Miss Brown swung around near Johnson he again muttered something which the alert Denton distinctly heard. The shrinking form of Miss Brown was ample evidence that the insult had reached its mark.

Denton seated his partner, and waited for the music to stop. Then quietly stepping to the northwest corner of the room where Johnson was standing on the platform, Denton addressed the sheep-owner: "If I correctly caught your words, you owe Miss Brown an apology."

Johnson merely sneered. Denton replied to the sneer with the statement that an apology must be made without any delay.

"You go straight to hell," was the insolent reply.

Johnson fell in the corner. Had lightning struck him he would have been less surprised,—Denton's apparent weight had deceived him.

Johnson was no coward, at least not when facing the ordinary

man. His extraordinary size and overbearing disposition combined to make him the town bully.

Denton waited until the man was on his feet. Johnson's face was distorted with rage and hate as he aimed a vicious blow at Denton's face. A lightning-like movement of Denton and the blow went wild. He awaited another onset, which came, even more vicious than before. The blow was again parried, and Denton spoke:

"I don't want to be compelled to thrash you, but will do it if you don't make that apology."

Johnson believed that Denton was afraid of him, and replied with another fierce punch of his long, muscular arm. Another flash and Johnson's fist hit the air.

The crowd was closing in on the combatants.

"Stand back, boys, and see fair play," Denton demanded. "This wretch has insulted a lady, and must apologize or I will beat him to a jelly."

Women were screaming and babies crying.

The doorkeeper was the town marshal, and attempted to penetrate the dense crowd which had formed in front of the corner, but he might as well have attacked a stone wall.

Stung by Denton's cool threat to beat him to a jelly, Johnson sprang at his lithe antagonist with the intention to grapple him, and in a rough-and-tumble fight accomplish that which his lack of skill otherwise prevented.

Alert to every movement, Denton waited until Johnson was at the distance where a blow would be most effective. Johnson's head struck the floor where he sprawled in a limp heap. Denton had struck him under the chin and lifted him clear off the floor. How it had been done no one but Denton knew. He leaped on Johnson and was making good his threat when he received a stinging blow on the back of his head. The other assailant fell helpless among his friends.

It is well to describe the one who attacked Denton from the rear. In stature he was about five feet, eight inches, with abnormally large shoulders, and weighed about two hundred pounds. His heavy jaws, large, loose, drooling mouth, and bleared dull eyes,

peering from under black-fringed heavy brows, were such as to repel the ordinary man or woman. His thick neck, bullet-shaped head, invariably bent forward, and swarthy face over which the habitual scowl of the sneak was indelibly stamped, marked him as a criminal,—a pervert by instinct. He was known as Alva Wheaton, and was an all-round tool of his master, Alex Johnson.

Denton looked over the mob and saw Hartwell hurling men right and left in the effort to reach his friend. Denton called to him:

"Hartwell, this is none of your mix-up. Go back and look after the girls,—I can whip the bunch."

In Denton's erect posture there was nothing of bravado, nothing of the prize-fighter. The smile of conscious superiority on his face when he told Hartwell that he could whip the bunch spake more eloquently than words of the awakened lion.

An onrush of Johnson's friends followed the discomfiture of Wheaton, and cries of "Kill the Gentile cur," "Maul the damned outsider to death," and other like expressions greeted the ears of Denton as right and left a half dozen men went down in less than that many seconds.

Taking advantage of the consternation of the mob, Denton reached down and grasping Johnson by his coat collar and trousers, lifted him above his shoulder, and with the strength of a Hercules shot him out into the crowd.

Men fell back in dismay, and the marshal, taking advantage of the opening, stepped in front of Denton and exhibited his badge.

"That goes with me. I'm your prisoner if you want me," Denton remarked as he stepped forward.

"No," the marshal replied, "I've seen the odds against you. You're all right. If there's any more trouble count me in. Unless some one makes a complaint the affair is ended."

Denton returned to where the ladies and Hartwell were standing. There had been no tears, no hysteria on the part of the girls during the riot. But as Clara Brown looked up into the face of the strong man—her defender—the proud, glad light in her expressive eyes told the story of her surrender.

XXI.

CLARA BROWN'S STATEMENT—DENTON'S PERPLEXITY.

Denton led the unresisting girl in a roundabout way toward the hotel, and when away from the crowd of curious men and boys who lingered at the door to catch a glimpse of the "prize-fighter," as they believed Denton to be, he placed his arm around Clara and gently began the search for information.

"Clara, you have studiously avoided me, for what reason I could not comprehend. We now understand each other. Tell me the meaning of the incident which led up to tonight's trouble; tell me all, so that I may be sure of my ground, and that will enable me to adopt such measures as may be required to protect you from some hidden danger which I am certain threatens you."

"Charles, I am too tired to walk. In the orchard near the hotel is a seat which you have often occupied. Take me there, and I will tell you all."

They returned to the hotel where a light was dimly burning in the front room. Entering the gate Denton and Clara passed around to the rustic bench.

Drawing the girl to him, and resting her head on his shoulder, Denton looked into her face, and asked her to proceed with her statement.

Miss Brown began with her early life, a part of which Denton had learned from Mrs. McLain, and with which the reader is sufficiently acquainted. Only that part of her history while residing in Kanab will be given, and as the girl related it.

"About fourteen months ago I came to Kanab. Mrs. McLain was one of mother's friends, and I hoped to get employment with her. She needed no one at the time. Finally, I secured employment with Alex Johnson's second wife who treated me very kindly. Within a week I was compelled to resent Johnson's familiarity. I knew what it meant and repulsed his advances, but he persisted. It pained his wife as well as myself. She intervened but was silenced by Johnson's brutality. I was but seventeen, and with

no experience with the world. I had no other place to go,—it was my only home.

"As I have told you, much of the last two school vacations I passed on the range with father, and he was a sincere Mormon. I was educated in Mormonism and knew little else. At the Brigham Young academy in Provo, polygamy was taught and enjoined upon us as a saving doctrine for women. We were taught that we could not be resurrected until we were sealed to some man, and would then have to remain in the grave until he came to resurrect us. And had not polygamy killed my mother, perhaps, under the stress of circumstances, I might have become the third wife of Alex Johnson. My persistent refusals angered him. He—threatened me."

The girl hesitated, and hid her face on Denton's shoulder. He had not interrupted the narrative, but the hard glitter in his eyes told of the indignation which was burning in his brain.

"Proceed," he gently said, "I now have the right to protect you from all the world."

Clara threw her arms around Denton's neck, and while her body quivered with the sense of shame and indignation, she brokenly murmured: "He threatened to ruin my character by associating my name with one of his hired men—Alva Wheaton—if I did not consent to marry him."

In the intensity of his indignation Denton forgot that Clara was clinging to his neck. He leaped to his feet with the fierceness of a wounded tiger.

The girl fell to the ground,—did the man to whom she had given her tortured heart question her honor?

With infinite compassion Denton took the sobbing girl in his arms. He was silent, but the hunted girl knew from the close embrace, and the first pressure of Denton's lips, that the guileless truth she had spoken had reached his heart.

With Clara in his arms, Denton resumed his seat and inquired: "Why have you not confided in me long before this?"

"I was afraid of you. I was taught that all Gentiles are wicked; that their only motive in paying attention to Mormon girls is to

gain their love and confidence, then desert them, and leave them to bear their shame alone," was the timid reply of the girl whose almost entire life had been lived in the remote town of St. George, which was a very hotbed of Mormon fanaticism, bigotry and intolerance.

Clara Brown's simple, unaffected statement profoundly impressed Denton with its absolute truth. The situation was replete with danger to the innocent heir of environment. The best course to pursue to successfully meet the complex situation was problematical. But there would be four weeks during which Denton would be near his fiance, and in that time ways and means could be devised for her protection.

The motive for Johnson's frequent and seemingly aimless visits to the hotel during the past year was then evident to Denton. And in Johnson's threat to disgrace Clara Brown Denton penetrated the depravity and viciousness of Mormon licentiousness practised under the thin disguise of religiously-legalized debauchery.

The morning after the difficulty at the dance, Denton met Johnson at the postoffice. They were alone.

"Johnson, a word with you," was Denton's abrupt greeting. "I now know you, and warn you that if you follow Miss Brown with your attentions, or in any way annoy her, I'll finish the job I began last night."

With the leering grin habitual to him, Johnson replied: "And if you attempt it you'll run up against this,"—Johnson drew from his pocket a "sawed-off" double-action revolver. "You were the aggressor, and as a legal proposition I can kill you with impunity, and enter a plea of justifiable homicide. This is a Mormon town, and no damned Gentile can come here and run it; see? But I've got something more interesting for each of us than your immediate death. Hands off, or take the consequences." Johnson turned and walked toward home.

On his way back to the hotel Denton's thoughts were busy with the effort to grasp the full meaning of Johnson's threat. The fact that, from the legal view, he had placed himself in Johnson's

power was apparent. His assault of the previous night, just though it was, had placed him in the power of a wretch infinitely worse than a midnight assassin. It was a truth that, because of the absence of occasion, had not theretofore occurred to him. It was a potential force which could be invoked without further act on his part, and as far as possible must be anticipated. To flee from it would be as cowardly as impracticable. His courage had won a sweetheart,—would it enable him to win a bride in the presence of conditions which placed a premium on assassination—or worse?

XXII.

JUDSON ARRIVES AT KANAB— PLANS FOR CIRCUMVENTING JOHNSON.

On returning to the hotel Denton asked Hartwell for an interview. Together they went to the seat in the orchard where Denton told of his meeting with Johnson.

The conference was long and earnest. Under the circumstances their enterprise in the canyon was in jeopardy for the reason that Johnson, from that time on, would be interested in their movements and whereabouts. Their only course was to meet Johnson on his own ground, to circumvent him in every possible way, and to employ men whom they could trust and work the placers out at the earliest practicable date. Then get out of the country where, because of Mormon treachery, perjury and Mormon juries, justice to Gentiles was on an unequal footing with the followers of the prophets. But the men whom they could trust was the difficult problem.

Denton went to the hotel and returned with Doctor Wentworth. The incidents of the previous night, and of the meeting at the postoffice were related. The significance of the trouble was apparent. The doctor agreed with the others as to the necessity of speedily working out the gulches, and would leave the details to the younger men.

As Doctor Wentworth turned toward the hotel he said to Denton: "A hot bath will reduce the swelling in your hands; you had best attend to it at once. This morning I was curious as to how your hands came to be in such condition."

The party from the canyon was about to respond to the dinner bell when a buckboard, drawn by a span of mules, stopped in front of the hotel. A tall, lank, rough-clad man stepped to the ground and awaited the coming of Mrs. McLain's son to care for the team.

Hartwell went out on the porch, and as the man turned, strode out to the gate and grasped the other's outstretched hand,—"Judson, I'm very glad to see you."

"So am I," the ferryman replied, "and mighty glad to see you alive. It was a fool trick in me to encourage you to try the canyon.

How'd you make it? Did you find the mine? And where is Jenkins?"

"Will tell you about it later; meantime, keep quiet," Hartwell admonished. The ferryman nodded.

Denton met the men on the porch and was introduced to Judson, of whom Hartwell had frequently spoken.

The doctor also gave Judson a warm greeting. Rachel approached and placed her hand in the vigorous clasp of the ferryman. As Judson looked the girl over he exclaimed: "Bless me, little one, how you have grown; and you haven't lost any of your good looks."

After lunch there was a hurried consultation between the owners of the mines. Judson was then invited to join them, and together they sought the bench in the orchard.

Hartwell knew there was no necessity of enjoining secrecy. Circumstances had injected the prominent feature of Mormonism into their mining enterprise, and Hartwell knew that Judson hated the system with all the intensity which is associated with the sense of having been a victim of intentional and irreparable injury.

Every detail of the complex situation was laid before Judson, and if he would undertake the supervision of the mining enterprise, and the more important task of checkmating Johnson, there would be no controversy over salary.

"So far as salary is concerned," Judson replied, "it's a secondary consideration. And, as I understand the matter, the mining part of the business is but an incident compared with the work of foiling Johnson. I know the methods of the priestly bunch as I know my old primmer. In the recent affected surrender of polygamy, and their pretense of obedience to Uncle Sam's laws while secretly carrying on their devilment, is found the essence of the Mormon system. It is anything to fool the Gentiles. And like a nest of hornets they all sting at once, and there is little hope for the victim of their hatred.

"The first thing is to get someone to keep tabs on that man Johnson,—someone who knows the ins and outs of the combination. And I know the right man, if he'll undertake the job. Bob Stewart, the present town marshal, used to be sheriff of this county, and is in the special employ of the cattle-raisers, keeping the local and

Arizona thieves from stealing their stock. You can't fool nor scare him. He was born a Mormon, but has no more use for the treacherous hypocrites than I have, but he keeps his face closed. I'll see him this afternoon, and if he'll undertake the work I'll put him next to the trouble over Miss Brown.

"The next item will be to secure some good men for the mines. I used to know Alma Brown, the father of Clara. He made a fool of himself, like lots of other good men, but that's aside from the subject. At one time he was a large cattle raiser, and had a number of good men in his employ, and they were as true as steel to his interests. My oldest son was one of them, and every last one would give his life for the little girl who spent a lot of time with her father on the range. And in case of necessity it may come in mighty handy to have some of those rangers within reach. I'll write at once for them to come.

"I haven't met Clara since she was a little tot, and will be glad to make her acquaintance, and put her wise to the real danger I'm thinking confronts her."

Denton's love for Clara was wholly unselfish. He believed the best thing for her would be to accompany Miss Wentworth to Salt Lake, and while completing her education, which had been rudely interrupted, she and Miss Wentworth would be companions. If she would consent to such an arrangement for her future, she would be out of the reach of Johnson.

With the view of securing Clara's approval Denton sought an interview with the girl and laid his plan before her.

"Charles, there are two obstacles to complying with your suggestion. First, I am not yet in that position where I can consistently receive financial aid from you. Then, I have given my word to Mrs. McLain that I will continue in her employ until next spring.

"So far as Johnson is concerned, in your love and confidence I have found a refuge from scandal. Don't urge me, please, to adopt a course which my conscience would not approve."

Denton could not but admire the firmness with which Clara declined to yield her independence, and her loyalty to her employer; but in his heart he doubted the wisdom of her decision.

XXIII.

HARTWELL'S ERRAND TO LEADVILLE.

Immediately on arriving at Salt Lake Hartwell began a quest for a cottage. One was found that suited his fancy for location and convenience, and in which was installed the necessary furniture. Leaving Doctor Wentworth in charge of the preparations for mining, he boarded a train for Leadville. Before him was the most difficult errand of his life.

Hartwell had little difficulty in locating the residence of Mrs. Jenkins. Several times he passed the shack on the opposite side of the narrow street. The door was open, and into which he furtively glanced as each time he passed the entrance. A small boy and smaller girl were playing near the door. Within, as he expected, the wife of his late partner was bending over a wash-tub, while the elder boy was vigorously turning a patent washer. Hartwell had been puzzling his brains for a plan by which he might "let the little woman down easy." The effort was a failure.

In desperation he crossed directly over and stepped to the door. Lifting his hat the bewildered man addressed his late partner's widow:

"Beg pardon, madam, have I the honor of addressing Mrs. Jenkins?"

The woman observed that the stranger's clothing was better than that of the miners for whom she was washing, and that he carried no bundle of clothing. After carefully wiping her hands, and placing a chair for her visitor, Mrs. Jenkins asked him to be seated.

The younger children followed Hartwell and looked wonderingly at the well-dressed stranger. The larger boy ceased his monotonous turning of the washer and keenly eyed the newcomer.

Hartwell's quick glance caught the evidence of poverty, as also the cleanliness of the rough-clad youngsters and the room. He noted that Mrs. Jenkins was slightly under medium height, well proportioned and the picture of robust health. Her eyes and hair were black, and there was an expression of quiet determination and energy in her pleasing face that surprised and gratified the em-

barassed man who expected to find a care-worn drudge. He also observed the frank, fearless expression in the woman's face as she awaited the reason for his presence. The task would be easier than he expected.

"My name is Hartwell," he bluntly began, "and I have come to move you to Salt Lake City."

"Move—me—to—Salt Lake City?" Mrs. Jenkins repeated, as she paled at the strange proposition. The name Hartwell was familiar, and had he not suggested the move to Salt Lake City, the association of the name with that of her husband would have been instantly grasped.

"Yes," Hartwell blundered on, "you know that Mr. Jenkins and I were partners in prospecting; and I have come to move———"

"But why didn't Mr. Jenkins come?" the anxious wife and mother inquired. There was premonition of misfortune or tragedy in the confused manner of the man before her.

Having "broken the ice," and having collected his tangled thoughts, and as gently as possible, Hartwell told Mrs. Jenkins the story of the tragedy in the Grand Canyon.

While the younger children clung to their mother she sobbed her grief on the shoulder of her oldest son.

As soon as the burst of grief had passed, Hartwell told the widow of the success of the venture, and that he held it to be his paramount duty to be a guardian to the children, and to do all in his power to lessen the misfortune he had unwittingly brought upon them. He then explained to Mrs. Jenkins the desirability of moving to Salt Lake where he could occasionally see them, and where it would be more convenient to guard their interests.

Insofar as the memory of the tragedy in the canyon would permit, it was a relieved and contented family that next evening boarded the train for Salt Lake.

XXIV.

JUDSON'S PREPARATIONS—INCIDENTS AT KANAB.

Snow was being piled deep on the Kaibab plateau which presaged an unusually early and hard winter. With Johnson on the alert Judson knew it would be unsafe to leave a snow trail from Kanab to the river.

After writing his son at St. George to secure the services of three or four of the best men who had been in the employ of Alma Brown,—men upon whom reliance could be placed in any extremity—, and to meet him within two weeks at Kanab, Judson departed for the ferry.

The morning after his arrival at the river Judson mounted his saddle horse, and driving a couple of burros packed with supplies departed for the Kaibab plateau. When a few miles from the ferry he turned toward the south end of the forest, and near the close of the third day ascended a ridge and followed the brow of the mountain southward to the Wentworth camp. Next morning, by aid of a map, he went over the trail toward the mines and found his way to the "sheep pasture."

On his descent Judson closely examined the country to the northeast, and was certain that a trail could be found below the heavy snow line to the desert at the east side of the plateau.

During a week Judson worked his way toward the objective point, and was successful in locating a trail over which burros could be easily driven after some work on the roughest places.

Within a day or two after Nephi Judson's return to Kanab, his son and four other cowboys arrived from St. George. Without stopping to remove schaps and spurs they strode into the dining room. They wanted to say "Hello" to their protoge of the range, and didn't want to waste any time on conventionalities. They were but a few feet within the room when Clara recognized them and sprang forward.

Dick Judson knew the reserved nature of the girl, and was expecting a friendly but formal greeting, and was dismayed when

Dick Judson—Sketched From Life.

Clara threw her arms around his neck and surrendered to a burst of weeping.

It was the first time those rough men had heard a sob from their pet of the range, and it required all their strength of will to keep from joining the girl in her outburst of joy and sorrow at the unexpected meeting, and the memories it recalled.

"Say, Clara, you ain't goin' to waste all your greetin's on Dick, are you?" asked another of Clara's friends.

The remark aroused the girl from her almost collapse. While tears yet glistened in her eyes the old sunshine of the early days burst through the clouds at the quaint and suggestive protest of her cowboy friend, and she smilingly extended her hands to her other companions of the range who were hardly satisfied with the discrimination; but knew that the meeting with Dick vividly recalled his attempt to save the life of her father, and the tragic event which preceded it.

From his seat near the front door Denton was an interested, and somewhat jealous, witness of the scene in the dining room. Clara observed the half frown on Denton's face, and led her friends to the front room and introduced them.

Denton was pleasantly surprised. And when he looked into the honest, fearless face of Dick Judson, his heart went out to the man who faced death in the effort to rescue his employer.

The elder Judson took his son aside, explained the nature of the employment which awaited Dick and his companions; of Denton's difficulty with Johnson because of the latter's designs on Clara Brown, and of his threats to disgrace the girl.

"If the fool values his hide he won't do it," was Dick's brief comment. "And, by the way," the ranger added, "that reminds me of something I would have forgotten."

After a brief absence Dick Judson returned and sought an interview with Clara. Handing the girl a small package, Dick explained that he had purchased it for her several months previous in Salt Lake, and but for his father's reference to the trouble with Johnson would doubtless have forgotten it.

"When in your room, Clara," Dick continued, "examine the

contents of this package. You know how to use it. Keep it within reach, and forget for the moment that you have a woman's heart if an exigency should arise. In an extremity don't fail to use it. From father's statement I know that you are in danger. Keep close to the house, especially after dark; be constantly on your guard, and take no chances. I'm not much of a Christian, Girlie, and the range don't help a fellow in that direction, but what little praying I'm guilty of will be for you."

On the arrival of Doctor Wentworth and Hartwell the entire party went on to the ferry, whence the supplies were shipped by way of Johnson's, a hamlet twelve miles northeast of Kanab, thus escaping the espoinage of Johnson and the other elders.

Alex Johnson was completely nonplussed. The easterners disappeared as though the earth had swallowed them. Inquiries at the postoffice disclosed the fact that no mail for them, or from them, was passing through Kanab. And as the winter passed and no information was obtained regarding their whereabouts, Johnson believed they had left the country. And with Denton out of the way he was certain that by persuasion, or intimidation, he could make Clara Brown his wife. There was no hurry; he could await developments, and if necessary could invoke the sympathetic aid of his brethren.

From a semi-idealistic resort, Judson transformed the canyon into a scene of activity. Sluice boxes replaced the slow process of panning, and from the progress made it was estimated that the richest of the gravel would be cleaned up by the next autumn.

XXV.

MINE-OWNERS VISIT KANAB—PRIESTHOOD AROUSED.

As usual in Utah, after a hard, uninterrupted winter, spring moved rapidly from zero to almost summer temperature. By April 15th the larger part of the snow on Kaibab plateau had disappeared, and Doctor Wentworth decided to at once start on his semi-annual visit to Salt Lake.

In addition to the special magnet, Rachel, Hartwell's presence in the Utah metropolis was necessary to look after the affairs of Mrs. Jenkins.

Judson had held Denton as long as the latter would submit. Six months had elapsed, and Denton believed Johnson's anger had sufficiently cooled to make it comparatively safe for him to visit Kanab.

After their long separation Denton and Clara were keenly enjoying their re-union. Evening strolls about the frontier town were frequent, and many were the scowls encountered from the fanatical elders who were horrified at the spectacle of a Mormon girl, and that, too, the handsomest maiden in all southern Utah, promenading with a Gentile. It were better, they believed, that she accept the fraction of a "celestialized" polygamist, and be exalted in the Mormon Kingdom of God, than to suffer damnation by marrying an unbeliever.

A few evenings after Denton's arrival, and while taking an evening stroll, he and Clara encountered Johnson who was returning on horseback from his sheep herds. His naturally swarthy face was covered with the grime of the sheep camps and dust of the road, but the villianous leer was visible as he turned in his saddle and impudently stared at Denton and his companion.

Denton looked down into Clara's face and saw the expression of terror in her eyes. She had not told Denton of having recently received an anonymous letter in which the old threat against her was renewed, accompanied by a threat against Denton's life if he ever returned to Kanab.

Clara knew the man better than did Denton. She knew that no

act was too vile and cowardly for him to commit in the name of the Mormon god, and under the protection of the priesthood. She recollected the details of the statement made by her mother concerning the Mountain Meadows butchery, and knew that the demon of blood atonement was being held in leash by fear of the United States marshals who were scouring Utah in search of polygamists and other criminals. Miss Brown was also in a position to know that the ancient hatred for Gentiles had been intensified by the forced outward surrender of polygamy. In Denton's love and confidence she had a sure refuge from any scandal which Johnson might inspire. She trembled for Denton,—not for herself.

The practice of carrying guns on the frontier of Utah in those days was as common as in other parts of the west. Many of the male residents who hankered for the reputation of being "bad men," carried weapons when they ought to have known that the Bible injunction, if heeded, not to draw blood on a fool, was an assurance of their safety. But Judson knew that Denton's life was in danger, and repeatedly advised him to carry a revolver when in Kanab. Denton, however, refused. He reasoned that if he were attacked it would be from ambush, or from the rear, and that a gun would be a shield for his assailant, rather than a protection for himself. He must take his chances or leave the country, which under the circumstances was impossible.

In the northwest corner of Kanab, situated well back toward the sandstone cliff, and distant some three hundred yards from other dwellings, was a vacant house owned by Alex Johnson. About nine o'clock in the evening, some two weeks after Denton's arrival in Kanab, Johnson entered the building and climbed the steep, narrow stairs to the attic. After lighting a candle he descended to the ground floor and awaited the coming of the leading priesthood of the Kanab ward.

Within a few minutes, and from different directions, a dozen men entered the building and ascended to the attic. When the last of the elders arrived Johnson turned the key in the lock and joined his brethren.

Hardly had the attic door closed on Johnson when the back window of the lower room was cautiously raised. A man's foot, clad in a felt boot, appeared in the opening and touched the floor. The crouched form of a man appeared, and while clinging to the window frame pulled his other leg in and stood upright. He was of medium height, light build and masked. The shuffling of feet in the attic had ceased. Feeling his way across the room, the intruder ascended the stairs. Sitting on the upper step he placed his ear to a crack in the door and listened.

A candle was dimly burning in the center of a long table, on each side of which was a rough bench. Facing each other the elders sat and awaited the pleasure of the bishop who, as a typical religio-political boss of a Mormon frontier town, is entitled to a somewhat minute description.

Bishop Cutter is about five feet, ten inches in altitude, of heavy build, has dark eyes and skin, heavy eyebrows which form a black fringe across his protruding brow, black hair, is stoop-shouldered, and has the sullen determination of the physically superior brute that is imprinted on the face of a pugilist. A well-authenticated story is to the effect that in a political meeting one of the members of his ward had the temerity to oppose the typical agent of the prophets in his aspiration to succeed himself as a member of the Utah legislature. In the heat of the controversy the lay member disputed the word of his "file leader," who then and there soundly thrashed him.

Bishop Cutter called on President Chambers to pray. That good brother is also deserving a brief description. About five feet, seven inches in stature, inclined to corpulency, his bullet-shaped head sits stiffly on a short, thick neck. His rotund face is thickly sprinkled with goose pimples, which are contending for room with the purple, thread-like veins on the thin, florid skin. A sensual mouth and watery-blue eyes complete his portrait. His manners are suave, patronizing and affectedly self-effacing. The cunning of the fox is prominently written in every lineament of his face and movements. He is wealthy, and some of the Saints charge that his flocks and herds were obtained by sharp practice when, along in the later sev-

enties, the "United Order of Enoch" went into liquidation at Orderville, after several years of strenuous effort on the part of the Mormon god and a few of his gullible followers to establish in that lonesome locality a communism patterned after Joseph Smith's inspired idea of the social doctrines inaugurated by the prophet Enoch, and by means of which, according to the first Mormon prophet, the inhabitants became so perfect that the Almighty wrenched the city of Enoch from its earthly moorings and left the hole now known as the Gulf of Mexico. Like conditions might now be seen in Long Valley canyon had the Saints continued faithful, and had not the good Bishop Chambers consecrated to himself the larger share of the temporal blessings. At the time of which we are writing President Chambers was the reputed husband of seven wives, and in the "market" for more, as is evidenced by authentic report that he has since added two more plurals to his celestial harem.

President Chambers prayed for the "leading men of Israel;" for the welfare of the church at home and abroad; for the elders in foreign lands, for their wives and children, and for everything embraced in Mormonism upon which a practised brain could waste breath and murder English. Only the first paragraph and latter part of the good elder's prayer can be given, and was as follows:

"O, Lord, thou who dwellest on Kolob, hear the prayer of thy servants who are here assembled to council concerning the interests of thy kingdom. Thou art 'Adam, the Ancient of Days, our Father and our God, and the only God with whom we have to do.' We ask Thee that thy Holy Spirit may enlighten our minds at this critical time in the progress of thy great and glorious work which was established by thy holy servant, Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

"We ask Thee, O, Lord, that the memory of the wrongs of Missouri and Illinois may burn in our hearts while we are here assembled. And we pray that thou wilt smite this nation with the rod of thy hot displeasure for the sorrow and humiliation its unholy judges are now inflicting on thy chosen people (the Latter-day Saints). Visit thine enemies, we pray Thee, with fire with wars and internal strife and destruction; waste them away until there shall be none to oppose the onward march of thy Kingdom.

"Strengthen thy Saints that they may be able to cast off the yoke of the Gentiles, and drive our enemies from this land of Zion, and from our inheritances in Jackson county, Missouri, as thou hast promised—even sworn, to do.

"We thank Thee for the wisdom with which thou hast endowed thy modern prophets, and which has enabled them to frustrate the plans of those that seek to nullify thy holy law of celestial marriage. And continue, O, Lord, to give them of thy spirit to the end that they may be successful in fighting the devil with the weapons of Satan.

"And especially do we ask Thee to guard the hiding places of thy servants who are seeking amid trials and difficulties to obey thy holy law of marriage.

"Bless, we pray Thee, thy servant, Alex Johnson, and may his efforts to further obey thy holy law of plural marriage be crowned with success; and may his enemies, the Gentiles, be frustrated in their designs to rob him of the woman who so justly and righteously belongeth to him.

"And keep us united in our efforts to discomfit the ungodly spies and marshals who are seeking to rob us of our wives and daughters. And suffer not, O, Lord, that the man-made laws of this apostate nation may prevail over thy righteous commandments. And unto Thee we will render all the honor and glory forever and ever. Amen." (The fervent invocation was endorsed by hearty responses of "Amen" from the brethren.)

Bishop Cutter arose and spoke as follows: "Beloved brethren: This meeting was called at the request of Brother Alex Johnson, who desires to know the mind and will of the leading priesthood of this ward and stake relative to his further obedience to the law of celestial marriage.

"Brother Johnson has informed me that he was engaged to be married to Sister Clara Brown before the manifesto was promulgated by President Woodruff; and he regards the solemn obligation to marry Sister Brown as still binding upon him, and I so regard it.

"There is a wide difference of opinion regarding the mean-

ing and spirit of the manifesto. Some of the less faithful contend that plural marriages should cease. And many of those who are on the brink of apostacy contend that under the terms of the manifesto we must cease living with our plural wives! Such men have not the spirit of God abiding with them. The beloved president of this stake of Zion, and he is responsible to no one this side of the twelve apostles, told us last Sunday that the Lord left the manifesto in its ambiguous form so that subsequent interpretations could be drawn from it, and which would enable those that have the spirit of interpretation of revelation to act accordingly. The manifesto was promulgated for the express purpose of fooling the Gentiles to the end that we may get our rights, which means statehood for Utah. When that is obtained we will be from under the paw of this corrupt nation, and can then do as we please.

"You will also remember that President Wooley told us that it will be only a short time before celestial marriage will again be openly celebrated in our temples; it is the unequivocal command of God, and must be obeyed. Because the temples are being watched by the damned spotters it is not safe to perform plural marriages in God's holy house. But some of us know of a place, infinitely more beautiful than the most costly temple ever erected by men, where they, who can be trusted may be sealed for time and eternity to plural wives, and where the records are safe from the agents of one of the most contemptible governments that has ever existed.

"Brother Johnson informs me, and each of you have seen it, that an accursed Gentile by the name of Denton is paying attention to Sister Clara Brown, who is being deceived by his smooth, deceitful talk and Babylonish clothes; and each of you knows what it all means. Sister Brown must be saved from physical polution and spiritual destruction, no matter what the cost may be to others.

"You will no doubt recollect that our revered prophet, the late President Brigham Young, along in the middle fifties, told the Saints that 'if any miserable curses come here, CUT THEIR THROATS!' (The assembled brethren uttered a loud "Amen" to Bishop Cutter's vehement utterances.) And if any miserable curse

ever came to Kanab that one is Denton. Brother Johnson failed in his duty when, some six months ago, he did not kill the bully when he attacked him. He has forfeited his life, and ought to be killed the same as any other sheep-stealing coyote. That is my opinion, brethren, what is yours?" As with one voice the elders uttered another fervent and ominous "Amen." "You will find the quotation from President Young's sermons which I have just made, on page 311 of volume 2 of the Journal of Discourses, and a lot of other inspired commandments along the same line by our modern prophets.

"But it will be best not put the man Denton out of the way except as a last resort. Our leaders, the prophets, have advised us to 'suspend' the law of blood atonement, except in those cases where it is absolutely necessary for the welfare of Zion, until the Lord has driven the damned deputy marshals, the United States attorneys and hireling judges from our midst. There is an easier and safer way to save Sister Brown from defilement than by killing the villainous Gentile who is seeking her ruin. Brother Johnson has outlined his plan of salvation, and it has my hearty approval."

Elder Wilden, as pre-arranged, made the following motion:

"I move that Brother Johnson be authorized by the leading priesthood of this stake of Zion, and of the Kanab ward, to take such measures as seemeth to him to be just and right in order to protect Sister Brown from defilement by the villain who is seeking her destruction. And I hereby further move that Brother Johnson be, and is hereby authorized to receive Sister Clara Brown as his third wife; and that we will sustain him in whatsoever he may do in the matter."

Bishop Cutter arose and put the motion as follows:

"Brethren, you have heard the motion; you that approve it so signify by raising the right hand." The vote was unanimous.

The elders arose and in silence pressed each other's hand, giving the "grip of the Melchisedek priesthood, or sign of the nail."

The masked form at the head of the stairs silently descended, passed out of the open window, closed it and disappeared in the darkness.

XXVI.

BREAKERS AHEAD—THE CONFERENCE.

Three weeks of happiness for Denton and Clara had passed since Doctor Wentworth left for Salt Lake. Letters were received announcing that he and Hartwell would arrive at Kanab about May 30th.

Judson, who was at the mines, became anxious regarding Denton's safety, and unexpectedly drove up to the hotel. Apparently things were all right, and after a few minutes' talk with Denton Judson went to the postoffice. The usual crowd of idlers, as well as those having business, were awaiting the arrival of the tri-weekly mail.

Bob Stewart saw Judson approaching and went out to greet him.

"Where can I meet you after dark, this evening?" the marshal inquired.

Judson suggested his room in the hotel, and at any hour the marshal might name.

"All right. I'll be there at 9 o'clock," Stewart replied as he walked on up the street.

Promptly to the minute Stewart ascended the back stairs of the hotel and entered Judson's room.

Placing a chair for his visitor, Judson waited for him to "open up."

During a few minutes Stewart smoked in silence, then abruptly entered on the subject which was weighing on his mind.

"I've finally got onto something definite, Judson," the marshal began. "It's a ticklish proposition, and must be handled carefully or my life won't be worth a cent. You know how these Mormons hate a 'spotter,' as they call those who give away their devilment. Because it is a part of their religion I've never given a polygamist away; rather, I've befriended scores of them. But polygamy is a mere incident in this affair; and it isn't religion, unless the old practice of blood atonement is religion; and to me it looks as if it is to be applied to Denton if something isn't done p. d. q.

to checkmate that assassin with whom he had trouble at the dance last October. The priesthood have given him a free hand to do as he pleases about killing Denton, and have voted to stand behind Johnson in any measures he may see fit to adopt in breaking up the match between Denton and Clara. And you know what that means to a treacherous sneak like Johnson."

Stewart then minutely detailed the proceedings of the priesthood meeting of the previous week. At its conclusion the marshal leaned back in his chair and closely observed the gathering storm in the brain of the apostate.

During several minutes Judson appeared to be buried in a review of the past; then arose and began pacing the room. Memories of bye-gone years surged through his mind with torrential force and realism. The hard lines in his face deepened, while his dark eyes glittered with the ferocity of an angry lion. His pinched nostrils emitted sounds not unlike jets of steam from an engine laboring under high pressure. Stewart expected an explosion, but the man was making a heroic effort to master himself.

Halting before Stewart, Judson spoke: "Your report of that priesthood meeting reminds me of those I attended in St. George thirty-five years ago. What you have told me means infinitely worse than murder. The blood-atoning of Rosmos Anderson, with whom I was well acquainted at Cedar City, by Bishop Klingensmith, who put Anderson out of the way so that he could add Anderson's step-daughter to his other plurals; and the castration of Tom Lewis at Manti, along in the middle fifties, by the bishop who wanted Lewis' sweetheart for his fourth or fifth wife, were no comparisons to the fiendishness of this plot against the honor of Clara Brown. And, as God is my helper, if any harm comes to that girl I will never rest until every one of those curs who were at that meeting pays the extreme penalty for the crime. Of course, I couldn't very well do the job single-handed. But I know five rangers who love that girl better than their lives; and all that I have to do it to say the word, and I'll say it, if necessary, and then to Mexico for the bunch."

But for the pallor in his face, and blazing eyes there was little

evidence of the storm which had swept through every fibre of Judson's brain and body as he resumed his seat and faced the marshal. Judson continued:

"You've no doubt heard that I was at the Mountain Meadows at the time of the massacre?" Stewart nodded. "Well, I'm mighty thankful I didn't murder any of those emigrants, but I saw every incident of that awful afternoon, and it has been one long, terrible nightmare. Waking and sleeping the accursed vision is ever with me, and I often wonder that my mind has survived the shock of that ruthless, priest-inspired carnage, and its perpetual haunting of my waking and sleeping hours."

"By the way, Judson, I never learned how you managed to avoid participation in the massacre. If you care to tell me the facts, I'll be glad to hear them," the marshal suggested.

"Well, it was this way," Judson replied. "I knew from the tenor of the priesthood and 'prayer circle' meetings the morning of the massacre that it was to be pulled off sometime during the day. And all the forenoon I was puzzling my brains with various schemes to fool John M. Higbee, who was the real leader. I knew that a point-blank refusal on my part would make me the first victim of the slaughter. The massacre took place at about two o'clock in the afternoon. Some two hours before that time I hit on a plan that worked to perfection. Between forty-five and fifty of the elders were ordered to march over the low elevation toward the emigrant camp. At a given signal from Higbee the elders were to shoot down and brain the men, while the Indians were to murder the women and children. My pony had a trick of unfastening his halter rope when tied with a bow-knot. I led him to a cedar and loosely fastened him, then joined the ranks of those who were to murder the men. Just then my pony scampered over the flat and up on the bench to the south. I asked Higbee's permission to recover the pony. He consented, and I went up on the bench and to a point where I could see all that was going on. That is how I avoided staining my hands and soul with the blood of those helpless, disarmed emigrants.

"You've also no doubt heard something of the fate of Ruth and Rachel Dunlap, the two beautiful emigrant girls who escaped the general massacre to be subsequently murdered?"

Stewart replied that he had heard of the incident, but would be glad to get the facts first hand.

With clenched hands, and eyes burning with the fierce, uncertain gleam of semi-insanity, Judson again began pacing the room. His body quivered with the intensity of his emotions, while his dry lips twitched in the effort to articluate. Turning to Stewart, the only living witness of the last diabolical act in that unparalleled scene of treachery and murder continued:

"I saw it all. The screams of those helpless women and children still ring in my ears as the red and white devils rushed upon them, and with guns and bows and arrows began the work of death. I saw two girls, about sixteen and eighteen years of age, break away from the carnage and run around the front end of Sam McMurdy's wagon. Hand in hand they leaped over the sagebrush as they raced across the flat to the south. They descended the shallow ravine at the base of the bench, then crept up on the south side into a clump of oak bushes. God alone knows how I prayed for the safety of those girls.

"The massacre was over, and leading my pony I descended the bench diagonally toward where the girls were hiding. Their flight had been witnessed by the Indian chief from Parowan. As I slowly picked my through the cedars and oak brush down the hillside, I saw the Indian and a white man crossing the flat toward the ravine."

Again Judson hesitated. His features were distorted with the rage of a madman, while perspiration oozed from every pore of his agonized face. "As if by accident I walked toward the clump of oak brush in which the girls found shelter. I heard screams within the bushes. I parted the boughs and peered in."

The cyclone in Judson's brain again forced him to momentarily pause in the terrible recital. Again mastering himself, he vehemently exclaimed: "As God is my witness, those devils incarnate

were assaulting those girls? Subsequently, the victims of that most atrocious crime dropped to their knees, and with clasped hands pleaded for their lives. Ruth, the elder girl, said to the white devil: 'Spare me, and I will love you all my life!' And, as God hears me, those fiends cut the throats of the girls after they had debauched them!"

Stewart's voice shook with indignation as he replied: "Judson, I never before heard all the facts associated with the murder of those girls, but I believe you."

"And one of the men you named as being at that priesthood meeting was in the massacre," Judson resumed, "and two others of them are sons of the assassins who helped murder the emigrants. Can you blame me for hating the Mormon religion, and for the inexpressible longing for revenge which fills my heart when I think of the fate of Clara Brown if we fail to forestall these lecherous devils? You will now understand why I said that the spirit of that priesthood meeting means infinitely worse than murder."

Long and earnestly the men discussed the situation, and agreed that absolute secrecy must be maintained. "If," said Judson, "Denton were to get wind of it, hell would pop, and there are not enough of his friends here to protect him. If he were to attempt to get out of the country with Clara he would be waylaid. And if Clara made the attempt to leave Kanab she would be caught and brought back. Even if she reached Salt Lake the minions of the priesthood would be on her trail, and she would be returned to this hotbed of bigotry and licentiousness.

"Of course, if it comes to a showdown, I know what I can do. I could persuade her to take a ride with me, then take her on to the river. But with her acute notions of propriety she would make a fuss over it. The trouble is, the girl has no fear for herself,—she's always thinking of the welfare of others, and it will take something strenuous to jar her loose from her curious ideas."

The men were silent during a few minutes when Judson asked Stewart if he could spare five or six days from his duties in Kanab. The latter assured him he could. "Well, then," Judson con-

tinued, "meet me on the trail at the south edge of the forest at nine in the morning. You understand," Judson explained, "that in case of necessity it will be important to know where you can find men upon whom you can bet your last dollar in any kind of an emergency."

As the men were about to separate Stewart suggested that Denton be cautioned to discontinue his rambles with Clara, and not further make a fool of himself by continuing to shake a red flag in the faces of the Mormon bulls.

XXVII.

THE "ELOPEMENT."

Within a day or two after the return of Judson and Stewart from the river, Doctor Wentworth and Hartwell arrived from Salt Lake. No information concerning recent events was imparted. Judson merely told them that conditions were such that the gulches must be worked out at the earliest possible moment.

Leaving the town marshal to watch the movements of the "Lord's annointed," Judson and his companions departed for the diggings on the river.

From a window of one of his residences which fronted on the road leading out of town toward the south, Johnson peered savagely at the Gentiles who, he was certain, would pass along that morning. There was something mysterious in their presence and movements in that locality. If botanical and other specimens were what they sought, why was it they had remained in that section nearly four years? And what was that cursed apostate doing in their company? Were those pretended botanists really government spies who were sending information to the United States marshals? At any rate, Johnson had so reported to his brethren, and which would more certainly insure their loyalty in the scheme he was then working out.

Johnson ascended to the cupola, and with field glasses followed Judson and the others until they disappeared far out on the road to the ferry.

A few days after the departure of Doctor Wentworth and party, Mrs. McLain's kitchen girl accepted a position with Johnson's second wife, who offered her an advance of salary over that which Mrs. McLain was paying. And with the usual indifference of modern domestics she left without giving due notice to her employer.

The kitchen girl had barely left the hotel when, singularly fortunate, as Mrs. McLain regarded it, the husky young woman with whom Johnson was dancing when they jostled Denton and Miss Brown, "dropped in for just a moment." Mrs. McLain bitterly com-

plained to her visitor of the ingratitude of girls in leaving without even a day's notice, and was mildly astonished at the young woman's offer to undertake the kitchen work for a month, or until such time as Mrs. McLain could obtain competent help.

Much to the chagrin of Clara the new domestic was duly installed. Clara heartily disliked the bold, over-bearing girl; and yet more heartily disliked the thought of rooming with her.

A few evenings thereafter the new domestic attended a social where she remained until two o'clock next morning. Within a few minutes after her return she descended to Mrs. McLain's room and told her that Clara and her trunk had disappeared.

Mrs. McLain was thunder-struck, and could not believe the statement until she examined the girls' bedroom. She staggered to Clara's bed, threw herself upon it, and surrendered to a paroxysm of grief. The girl stolidly watched the convulsive weeping of her mistress, who could not have felt more sorrow had Clara been her own daughter.

After the first burst of weeping Mrs. McLain asked: "Have you any idea where Clara could have gone?"

"No," the girl replied, "but I guess she's eloped. The evening I came she packed all her keepsakes and things in her trunk and locked it, and has been queer and suspicious-like ever since. I'm certain as can be she's run away."

There was no further rest for Mrs. McLain that night. She went to her room, and seating herself rocked to and fro in a hopeless effort to solve the mystery. Clara had been with her nearly two years, and she knew the girl too well to believe that she had eloped with anyone but Denton, and there was no reason for her running away with him. Clara was the soul of honor, and the good woman was certain that if she had left clandestinely she would have left a note apprising her employer of the fact, and the reason for her departure.

Within two hours after sunrise everyone in Kanab knew that Clara Brown had disappeared during the night, and had left no clue as to where she had gone, or the reason for her going. Toward noon it was noised around that Alva Wheaton had also myster-

iously disappeared; then the gossips got busy, and before evening the scandal mongers were in their glory,—"Clara Brown was too quiet and sly to be all that she would have people believe."

Mrs. McLain arose to the situation. She was a harmless gossip, —not a receiver nor dispenser of scandal. When, in the afternoon, her next-door neighbor insinuated that Clara Brown had private reasons for absenting herself for a season, Mrs. McLain bluntly told her to go home: "And don't you ever again darken my door," was her parting admonition.

Unfortunately Bob Stewart was absent. A few nights previous a valuable horse was stolen. The sheriff, as he often did, asked Stewart to aid him in the search for the criminal. The marshal followed the road toward St. George, and after trailing the thief over the desert and to the few watering places, captured him a few miles southeasterly from the former place, and returned with him over the well-traveled road to Kanab.

Soon after Stewart's arrival his wife told him that a couple of nights previous Clara Brown disappeared, and that it was a singular coincident that Alva Wheaton left the same night, and no one knew where he had gone.

Although the information was not entirely unlooked-for, the affair had happened sooner than the marshal expected. Mrs. Stewart was familiar with her husband's undemonstrative nature, and was not surprised at his silence.

Presently, Stewart asked: "Is Alex Johnson in town?" His wife replied that she had seen him pass the house during the forenoon. The marshal understood,—the warry scoundrel was using Alva Wheaton as a shield.

As soon as the marshal had taken care of his horse he went to Mrs. McLain's and closely questioned her. The woman broke down, and between sobs told Stewart that she did not believe Clara had eloped with Wheaton or anyone else. She could not, however, throw any light on the mystery, and Stewart made an inspection of the premises.

A few feet south from the bench in the orchard the marshal

found evidences of a struggle. Intermingled with the imprints of men's boots were the impressions of a woman's shoes. He traced the foot prints of four men and a woman down past the barn to the division fence; thence to the fence on the back street. The marks plainly told the story of how Clara had been partly dragged, and of the desperate struggle she had made to free herself from her captors.

Contrary to his usual habit of secrecy, Stewart requested Mrs. McLain to accompany him to the orchard. He was anxious to prove to the sorrowing woman that her high opinion of Clara Brown was justified. Together they went to the scene of the struggle. Stewart pointed out the evidence and said: "You now know that Clara did not elope,—she has been kidnapped. But as you value the girl's welfare keep the fact a secret."

The marshal went around the block to the place where the girl had been lifted over the fence, and found what he expected. A carriage had been driven onto the walk and the girl forced into the rig. Stewart noted the width of the tires, and the imprints of the horses' shoes. As he turned toward his residence he spoke half aloud: "It was a clumsy piece of work. There is but one rig in town that has the wide sand tires, and that belongs to Johnson."

After a hurried lunch the marshal went to Johnson's, a couple of blocks distant, and asked him if he would hire his carriage and horses for the afternoon, he wanted to give his wife and children an outing to Fredonia.

Johnson was sorry, but Brother Smith was using the outfit, and would not, very likely, return for several days. "Two of the brethren," Johnson explained, "came in from the north a couple of nights since, and Brother Smith took them on to St. George."

Stewart knew that the man lied. He had just returned from near St. George, and had not been off the road during the past thirty-six hours.

Stewart had not slept during the past two days; he went home and turned in for a rest.

That evening, the marshal, using a cane, hobbled up town

where he found a friend who had frequently acted as deputy, and explained that the recent hard ride had brought on an attack of his old enemy. After swearing him in, Stewart hobbled back to his home and turned in for a few more hours of rest.

Late that night the marshal, completely disguised, walked briskly across his lot, jumped over the fence and proceeded to the residence of Johnson's first wife where the team was kept when not in use. From Johnson's Stewart went around to Bishop Cutter's residence, then to Smith's. Night after night, with restless impatience, the marshal patrolled the town and watched the roads leading into the place. He slept during the larger part of the days, and occasionally hobbled to the postoffice.

XXVIII.

STEWART ON THE TRAIL—DENTON MEETS JOHNSON.

Stewart was certain that Johnson's carriage would return, as it had departed, in the night, and that it would come in on the south road to which he paid the larger share of attention.

At about one o'clock of the third night the anxiously-awaited rig, with two occupants, rolled rapidly into town. Stewart hurried home, saddled his horse and rode out on the road to the south. On arriving at the forks he dismounted, and by the light of a dark lantern examined the roads. Swinging into the saddle he was off like the wind toward Fredonia,—he must examine every branch of the road before daylight, and certainly before teams began moving.

When near Fredonia the marshal skirted the town and examined the road leading up to the Kaibab plateau. Passing around to the southwest he scanned the road which leads to St. George. During a few minutes the marshal was puzzled; then remounting he galloped eastward through the greasewood to a dim road which he had crossed without inspecting. It was the last hope. If the rig had not gone over that trail then Clara Brown must be secreted in Fredonia.

Stewart knew that the place was a very hotbed of polygamists. It is in Arizona, and was established expressly as a refuge for fugitive polygamous criminals from the north. The original name was Freedonna, meaning free woman, but it was the very reverse of its definition.

As the marshal turned his lantern on the trail a grim smile played over his usually Sphinx-like face. He noted the unexpected fact that the road bore evidence of having been more frquently traveled than had been the case a few years previous when only an occasional sheep wagon used the trail. Frequent examinations proved that the rig had not turned out of the road which paralells the plateau toward the Grand Canyon.

Stewart knew that he would not have time during the darkness to follow the marks of the rig to its probable destination, and turned his horse toward Fredonia.

It was not yet daylight when Stewart put his horse in the stable of a friend. He then awakened the owner of the premises and told him that he would remain until evening; to take good care of his horse, and have food prepared for a trip of three or four days. Stewart also requested his friend to say nothing of his presence in Fredonia. The man was a devout Mormon, and knew that Stewart had often aided polygamists when escaping from Utah. He also knew Stewart well enough not to seek information regarding the object of his visit.

The first man from Kanab to the ferry after Clara's abduction carried the news to that place. Dick Judson was there after supplies, and was the first to learn what little there was to be obtained from the resident of Kanab. "Of course, it's an elopement," the informant concluded. Dick made no comment, but hastened his preparations for returning to the mines.

Two days subsequently, at about 11 p. m., Dick Judson arrived at the home on the river. Not waiting to unpack the burros Dick awakened his father and told him of Clara's disappearance, and of the report that she had eloped with Wheaton. "Of course, we know that's a damned lie," vehemently added the younger Judson.

"It's just as I expected," the elder Judson replied. "We'd better unpack the burros, then talk the matter over."

The conference was protracted and developed a wide divergence of opinion. Dick insisted on at once telling Denton to which his more cautious father objected. "If," the elder man contended, "Denton learns of the affair, all the men and guns in the country wouldn't keep him from going to Kanab. And if he goes he'll spoil the whole business. The first thing is to find where the polygamous devils have secreted the girl, and I'll gamble my life that Stewart is on the trail. You know he's better than any bloodhound, he keeps his mouth shut and his nose to the ground, and never sleeps except when he can do more good than by keeping awake. Stewart knows where we are, and when he gets a dead-sure clue will come for us, and we'll make short work of those 'holy men of Israel'."

"But," Dick insisted, "if any harm comes to Clara, and we fail to notify Denton, we'd curse ourselves the rest of our lives. He's cool-headed as well as impetuous, and is nobody's fool. If we tell him that Clara's safety depends on his caution there'll be no trouble with Denton. If she were my girl I'd kill the man who withheld the information."

The elder Judson finally consented to notify Denton; and further, that they had better accompany him to Kanab and do what they could to protect him. At least, they could learn what progress Stewart was making.

The men went to Denton's tent and awakened him. With unexpected self-control he learned of Clara's abduction. He dressed, went to Hartwell's tent and aroused him: "George, dress as quickly as possible and get ready to go to Kanab," Denton told his friend as he turned away to complete his own preparations.

By hard riding the party reached the old campground on the plateau at about daylight. The horses were permitted to feed until sunrise when the men were again in the saddle. It was seventy-five miles to Kanab, and before emerging from the forest the horses were given another rest.

It was ten o'clock at night when the party arrived at Kanab. Dick went to the home of the marshal. He had just returned from his quest within the forest. Stewart requested Dick to bring his companions to his residence; that a conference there would be more private than at the hotel.

On the arrival of Denton and party, Stewart detailed his movements from the time he learned of Clara's abduction to his return from the partly successful search.

The evening of the day that Stewart spent in Fredonia, he followed the road along the west base of the Kaibab plateau.

It was well along toward morning when the trail was lost in a waste of sand where the finer material had been swept into a maze of dunes which form and re-form with every breeze from the north or south. And as the wind is nearly continuous in that locality, impressions in the sand last but a few hours.

To the south of the dunes the Kanab plateau drops down into the Grand Canyon; to the west the country is a desert, and is hemmed in by the vertical walls of Kanab creek canyon. There was but one solution to the enigma,—the place of Clara's captivity must be somewhere within the forest, or along the rugged escarpment which marks the west descent of the Kaibab plateau.

Stewart waited until daylight when he adjusted his field glasses and closely scanned the mountain side. One locality, only, presented even a remote possibility of being a refuge of human beings. About midway up the escarpment Stewart observed a terrace which appeared to contain a heavy growth of timber, but owing to the fact that the marshal was nearly two thousand feet below the terrace there was no way of even guessing its extent. Immediately below there was another fringe of pines which proved the existence of another terrace, narrower, but extending much farther toward the north.

After a few minutes' examination Stewart noticed a shallow box ravine which passes from the dunes up the mountain side to the south of the terraces, and ends in a depression a quarter mile or so above them. The marshal was certain that the refugees would not climb farther up the difficult ascent than was necessary to find a comfortable hiding place; and was convinced that he had partly solved the mystery which during several years had shrouded the movements of the polygamists,—a secret that long had puzzled him, and which they had carefully guarded.

His observations were made from the top of the highest dune. The shadow of the mountain was moving rapidly toward the east, and fearing detection the marshal led his horse from the sand hills to the cedars and pinyons to the north where he mounted and followed the base of the mountain to a place where he could ascend to the forest.

Owing to the fact that he was alone, and that no one knew of his whereabouts, Stewart was forced to use the utmost caution, and to do the greater part of his scouting in the night. He was searching for tents and cabins, and was apprehensive that he might blunder onto guards or stragglers. But the search was carefully made,

and he had the satisfaction of knowing that the terraces presented the only possible solution of the enigma. He returned to Kanab with the purpose of learning if Johnson was yet at home, and would then go to the river for aid in making a descent on the polygamous refuge.

During Stewart's recital Denton was silent. Hartwell observed the alternations of crimson and pallor which marked the indignation and fear which were surging through the brain of the man whom he had learned to love because of his manhood, and the tenderness and generosity of his nature as illustrated in the incidents of his every-day life.

For Denton there was but one encouraging feature. Johnson did not accompany the abductors, and had not been absent from Kanab long enough to visit the place of Clara's imprisonment. But Johnson was likely at any time to consummate his devilish designs; and behind him were the secret forces of the Mormon priesthood, against which he and his small band of friends would be powerless in a contest of armed force. The nearest United States court was a hundred miles distant, and the priesthood was bound together by oaths, by common interests, and by covenants of mutual aid and protection.

Denton keenly sensed the strange predicament into which fate had thrust him. He was in the grasp of a merciless, inexorable power, which was even more terrible because of his inability to meet it openly, in a fair field, and thereby forced to rely on the aid and leadership of others more familiar with the secret workings of the Mormon priesthood.

Were not time an element of utmost importance the hope of rescuing Clara would be less desperate. The girl's sublime courage, and loyalty to purity in defiance of her environment, had endeared her to him a thousand fold more than would have been possible under ordinary circumstances. Now, in her helplessness, she was calling to him for aid, and he was powerless.

Stewart outlined his plans for the next few days. Dick Judson must start the next afternoon for the river, and return with his com-

panions, provisions and bedding. The elder Judson would meet and conduct them to the rendezvous Stewart had selected. And when the exact locality of the refuge had been learned, and conditions determined, the plan of rescue could be arranged.

Stewart suggested that he and the others leave for the forest next evening, and while awaiting the arrival of the party from the river, the search for the hiding place of the polygamous elders would no doubt be successful.

The mail from the north arrived at about 10 o'clock, a. m. Dick Judson, Denton and Hartwell sauntered around to the postoffice where the usual crowd had gathered. Johnson was among the idlers, and could not conceal his chagrin and anxiety at meeting Denton face to face.

Without any formality Denton advised his enemy to prepare for a whipping.

The marshal had cautioned Denton not to have any trouble with Johnson as it might interfere with their plans. But the sudden meeting with the conscienceless wretch aroused the slumbering tiger in Denton as the vision of Clara, a helpless prisoner and prospective victim of polygamous lust, arose before him.

Johnson's hand went to his hip pocket and emerged with a gun. Dick Judson saw the movement, and like a flash covered Johnson. But there was no need for intervention. Johnson's gun was barely out of his pocket when he was sprawling on the ground and in the vise-like grip of Denton.

To the crowd it looked like a shooting scrape. Men and boys fell back, many of them seeking safety in the postoffice and nearby stores.

Several of the elders made a movement to interfere, but Dick waved them aside: "Keep back! Johnson weighs fifty pounds more than Denton; there's going to be fair play here," the delighted cowboy warned the brethren.

Denton arose and handed Johnson's gun to Dick, then said to his mortal enemy: "I am not armed; this is to be a stand-up affair. When you've had enough lie down, or stay down, and I won't strike

you after by word or movement you indicate that you've had enough."

Johnson helplessly looked at the crowd which had again collected when they were assured that danger from flying bullets had passed. There was a dozen men present who gladly would have gone to Johnson's aid, but they recollected the affair at the dance, and didn't like the looks of Dick Judson's gun, nor his face when he uttered his second warning: "Don't anybody interfere in this game."

Johnson's hesitation was rewarded by a stinging slap on his face.

If there is anything on earth which appeals with more force to the average boy than a scrap among men, it is yet another scrap; and especially is this true of boys reared on the frontier. The excited urchins climbed the fence and trees, and made the welkin ring with shouts of encouragement to Johnson. Intuitively, and because of Denton's local reputation as a "prize fighter," they knew that Johnson would need vocal encouragement.

Johnson's recollection of the misunderstanding at the dance was yet fresh in his memory, and he made no movement to resent the second slap which he received on his mouth from Denton's open hand. His face reddened at the hooting of the boys and a few of his quondam friends at his lack of nerve.

Again Denton's hand caught the fellow on his mouth, and again the boys yelled their delight.

Denton was in no hurry to severely punish the saintly cur, and waited for Johnson's courage to rise to the fighting point. The latter finally realized that he must do his best or forever after be the butt of the manly element which regarded the absence of physical courag as an unpardonable sin.

Johnson pulled himself together, and made a vicious lunge at Denton. The latter side-stepped, and as Johnson went by administered a resounding slap on his nose. Again the groans and hoots of the boys reminded Johnson that he was not the favorite.

Thus far no one has explained the mysterious telepathy which

apprises men, women and boys at a distance that a scrap or other exciting incident is in progress at a given locality. It was but a few minutes until it appeared as if half of the population of Kanab had gathered to witness the settlement of a long-standing difficulty. Many of them knew the primary cause of the trouble: and be it said to the credit of Kanab the majority of those present secretly sympathized with Denton. Those who did not were kept at a respectful distance by Dick Judson, who divided his time in keeping back the sympathizers with Johnson, and watching the unequal contest. Dick had witnessed scores of boxing bouts between Denton and the men at the river, and was anxious to see the easterner really in action.

Spurred on by the jeers of the kids Johnson braced up. Again he faced the hated Gentile in the struggle of his life.

Denton permitted Johnson to land a few light blows, but for each of which he countered with slaps which were slowly but surely disfiguring the face of his antagonist. The boys yelled their approval when, by Denton's permission, Johnson landed on the former's body. Johnson redoubled his efforts and was met with more than equal energy.

Denton was careful not to put his enemy out of commission. He was satisfied with slowly pummeling Johnson's face to a pulp; and when he saw that the fellow was weakening, he amused himself, and the boys, by light right and left slaps on Johnson's swollen face until he was in condition to endure more vigorous punishment.

It finally dawned on Johnson that Denton was merely playing with him for the purpose of prolonging his punishment. As at their first encounter, he believed that if he could grapple the Gentile in a rough-and-tumble fight he could whip him. He made the attempt. With head lowered and arms extended he rushed toward his hated antagonist with the ferocity of a mad bull. Denton stepped to the left, and as Johnson went by straightened him up with a right hook under his chin.

In the intensity of his rage Johnson forgot himself, and called Denton the vilest name in the English language. Denton waited until the epithet was completed. With jaws set, and eyes blazing

with the fury of almost madness, Denton again caught Johnson under his chin and lifted him clear of the ground. The elder fell in the water ditch, and noting that he was unconscious Denton turned and walked toward the hotel.

Again Johnson refused the pleadings of the elders to have Denton arrested, and the matter was dropped.

That night Stewart met the other men at the north end of the plateau, and after congratulating Denton, and expressing his pleasure that the incident had not detained them, the party rode on into the forest.

XXIX.

"SISTER ELIZA" VISITS THE CAPTIVE.

The third morning after Clara Brown's abduction she was peacefully sleeping. Except when exhaustion compelled respites, the previous day was passed in weeping, and in an effort to find an escape from her prison. Repeatedly she climbed the steep incline which led up to the shaft-like opening that ascended to the dim light, and listened for sounds of approaching feet. The silence was that of a tomb. The beating of her heart, and the faint trickle of a tiny fountain were the only sounds that relieved the grave-like silence of the weirdly-beautiful prison.

The girl knew not the hour of the night when nature compelled a prolonged respite from the tortures of the previous forty-eight hours. Before retiring she turned down the lamps to a soft light which increased the uncanny gloom of the recessions of the cave and corridor leading toward the east.

The compensations of nature are numerous. The vivid realism of dreams which comfort the distressed and forsaken during hours of sleep, are more potent in their evidence of the immortality of the soul, and of the watchcare and sympathy which softly steal to us from the "other side," than all other evidences in nature.

Toward morning, when rest had relaxed the tension of her nerves, Clara again lived the scenes of her happy childhood. Those care-free days merged into the painful memories of her mother's illness and death. She had often dreamed of again seeing her, and again the vision appeared so life-like that the tortured child arose to a sitting posture and voiced the longing of her heart in the one word, "Mother!" Instinctively the girl reached her arms toward the slightly parted curtains where a faint light came in through the opening. Again the word "Mother" was softly spoken.

The curtains parted, and the slight form of a woman sprang to the bedside of the partly-awakened girl and tenderly folded her in her arms. The caress was that of her mother as Clara leaned her head on the bosom of the stranger and wept her happiness at meet-

ing with one of her sex. Perhaps the stranger, like herself, was a prisoner, but there would be mutual trust and communion.

Clara had not disrobed, and as soon as her emotions had somewhat subsided the stranger, with the gentleness of a real mother, raised the girl from the couch and led her into the light of the outer apartment. Long and earnestly the stranger scanned the haggard face, and noted the lines with which sorrow and care had furrowed the lovely face of the captive.

While Clara studied the sweet, gentle face of the stranger there came a dim recollection of having seen her at St. George, and that she was affectionately known as "Sister Eliza." She was slightly under medium height, spare form, gracious and dignified in her deportment. Her's was an intellectual and refined face, the charm of which was enhanced by dark, keen but sympathetic eyes.

The stranger inquired if Clara had broken her fast since arriving; and being advised that she had not, the visitor prepared a dainty repast, and after asking a devout blessing on the food joined the girl in partaking of it.

The stranger then asked if Clara's rooms were comfortable, and being assured they were so far as the girl knew, she skilfully led the captive into a recital of the more important events of her life. Artlessly, Clara told of her mother's experience with polygamy, and declared her lack of faith in the divinity of Mormonism.

Often during the recital expressions of pain and sympathy swept over the visitor's face, but there was no oral demonstration of her feelings. With surpassing skill and delicacy she led Clara up to her love affair with Denton. On that subject the embarassed girl was reticent.

After musing a few minutes the visitor asked: "Would you care to have me come in the morning and breakfast with you?"

Clara expressed her pleasure at the prospect of again meeting the woman, from whom she expected an explanation of her presence in the cave, but as none was volunteered she refrained from questioning her. That she was not a prisoner Clara was convinced, but what was she doing in that subterranean abode? The situation was surcharged with mystery.

As the visitor arose to depart she inquired if Clara objected to the presence of another woman at breakfast next morning.

More mystified than before, Clara replied that she would be glad to meet her.

After re-filling and trimming the lamps the stranger quietly embraced the captive, and by the light of her lantern passed down the corridor and disappeared within the shadows of its sinuous windings.

Clara made no attempt to follow. Doubtless the riddle would untangle itself in due time. For the present she was comforted in the knowledge that she was within reach of women, even if they were not within her reach.

XXX.

"BEAUTIES OF POLYGAMY"—EFFORTS AT CONVERSION.

The early morning found Clara astir in expectation of visitors.

Breakfast was waiting when from the darkness of the corridor the women made their appearance. The new visitor was the physical and mental antithisis of her companion. She was large, powerful and self-assertive,—a masculine personality that suggests the thought that it is possible for even nature to occasionally blunder.

Sister Eliza greeted Clara with a motherly embrace, then introduced her companion. Clara was grateful that the woman made no affectionate advances.

After breakfast the smaller woman adroitly introduced the subject of Mormonism which she expounded with the clearness, force and sophistry of one thoroughly conversant with its doctrines and history. With especial emphasis she dwelt on the miraculous mission of Joseph Smith, the "coming forth" of the Book of Mormon and the "witnesses to its truth."

Clara had heard those arguments a thousand times in Mormon "primaries," in mutual improvement meetings, and in the theological class of the Brigham Young academy. She listened attentively, but there was ever the subconscious conviction that no matter how plausible the argument, when not subjected to analysis, there remained the insuperable obstacle ennunciated by the Saviour: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Deftly the woman introduced the subject of polygamy in which she proved herself a past-master in its doctrinal and historical aspects. She began with a discussion of certain physiological sophisms as to how the physical, mental and moral perfection of the human family could be more quickly and surely attained by the practice of polygamy than by monogamy.*

The Mormon story of polygamy can best be told in the woman's own words:

"As you have doubtless heard, my child, I was one of the Prophet Joseph Smith's plural wives, and am, therefore, qualified

to speak authoritively on the doctrine of polygamy, and of its earliest history in our church.

"From the very beginning the Lord, in his infinite wisdom, placed a heavy cross upon women; and which in a majority of instances they have bravely and unflinchingly borne.

"It is charged by sectarian ministers and affected purists that polygamy is debasing, and that the Prophet introduced it because of his innate licentiousness. But I know that those assertions are false. When the Lord revealed the law of polygamy to Joseph, he, like the Saviour, prayed that he might be spared the agony of partaking of the bitter cup. He felt that he could not drink of it, and left the council meeting at which he and his brethren were discussing the revelation. The thought of taking more wives was so repulsive and agonizing that he went home, saddled his horse, and attempted to flee from the hated ordeal. He was nearly insane and rode like a madman. When on the outskirts of Nauvoo an angel met him, and with a drawn sword commanded him to return and obey the law or he would be hewn down. The Prophet told me that he would have preferred death to obedience to the law of polygamy, but rather than see the work of the Lord jeopardized by his stubborness, he sacrificed his purely mortal desires and became the husband of thirteen wives.

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*The merits, rather demerits of the Mormon argument for the practice of polygamy cannot here be discussed. Reduced to the last analysis it means unrestricted indulgence for men, and the sequestration of the best and purest emotions of wifehood. It engenders jealousy and hatred among the children of the respective families, and is the heritage of the hatred and jealousy which torture the hearts of the mothers doomed by the "law" of Mormon polygamy to lives of unspeakable torment. The Mormon argument for polygamy excludes all consideration of the important factor of self-control for men as a mental and moral uplifting force; it destroys the social advancement of centuries, and relegates men and women to the aboriginal condition of irresponsible master and helpless slave, —from the spiritual to the animal.

"Of course, women endure much in polygamy, especially in those instances where men are partial and unkind. But such men will be eternally damned, and their wives given to godly men in the celestial kingdom."

The woman paused to note the effect of her "testimony" on the youthful apostate. Clara was silent. She had read and heard that story hundreds of times. Gradually the motive for the woman's visits became apparent, and she was not, therefore, surprised at the subject-matter of her discourse when she resumed her argument.

"Women cannot be exalted," she continued, "except they are sealed to good men; and as there are no marriages in heaven the sealing must be done in this life. And as this existence is but a grain of sand on the sea shore, compared with the measureless eons of eternity, no one can afford to reject eternal exaltation for the fleeting loves and human ideals of this brief life."

The larger "teacher" "bore her testimony to the truth" of that which her sister had spoken, and urged Clara to prayerfully ponder on what had been taught her.

Again the lamps were filled and trimmed, and with the promise to visit her next day, Sister Eliza affectionately embraced the captive, and the sincere victims of the religious miscegenation called Mormonism took their leave.

As before stated, Clara finally grasped the trend of events. They were preparing her to accept the loathsome relations of polygamy. But would they force those relations upon her? She could not believe it. In her home life she was in contact with the better side of Mormonism. Until her attainment of womanhood she knew nothing of the real licentiousness and depravity of polygamy which lurks beneath the thin veneer of affected sincerity on the part of those who gratify their passions under the cloak of "obedience to God's divine decree." And until her acquaintance with Alex Johnson she would not have believed in the doctrine of total depravity.

Day after day, the missionary dupes of the vile system visited the prisoner; and each day worked nearer to the final denoument. They urged that Alex Johnson was a good Saint, a generous tithe-payer, a man who was "true to his covenants," one who would glad-

ly "save her in the celestial kingdom;" that she should surrender all thought of becoming the wife of a Gentile, and especially of one who was a spy on the movements of God's holy prophets. Nothing but eternal misery could come from a union with such a man. They pleaded in the name of her father, who was loyal to his faith, that she surrender her earthly love; and promised her in the name of Jesus, that after she had "rendered obedience to the counsel of the priesthood her joy would be unspeakable," and that she would regard her advisers in the light of saviours unto her.

Even though the later visits of the women were tortures, they afforded relief from Clara's companionless hours, during which the possibilities of the fate that might be her's were more and more forcibly impressed on her mind.

Two weeks had elapsed since her abduction,—weeks of agonizing suspense as to the whereabouts and fate of Denton. If living, Clara knew that he would not rest until he discovered the place of her imprisonment. But, would it be too late?

As a last and terrible resort the desperate girl planned, and was prepared to execute one of two acts, either of which would defeat the conspiracy against her.

XXXI.

THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED.

By hard riding, and with short intervals of rest for the horses, Stewart and party reached the place previously selected by him for a camp-ground at about two o'clock of the afternoon following their departure from Kanab. It was situated about one mile above the terraces previously described.

After a hurried lunch Stewart prepared to descend the mountain. Denton pleaded to accompany him, but the marshal was obdurate. Firmly but kindly he explained that two men were twice as likely to be discovered as one; that their discovery in the vicinity would be fatal to their plans. The girl would be removed and again secreted, which meant weeks more of searching and probable defeat of their efforts.

There would be moonlight until eleven o'clock, and as Stewart turned to depart he told the men not to worry if he did not return before that time.

The marshal rapidly descended the mountain until he emerged from the timber, a few hundred feet above the terraces. With his field glasses he made an examination of the country immediately blow him, carefully noted the landmarks, and re-entered the forest. With the stealth of an Indian he worked toward the south, then among the scattered pines and boulders down the steep declivity to a point from which he could inspect the south ends of the terraces.

The upper terrace is about thirty rods wide and heavily timbered, while the other is but a hundred and fifty feet wide and also covered with pines.

Notwithstanding that trees and undergrowth prevented inspection of the interior of the grove, its singular seclusion and inviting appearance convinced the marshal that it was the rendezvous. He was about to change his position when his glasses caught the form of a man moving among the trees. Within a few minutes the man emerged from the timber, walked to the edge of the ravine leading down to the sand dunes, and appeared to be looking at some object down the mountain side. He was heavily armed and doubtless a sentry.

Creeping in and out among the boulders Stewart reached a point where he also could look down the ravine. A party of men and women was laboriously climbing the difficult ascent, and within a few hundred feet of the lower terrace.

With even greater caution the marshal worked his way southward until secure from observation, then ascended to the forest and crept to a point where he was again above the terraces. With his body close to the ground he wormed his way down to a clump of bushes on the brow of the impassable descent to the upper terrace.

Parting the bushes Stewart looked down on a scene that caused his blood to tingle with the sense of temporary triumph, and a feeling akin to dismay. Some sixty of the refugees, including at least thirty men, each a walking arsenal were gathered in a group and appeared to be discussing some important event.

The marshal's glasses narrowed the three hundred feet of sheer descent so that he could see the movements of the lips of the outlaws, and the expressions of gravity or merriment which ebbed and flowed with the conversation. It was a contented crowd that each afternoon emerged from the underground palaces and basked in the sunshine, or loitered in the timber and inhaled the fragrance of the pines. It was an ideal resort in which the chief incentive to polygamy found its complete and passionate expression, and the sincere tithe-payers of the Mormon "Kingdom of God" were supporting the polygamous bunch.

It was a tough-looking aggregation, Stewart thought, for a half dozen men to tackle. If Clara Brown was to be rescued from the lecherous gang it must be by a surprise. She was not present, but that she was not far distant was a certainty.

As if at a pre-concerted signal the men and women hurried toward the south end of the refuge. Trees obstructed observation in that direction, but the marshal had not long to wait for the cause of the mild excitement. Surrounded by a bevy of his brethren and sisters, and compelled to frequently pause and shake hands with the more tardy ones, a stockily-built man, wearing a flowing, nearly white beard, slowly made his way to the favorite opening in the timber, immediately beneath the deeply-interested marshal.

Stewart knew the man at a glance. He was one of the fifteen "prophets, seers and revelators" upon whom rests the tremendous responsibility of "carrying forward the Kingdom of God to its ultimate (political) triumph over all the kingdoms, principalities and powers of the world."

Supported by two muscular sisters, whose traveling dresses proved they had just arrived, a tall, slender woman followed the future chief vicegerent of the Mormon god.

Within a moment Alex Johnson, Bishop Cutter, President Chambers and a number of other elders from Kanab emerged from the timber to the south and joined the prophet and his party who were resting on rustic benches and logs on the grassy opening. They were weary with climbing the last part of the trail, over which burros laden with supplies found it difficult to pass.

Stewart was deeply chagrined at the addition to the male contingent of able-bodied men, and noted that, like the others, the newcomers were heavily armed.

Within a few minutes members of the colony began moving toward the west where they disappeared within the timber.

That which most puzzled the marshal was the absence of tents which he expected to find among the trees. Possibly they might be pitched near the edge of the escarpment to the west. But he had failed to see any sign of smoke when the previous week he examined the terraces from the sand dunes. Another thing that mystified him was the absence of any visible supply of water which should have been found at the base of the precipice. He would examine the terraces next day from the north and endeavor to find a break in the escarpment by which the camp of the refugees might be surprised. If that proved impracticable, perhaps they might capture a sentinel and hold him as a guarantee for the peacable behavior of the male polygamists.

Stewart picked his way up the mountain side until safe within the heavy timber, then hastened toward camp with the cheering news. Denton and Hartwell were awaiting his appearance, and as soon as he was sighted they sprang forward.

The marshal was exhausted by his hurried ascent over the rug-

ged ground, and for the moment unable to articulate distinctly. But the men knew from the pleased expression on the face of the man-hunter that his quest had been at least partly successful.

Denton grasped Stewart's hand, and while a half sob choked his husky voice, he vehemently demanded to know if the marshal had found Clara's place of imprisonment, and if he had seen the girl?

Stewart threw himself on the grass and motioned the others to sit down. As soon as he regained his breath he told them of his discovery, and of the difficulties to be encountered in any attempt to surprise the outlaws. He also told them of his plans for the next day.

"If," Stewart concluded, "we can get the drop on any of the bunch, and especially the prophet, we'll have the double cinch on the other polygs. Now, Denton, rest easy, I can promise you this: "We'll have Clara within the next three or four days, depending, of course, on the arrival of the boys from the river, or some of those polygamous fakirs will be telling their tales to woe of Mohammed."

XXXII.

A SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

The faintest light of the coming day was creeping over the plateau when Stewart began his quest for a possible opening at the north end of the polygamous refuge. A quarter mile or so from camp he entered the head of a canyon which forms a gash in the mountain side a short distance north of the wider terrace. The defile descends more sharply than the mountain, and is fringed with trees on each side. A quarter mile down the vertical walls rise to a hundred feet, and increase to about three hundred feet at the point just north of the upper terrace.

The marshal descended the box-defile until it ended in a sheer descent of more than a hundred feet to the lower terrace. Baffled in his search for an opening onto the terraces, he retraced his steps about four hundred feet to a narrow break which on his way down he was certain would enable him to reach the surface on the south side. After several failures, panting and exhausted, he seated himself at the base of a pile of boulders which had fallen from the cliff at the east side of the break.

Perhaps five minutes elapsed, and Stewart was on the point of returning further up the defile to a place where he could climb out, when he leaped to his feet. He looked up and down the ravine, then up at the swaying pines. Was it possible that he was mistaken? He sniffed the air, but it failed to respond.

An expression of perplexity passed over his face as he again seated himself and awaited an explanation of the strange incident.

Again Stewart sprang to his feet. He was not mistaken,—he had camped out too long not to know the odor of burning pine. Again the perplexed man looked up and down the ravine. Was it possible those polygamous fools had carelessly set the timber on fire? A sensation of terror—therefore a stranger—clutched his heart as he thought of Clara penned within that infernal death-trap.

Again he closely examined the skyline. A strong breeze was blowing from the southwest, and if the timber were on fire smoke would be moving over the ravine. The mystified man saw no sign

of fire,—the odor must come from a distance. Stewart turned to go when the pungent odor again greeted his nostrils. Instinctively he turned toward the boulders upon which he had been resting. Tiny columns of smoke were curling upward.

A full minute the marshal was motionless with his eyes riveted on the phenomenon. Finally, a great light pierced his brain. He flew at the pile of rocks with the energy of almost insanity. The boulders flew right and left until the man was exhausted.

Seating himself, he watched the increasing columns of smoke as they issued from the crevices between the rocks.

While Stewart rested, the upper portion of the boulders caved down and revealed a hole in the cliff. He climbed to the opening and fairly clawed the finer material away until he could get his head and shoulders within the aperture. He was driven back by smoke which had collected at the point, and waited until the passage cleared. Again thrusting his head and shoulders into the opening he drew himself in. Cautiously, he worked his way down the boulders to the floor of a large passage.

By the aid of light from the opening Stewart examined the passage which descended toward the southeast; then by the light of burning matches he followed it some three hundred feet to where it abruptly turned to the south. The passage continued on, but his matches were exhausted, and the fear of detection while unprepared for trouble impelled him to retreat.

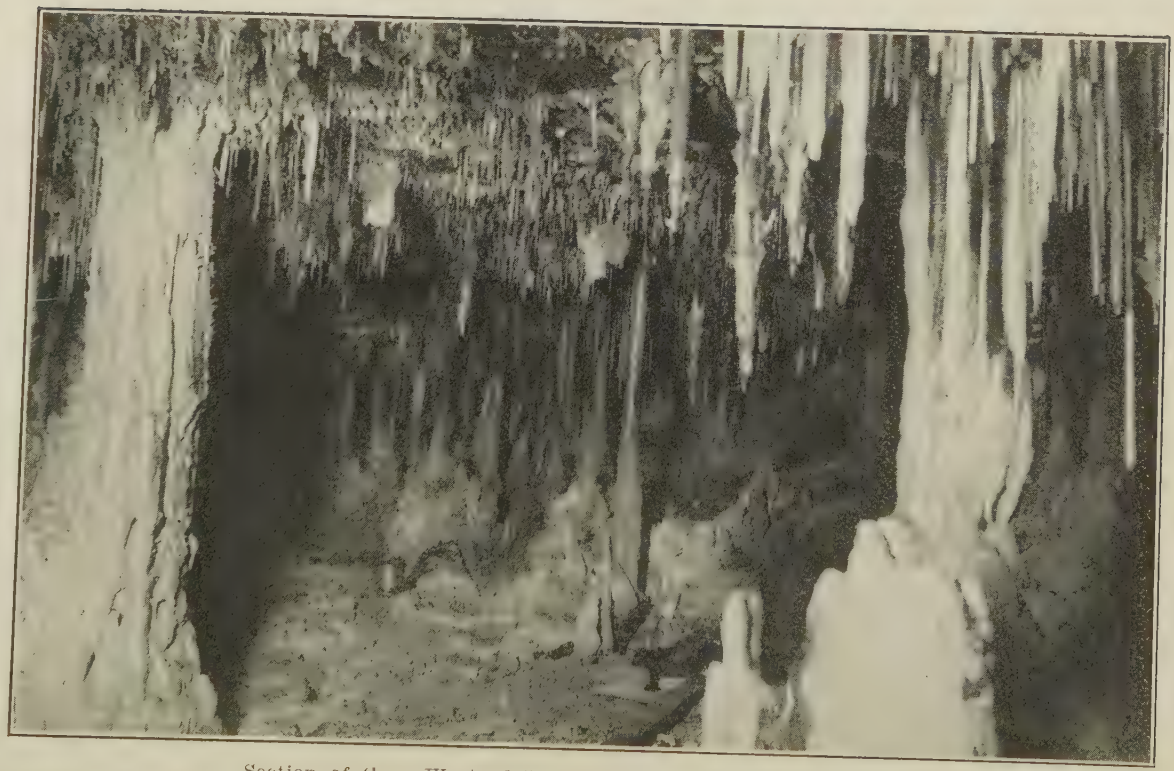
When Stewart reached the portal he selected some thin slabs of limestone with which he closed the opening, then returned to camp.

Notwithstanding Denton was not expecting Stewart until the afternoon or evening, he met him some distance from camp. The marshal's early arrival, and the intense satisfaction that beamed in his face suggested good news. Throwing up his hands, Stewart smilingly said: "Now, Denton, wait until we reach camp, I don't care to tell the story more than once."

At the conclusion of Stewart's graphic description of his sensations while trying to unravel the mystery of the source of the smoke,

and of the passage which led to the nocturnal retreat of the outlaws, he addressed himself to Denton: "You've taken no rest during a week. If you'll turn in for a good sleep, and get your nerves in proper shape, and promise to heed instructions, and not indulge in any foolishness at what you will probably encounter, you may go with me tonight on a mighty interesting excursion into the bowels of the earth. It is absolutely necessary to get a line-up on the underground harem before making the final descent. I'd be glad to have Hartwell go with us, but Judson should be back with the boys during the night, and someone must be here to tell them where we are.

"And, by the way, Denton, it will be necessary that you waive your abhorrence of carrying a gun. We can't afford to invade that underground death trap, even on a scouting expedition, without being prepared for the worst."



Section of Cave West of "Temple"—Corridors Left and Right.

XXXII.

THE SUBTERRANEAN "TEMPLE."

Before proceeding with the narration of the rapidly-converging incidents, it is necessary to describe the "underground" refuge of the polygamous "Saints of God," and in a general way familiarize the reader with details of the magnificent subterranean "temple" in which were enacted the closing events of Clara Brown's abduction.

It is also essential to disarm in advance expected criticisms of the truthfulness of the description of the resplendent beauty and grandeur of the refuge by calling nature and the camera as witnesses.

As an introduction to the subject it is well to describe the process to which the caves in the Kaibab plateau are indebted for their origin.

As before stated, the locality was at one time part of a vast sandstone plain, underlaid with limestone, over which water from western Colorado and eastern Utah found its way to the Pacific ocean. At the time of the uplift, as also previously related, the locality now known as the Kaibab plateau was forced upward fully 4000 feet at the south end above the plain, and 9000 feet above sea-level. Prior to the uplift, evidenced by numerous underground water channels along the walls of the Grand Canyon, a net-work of subterranean streams coursed beneath the wide, shallow river which swept on to the southwest.

Owing to the fact that the plateau was horizontally but slightly disturbed in the uplift it is now an undulating plain, covered with pines and other trees. The superficial valleys along the central portion of the plateau, and the smaller depressions occupied by pools of water and small meadows, are catchments in which is caught the water from rains and melting snow, and from which the numerous springs along the north wall of the Grand Canyon derive their supply. The large stream known to tourists as Bright Angel creek is formed from three underground streams which fairly leap from their marble channels, and which are unquestionably supplied with water from catchments on the plateau.

When in the uplift the east and west sides of the plateau were broken and faulted, many of the ancient water courses were exposed, especially along the west escarpment. The foregoing will sufficiently explain conditions to be described, and which are unmistakably in evidence in the tunnel-like channel discovered by Kawich.

Rain and snow water percolating through limestone dissolves atoms of lime, and transfers them by means of seams and crevices to openings in the earth. Drop, by drop, through countless centuries, carbonated water forms large and small pendants, resembling icicles, builds column-like stalagmites from the floors, forms exquisitly beautiful grottos, "frozen" cascades, filmy vines and delicate "frostings."

From the lower terrace of the refuge a tunnel-like opening extends about two hundred feet into the mountain, then branching right and left are corridors and grottos. A hundred feet further east the corridors unite and form the west portal of a cave which baffles all efforts at realistic description.

The larger room is an irregular oval, about sixty feet long by forty feet wide. Irregular arches, formed by the converging of giant and fantastically-sculptured columns, lead out on either side to a maze of smaller rooms, each of which is a dream of unrivaled splendor so far as human imitation is concerned.

In the remote ages nature fashioned the magnificent temple. Once tiny stalactites became huge pendants, while from the floor stalagmites grew upward and met the pendants, thus forming massive columns which are beautifully ornamented with small columnar appendages, and other forms so frost-like and filmy that they are marred by the touch of one's finger.

The process that formed the columns and delicate filligree, also paved the once rough limestone floor with carbonate of lime as hard and polished as a tesselated pavement. Here and there, occupying irregular positions on the floor, are numerous stalagmite forms which strikingly resemble altars, urns and couchant animals.

The vaulted ceiling, fully thirty feet to the highest point, is a maze of brilliant stalactites and millions of crystals which reflect

every tint as if from myriad mirror-like points, or a multitude of polished gems.

Over the west entrance, and as if guarding the portal against intrusion of unrobed Gentiles, a huge "angel wing," perfect in detail, proportion and poise, projects into the room, and was regarded with awe by the sincere contingent of superstitious priests and and priestesses who, in their respective roles in the endowment ceremonies, impersonate Eve, Adam and the devil up to Elohim.

The east end of the gorgeous interior is even more beautiful in the lavishment of voluptious adornments. Nearly a dozen columns, once separated by a few feet, are now merged in a mass of fantastic sculpture, in appearance not unlike the pipes of a grotesquely ornamented organ.

Immediately back of the grouped columns the wall is as smooth as if polished by the art of man. Depending from the ceiling and attached to the wall, a large number of stalactite slabs reach down nearly to the floor. The slabs vary in size from six inches wide by three quarters of an inch thick, to nearly twenty-four inches wide by two and a half inches thick. When struck with a stick each slab responds with a full, bell-like tone, which for clearness, depth and sweetness is unexcelled by any organ built by human hands. With a little practice a musician soon learns the octaves, and to play accompaniments to anthems.

Such was the underground retreat of the polygamous prophets and their agents during the later eighties and until the summer of 1891.

Interior of "Temple"—East End.

XXXIII.

THE "HOLY PROPHET."

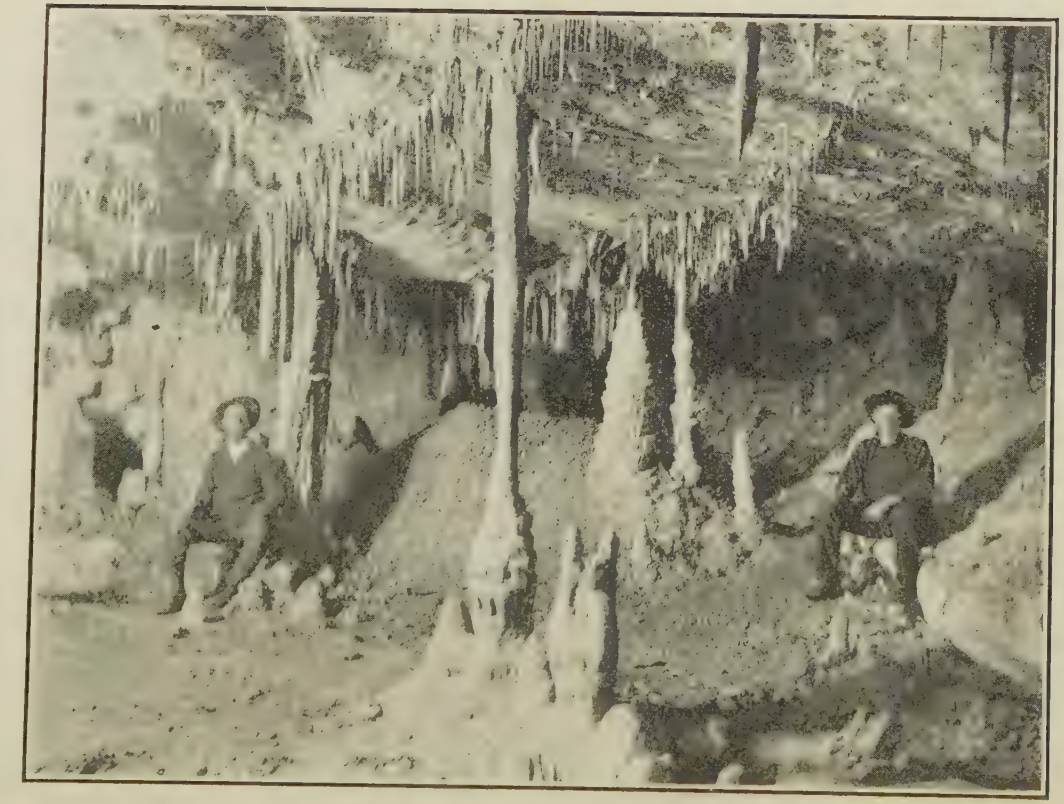
The prophet, whose arrival at the refuge has been mentioned, is entitled to a closer introduction. In stature he is about five feet, ten or eleven inches, and of heavy build. Around the base of his skull he measures about twenty three inches. From that line his head, on all sides, recedes upward to a dome which, when associated with the other prominent cranial characteristics, indicates abnormal passions with the force and merciless attributes of the gorilla, joined with the fanaticism of those who burned Bruno at the stake.

A profile view of the "man of God" shows a retreating forehead, prominent brows, a long, ill-shaped nose and receding chin.

A front view of the composite creature just described is even less re-assuring. Deep-set dark eyes peer out from beneath overhanging brows, and glitter with the ferocity of fanaticism, or the fierce gleam of a rattlesnake when coiled for a deadly spring. A heavy mustache but partly conceals the thick lips and otherwise sensual contour of a large mouth, while a heavy, nearly white beard extends well down on his well-developed chest. Every visible lineament of his face, every gesture, even the intonation of his voice, is each a letter of the alphabet, when intelligently arranged, which describes the unrelenting fanatic and implacable despot.

Well-authenticated reports are to the effect that disobedience of prophetic commands subjects either of his five wives to the disciplining influence of a switch or horsewhip. And it is currently reported that the gratification of his ruling passion is not limited to the plural specifications above set forth.

Such is the lecherous despot who, today, by "divine right" occupies the ecclesiastical and political throne of this vast intermountain empire, and who compels servile politicians and trust magnates to "bend the pregnant hinges of the knee," and to lend their influence to the protection, enlargement and dignifying of the Mormon imperium in imperio which has for its "divine mission" the overthrow of the government of the United States, and the substitution of the Mormon theocracy with its avowed purpose to "force polygamy down the throat of this nation!"



Section of South Side of "Temple."

XXXIV.

A TYPICAL MORMON "DISCOURSE."

Eight o'clock p. m. was the hour appointed for the gathering of the polygamous outlaws. A score of lamps with varicolored globes and shades, backed by mirrors, were attached to the columns in such positions as would produce the best effects. The intermingling of the varicolored rays, flashed by mirrors toward the center of the temple, were singularly beautiful. It appeared to the enraptured Saints to be a part of the soft radiance of Paradise transferred to their subterranean temple.

From behind the massed columns at the east end of the cave, the deep, vibrant voice of the organ thundered through the temple, and echoed along the corridors until lost in the remotest recesses of the mountain. It was the organ's call to assemble for evening worship.

From one of the north entrances the prophet appeared and seated himself on the elevated platform, built of hewn logs, some fifteen or twenty feet in front of the massed columns. He was closely followed by President Chambers, who took charge of the services, and announced the well-known and popular Mormon hymn:

"We thank Thee, O, God, for a Prophet
To guide us in these latter days;"

Softly the organ's voice arose and fell in the prelude. There were a few well-trained voices in the small choir, and as the hymn was familiar the Saints joined in the singing.

From the shadow of the south corridor two women entered. One of them was a conspicuous attendant at the meetings and socials. The other was a stranger toward whom all faces were turned, while subdued murmurs of admiration arose as Clara Brown, with her escort, moved to the rear seats. The prophet's eyes were fastened on the lovely face and form of the unwilling auditor. He whispered an inquiry to President Chambers, who replied at length.

After prayer by one of the elders from Salt Lake City, and singing of another hymn, the prophet, with the dignity of one who realizes his supreme importance as one of the earthly vicegerents of God, arose and stepped to the altar. His inspired vision rested on the breathless audience of nearly eighty souls, whose attentive poise was eloquent in its evidence that each auditor sensed the vast importance of the occasion.

Beneath his outward vestments the holy man wore the "garments" on which were the marks and emblems that, from the Mormon view-point, irrevocably bind him to the Creator, and to the Creator's earthly cause called Mormonism. And so long as those who wear the sacred garment are loyal to the covenants represented by the cabalistic marks, neither bullet nor dagger can pierce the sacred shield. (According to Mormon tradition the cause of the "Prophets" Joseph and Hyrum Smith receiving mortal wounds in Carthage jail was that they had "left their garments at Nauvoo.")

Beyond the presence of the Mormon god's vicegerent, who representes the Controller of the mysterious and awful forces of the universe, there seemed to the acute imagination of the Saints to be a path of light reaching outward and upward to "Kolob," which according to Mormon "inspired" astronomy is the central and governing planet of the universe, and headquarters of Elohim. Along the path of light the visionary Saints thought they saw ministering angels descending from Elohim to the prophet, whose inspired eloquence would soon fill the temple and corridors as with the voice of Jehovah, and thrill the exiled criminals with a continuous current of divine electricity.

When the prophet saw that the psychological moment had arrived he began his discourse, a portion of which is herewith quoted:

"My beloved brethren and sisters: At the solicitation of President Chambers and others I have consented to make a few remarks, though not fully recovered from the effects of the hard journey from Zion to this glorious retreat for a few of the faithful and persecuted Saints of God.

"You and I, and hundreds of other faithful servants of the Lord, have been forced, temporarily, to abandon our wives and children, our homes and business because of our devotion to the law of celestial marriage as revealed by Joseph the Prophet.

"A few of the people have apostatized because of the so-called manifesto which apparently,—'apparently,' I say—revoked the practice of plural marriage. And others are on the verge of apostacy because they cannot comprehend the consistency of the Lord's command to practice that law, and its apparent surrender at the dictation of an earthly government. I will tell you why it was done.

"We were being crowded to the wall by the corrupt minions of the late Democratic administration under Grover Cleveland, which is being continued in a milder form under President Harrison. Notwithstanding the Lord is all-powerful, and that his representatives are guiding this people, he controls the destinies of men and nations by human laws and policies. We believe in a business God, one who is compelled to meet deception with deception, and often to use corrupt men and means to accomplish His holy purposes.

"This nation is ruled by corrupt politicians,—men who will do anything under God's heavens to retain their offices and continue stealing from the people. President Cannon, Apostle Lyman, myself and others saw that our only hope of saving the law of celestial marriage from permanent abrogation by this accursed government was to deal with the politicians. We advised President Woodruff to issue the so-called manifesto, ostensibly suspending polygamy, as the first step toward securing our right and safety to practice plural marriage. The fools swallowed the bait.

"Our next step will be to appeal for amnesty under the impression that we have actually abandoned plural marriage. The political suckers will also swallow that bait, and which will aid us in the last act necessary to fool the Gentiles for all time. As evidence that our programme is working out all right, we have received the pledge of the chairman of the national Republican party to the effect that if we will make of Utah a Republican

state, the leaders of that magnificent humbug, the 'G. O. P.,' will admit Utah into the Union.

"We have fastened a political hook in the snouts of the politicians—the great men of this nation—and are leading them around by their noses; and it is merely a question of two or three years before the Republicans and Democrats will be on their knees pleading for the votes of those whom, for political effect, they have been sending to the penitentiary for living the holy law of celestial marriage.

"We are in political control of Utah. And because of our numerical strength we hold the balance of political power in Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, New Mexico and Arizona. Those present and future states will give us twelve senators which will mean that the despised Mormons will soon hold the balance of power in the national legislature; and I now prophesy in the name of Israel's God that within fourteen years we will have one of the twelve apostles in the United States Senate. In addition to our political strength we are annually cementing our commercial interests with those of the great trusts, and will soon be in that position where we can snap our fingers in the faces of our bewildered enemies.

"When we are in actual control of the situation, neither of the great political parties will dare enact measures for a constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy; and I promise you in the name of Jehovah, and by virtue of the Holy Melchisedek priesthood which I hold, that it will not be long until we will again openly practice polygamy, and, as before stated, snap our fingers in the faces of the howling dervishes—the sectarian ministers—who are pretending to hold their noses because of alleged desecration of Mormon homes, while they themselves are rotten to the core. (A loud and fervent 'Amen' greeted the declaration of policy which many of the Saints had previously surmised had been adopted.)

'"We don't want these damned Government officials among us, and we won't have them here any longer. The Government is as corrupt as its officials, and we won't stand its interference any

longer.' If the policy we have adopted is not successful, and if the sectarian preachers and barren prudes of this nation do not cease their demands for the abolition of polygamy, and cease their persecutions, 'I want you to get your arms ready, you that have them; and you that have none, go at once and get good ones and be ready for action.' We have stood the villiany of these damned scoundrelly Gentile officials and hangers-on in this territory for full forty years; and if we can't get rid this land which God gave us as an inheritance and place of refuge, and which we have redeemed from sterility, of those miserable curses in any other way we'll 'send them to hell across lots!' (Another fervent 'Amen' greeted the 'prophet's' outburst of real Mormon 'patriotism.')

"The success of the Lord's work, however, is based on the law of implicit obedience, temporal as well as spiritual, to the priesthood. 'In fact,' as I have often told you, 'when a man says 'You may direct me spiritually, but not temporally,' he lies in the presence of God; that is, if he has got intelligence enough to know what he is talking about.'

"And when the apostles and leading men of the church plead for Republican votes for the welfare of Zion, which they will surely do in the coming campaigns, as well as at your firesides, remember that they represent the will and policy of the godhead. The progress and triumph of God's holy work, as establsihed by Joseph Smith, the Prophet, is of infinitely more importance to loyal and devout Latter-Day Saints than the selfish, riot-breeding politics of the Gentiles. When a mere lad, in Nauvoo, I heard the Prophet say, 'We care not a fig for Whigs or Democrats,' nor do we. It was the policy in the beginning of this work to use the politicians and political parties, by pitting one against the other, and compel them to bid for the united votes of the Saints. And that is God's will and policy today. Any elder who opposes that policy is an office-seeking traitor, and will apostatize if he doesn't quickly repent. Such a man has little or no conception of the destiny of this church and kingdom which, from the very beginning, God ordained should rule over all the kingdoms and governments of this world,—temporally as well as spiritually. Do you see the point, my brethren?

"The Latter-day Saints are believers in 'signs,' and I'm going to give you a sign by which you will know how to vote. It may become necessary, in order to meet charges of 'church interference in politics,' to take the apostles off the stump. But I ask you, during future campaigns, to closely read the 'Deseret News,' and other authoritive church publications, and when you see articles commending the policies of men and parties, bear in mind that it is the will of God, and is binding upon you. And pay no attention to subsequent articles stating that the counsel given is merely the constitutional right of an American citizen to express his views, and is not meant for advice to the people as to how their votes should be cast. It is the policy of God's inspired servants to hoodwink the Gentiles to the end that the hands of our oppressors shall be lifted from this people, and the right of God's prophets to rule over the nations of the earth be fully vindicated.

"There will be an important service here tomorrow evening, and I want every one of the Saints, except the guards, to be present, and to come in their temple robes. We will assemble at the west portal of this beautiful temple, which God especially prepared for a place of refuge for his prophets in time of dire need.

"And I will say to the guards, if any damned spotters are caught in the vicinity shoot them, or cut their throats, and tumble their carcasses over the cliffs that they may become food for coyotes.

"May God bless you all. Amen."

XXXV.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE SACRIFICE.

Alex Johnson had been assiduously nursing his discolored features preparatory to visiting the prisoner. He was anxious to know how she was faring, and to test her spirit under the daily ministrations of the sisters. The latter had mistaken the weariness and silence of the captive for a "change of heart," and so reported to Elder Johnson, who decided to visit Clara during the forenoon of the day following the services just described, and Sister Eliza was dispatched to prepare the prisoner for the visit.

Her interview with Clara was brief. In reply to her pleading to marry Johnson while the prophet was present to perform the ceremony, the captive told her that she would die by her own hand rather than become the wife of Johnson.

The woman noted the light of a holy resolve which burned in the luminous eyes of the girl, the firmness of her white face, and the bitterness of her voice as she pronounced sentence upon herself. The kindly heart of the woman warmed toward her young sister whom she knew was marked for the sacrifice.

"I will press you no farther, my child," the woman told Clara as she embraced her for the last time. As she turned away Clara observed the effort the woman made to suppress the anguish which filled her heart, and to restrain the tears which welled in her dark eyes as she bade the captive "good-bye."

Johnson deemed it prudent to have the larger teacher escort him to Clara's apartments.

While not unlooked-for, Johnson's presence deeply moved the girl whom he was plotting to make his wife. He observed the expression of scorn in Clara's face when she saw the evidence that Denton had recently visited Kanab. But Johnson's egotism and effrontry were equal to any occasion. He motioned his guide down the corridor, and when she was out of hearing he addressed his captive:

"I met Denton, the other day, and———"

"Your statement is unnecessary," Clara interjected.

Interior of Just One of a Hundred Similar Grottos.

With no apparent notice of the interruption Johnson continued, "I gave him twenty-four hours in which to leave the country. I told him if he were not gone by that time I would kill him, and like a cowardly cur that he is he went and will not return. It is reported in Kanab that you eloped with Alva Wheaton, and your Gentile lover believes it."

The girl reeled, and was falling when Johnson sprang forward to support her. His abhorrent touch aroused the fainting girl, and he recoiled from the blanched face and flashing eyes of the woman he would so foully wrong.

Johnson realized his mistake in referring to the reported elopement, and attempted to retrieve his error by telling Clara that a word from her would close the mouths of gossips.

Clara understood,—the proposition to wed the human monster to save her reputation was familiar. She made no reply to the insult. Calling to the woman down the corridor, she issued the ultimatum:

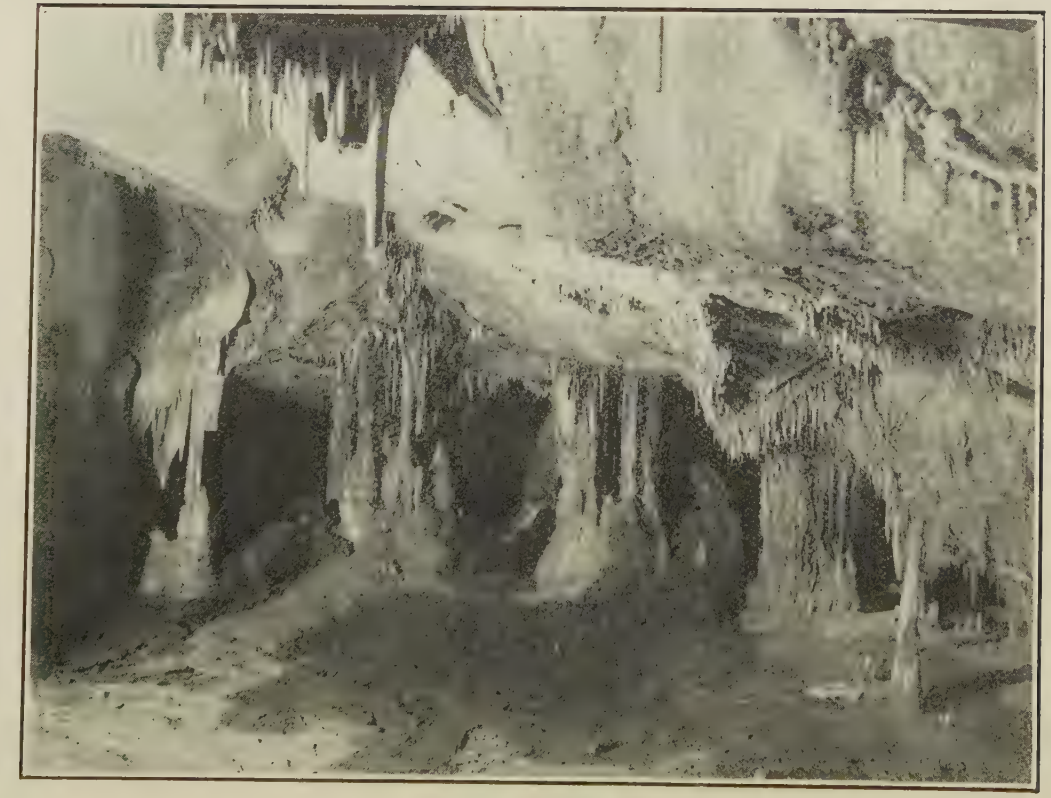
"You escorted this wretch to my presence; take him away, and as you value your peace of mind advise him to remain away."

It was the first time Johnson had seen his intended victim fully aroused. Theretofore the girl had quietly repelled him, but there was that in her queenly dignity and commanding voice which compelled obedience. Instinctively he knew that danger lurked beneath that supernatural calmness.

Toward evening the prophet, accompanied by Clara's larger teacher, visited the captive. The introduction was superfluous. In addition to having seen him the previous evening, Clara well remembered his vehement lectures on polygamy, often delivered before the theological class at the Brigham Young academy.

The prophet's snake-like eyes greedily surveyed the perfect form and face of the recalcitrant young Mormon; and he inwardly mourned because the Lord had not given her to himself instead of to Johnson.

Clara deeply resented the dictatorial attitude of the "man of God" as he pointed out the "path of duty," and in brutal and vicious terms denounced her Gentile lover. "The daughters of Israel,"



Typical Entrance to Grottos.

he told her, "should marry within the church, and not eternally damn themselves by mesalliances with the enemies of God and his people."

As the prophet waxed warm in his efforts at conversion, his brutish instincts gained the mastery over the man who is known to his people as an intensely earnest defender of the Mormon faith; and to the Gentiles, who have known him for years, as the most uncompromising fanatic and virulent bigot that since the first Mormon prophet has been a curse to his church; and the personification of unrelenting vindictiveness toward those of his people who dare question his divine right to be an implacable despot.

Clara's "rebellion," as the tyrant called it, so angered the polygamous lecher that he paced the floor with the fury of an angered hyena. Turning to the unprotected girl, and while his eyes glittered with the ferocity of fifteenth-century inquisitors, he bellowed:

"No man nor woman ever apostatizes from Mormonism unless they have been guilty of adultery. The cause of your stubborness is that you have been criminally intimate with that accursed Gentile."

The words were scarcely spoken when Clara leaped to her feet and confronted the inhuman wretch: "You lie!" she shrieked. "Leave me, or I will kill you!"

There was something so terrible in the face and poise of the outraged girl that the future chief viceregent of the Mormon god slunk away like a whipped and baffled cur.

Even the heart of the woman visitor was, for the moment, touched by the pitiful situation of the captive. Stepping close to Clara she whispered:

"You will be expected at the services this evening. All the Saints will be robed in white, and if you have a white dress you had better wear it as it will be less conspicuous than black which you've been wearing. I will come for you, and will do all I can to comfort you; and if it were in my power I would shield you from those who are so zealous for your salvation."

With the prophet's departure there came to Clara a full reali-

zation of the contemplated sacrifice. Bravely she began preparations for the ordeal. Two hours would elapse before the meeting,—two hours in which the prisoner might prepare for the execution.

On the prophet's return to the temple he called Alex Johnson, President Chambers, Bishop Cutter and others to a council meeting. Clara's women teachers were also invited to the consultation.

The prophet briefly related a part of the incidents of his visit to Clara Brown, and dwelt with emphasis on the "rebellious spirit" manifested by the youthful apostate. "The girl is defiant," he said, "and spurns the counsel of the priesthood." He told his auditors that had the presiding authorities of Kanab not been derelict in their duty, the "infamous Gentile spotter" with whom the girl was enamored would have been "put out of the way, then she would have been more tractable." He then gave his views regarding the only course to pursue under the circumstances; and much to the delight of Johnson delivered himself of the unappealable fiat:

"I am impressed by the holy spirit to decide that if the girl will not consent to be willingly saved in the celestial kingdom, other means will be pleasing in the sight of God."

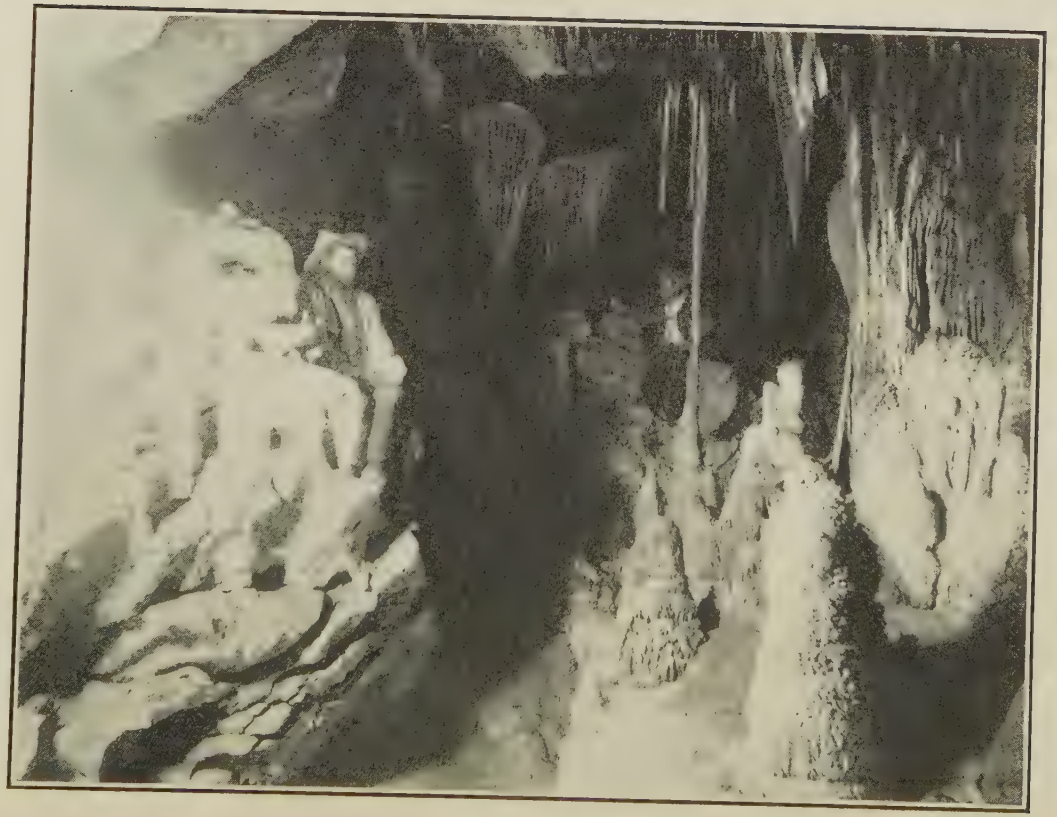
There was but one opposing voice to the infamous programme.

"As firmly as I believe in obedience to the priesthood," the smaller of Clara's teachers began, "I cannot be a party to marrying that girl against her will. I have spent many hours with her, and am convinced that she is a pure, high-minded woman. She is obdurate in her determination to marry the man of her choice, or no one. I am deeply impressed that she will die by her own hand before she will yield to the embrace of any man other than her Gentile lover. It will be better, I am convinced, to permit her to take her own course in the matter of marriage, and settle the question of right or wrong with her Creator, than to force her into relations which will be hateful to her,—if she live to accept them. It will be better to return her to Kanab, and permit her to do as she thinks best regarding her future.

"Please excuse me, and I will return to my room."

It was the first time in her long and obedient life that the will

of the priesthood had not been a law unto the woman. The baleful eyes of the prophet followed her as he remarked: "Sister Eliza is possessed with evil spirits. Nothing but the devil would prompt her to oppose the servants of God. If she continues to manifest a spirit of rebellion, I will send some of the brethren to lay hands on her, and cast out the devils that have taken possession of her."



Entrance to "Hades"—Unexplored- Impassable.

XXXVI.

THE INTERRUPTED CEREMONY—CONCLUSION.

At a quarter to eight o'clock the organ announced the hour for assembling.

As the deep, mellow tones returned from the remote caverns of the mountain, and swept in tremulous vibrations through the subterranean abode of the outlawed Saints, Sister Eliza knelt by her bed. Intermingled with partly stifled sobs a prayer of tense, appealing eloquence ascended to the Infinite Father for the protection of Clara Brown. During her long journey through the dismal polygamy way, she had been a fanatical but sympathetic witness, in hundreds of instances, to the pressing of the bitter cup to the lips of as pure and noble women as ever graced the homes of men. Through all those weary years her implicit faith in the divine mission of Joseph Smith had sustained her, as it has sustained thousands of other polygamously-tortured hearts. And even now, while tearfully appealing to "Israel's God" to stay the impending sacrifice, the expressive lines of which she was the gifted author were mirrored in her mind as if in mockery of her appeal:

"In the heavens are parents single?
No! the thought makes reason stare;
Truth is reason, truth eternal
Tells me I've a mother there."

But while her Mormon-trained "reason" impelled her to believe in the rightfulness of "celestial marriage," her woman's heart rebelled at the vision of the coming sacrifice of an unwilling victim on the altar of unquestioning obedience. To Sister Eliza the voice of the organ was not a call to worship, nor to a bridal ceremony,—it was a funeral dirge inviting professed disciples of the Sinless One to be witnesses at a tragedy.

Like a prisoner condemned to death—or worse—Clara Brown sat at the table in her bedroom. Her face was buried in her hands, and through her mind were passing the shifting scenes of happiness and tragedy which had marked the milestones of her brief existence.

More vivid than the others were the incidents in her life at Kanab. Again she thought of the time when she first met Denton, and how she ignored his advances toward an acquaintance. And more than ever she now regretted her cold reserve. Denton's manly defense of her at the dance, his courage during the riot, and his subsequent tender solicitude for her safety, were in such marked contrast to his usually care-free, good-natured aggressiveness that it seemed a transformation. Her love for Denton had been like the gradual unfolding of a beautiful flower; it was now a consuming passion, founded on respect for the highest type of manhood. In his presence she sensed a commanding force that meant protection, and within his strong arms there would be peace and happiness. Like a dagger-thrust the memory of Johnson's assertion that Denton believed the story of her elopement with Wheaton occurred to Clara. In the agony of the fear that Denton had accepted the current report as the explanation for her mysterious disappearance, the strong will of the helpless girl was broken; the thought forced a cry of despair from her tortured heart, while her body shook with the emotion she could not control.

The faint echoes of the organ reminded Clara that her guide would arrive within a few minutes. She hastily arose and removed as far as possible the evidence of weeping. Then, from its place of concealment, she took the small weapon given her by Dick Judson and secured it in the folds of her dress. Again she was complete master of herself as she placed a light shawl over her shoulders and began pacing to and fro while awaiting the appearance of her guide.

From various directions ghost-like forms traversed dimly-lighted corridors to the west portal of the temple.

So far as costume was concerned there was nothing to distinguish the males from the females. Each wore a loose robe, gathered on the right shoulder, and a girdle about the loins. Each fanatical brain was covered with a white cap. The feet were clad in white moccasins. Each wore a light green silk apron, about eighteen inches square, on which were sewn or worked in silk imitation fig leaves of darker green. Beneath the robes were worn the sacred

bullet-proof garments marked with cabalistic emblems of endowment rites and oaths.

Promptly at eight o'clock the prophet, accompanied by Elder Chambers and other leading brethren, appeared and with measured, stately tread moved to the platform. As the weird, spook-like procession entered the sacred room each devout Saint reverently glanced upward at the "angel wing" which promised protection to the polygamous criminals.

When all had entered, the prophet seated himself in an easy chair just back of the beautiful stalagmite altar over which scores, if not hundreds, of polygamous ceremonies had been performed during the year.

Leaning on the arm of her guide Clara Brown entered from the south side and was seated in the rear of the strangely-garbed congregation. As suggested by her companion, Clara was gowned in white,—a loose muslin dress she had last worn the day of her mother's death. In contrast with her dark tresses, her face seemed whiter and colder than the alabaster columns. Her almost black eyes glowed with a feverish determination which was but the outward expression of a brain on fire.

Escorted by a couple of sisters, the woman who arrived with the prophet, entered from the west portal and was seated near the altar. She was tall, slender and graceful in every movement, her hair black and wavy, her eyes large, black and luminous. In her youth, before the curse of polygamy had left its blight on a life which was generous in its promise of noble womanhood, she was exceptionally beautiful. She sat with bowed head while President Chambers announced the beginning of the service. The prophet glanced apprehensively at the woman who appeared to be unconscious of her surroundings.

The organ filled the darkened caverns with a melodius prelude to the favorite Mormon hymn:

"O, my Father, Thou that dwellest
In Thy high and glorious place,
When shall I regain Thy presence,
And again behold Thy face?"

Elder Alex Johnson's battle-scarred face was raised toward the throne of grace, and presented a striking, but somewhat appropriate accompaniment to his ardent appeal for divine protection from the "enemies of God and his people." The privilege of praying in the presence of the prophet was ample compensation to Elder Johnson for the payment of numerous tithes and offerings he had theretofore made from the increase of his sheepherds.

Another hymn, "We thank thee, O, God, for a Prophet to guide us in these latter days," was sung in honor of the chief fanatic who, with another furtive, apprehensive glance at the tall, slender woman, arose and with little ceremony or preface entered on the discussion of a subject always of interest to the Saints of both sexes.

"I am impressed by the Holy Spirit," he began, "to speak a few words on the subject of polygamy. It is appropriate at this special service, and I will more particularly address my remarks to the sisters.

"I am informed by some of the brethren that since President Woodruff submitted the manifesto, seemingly surrendering polygamy, many of the sisters are rejoicing because they really believe that plural marriage has been forever abandoned so far as this life is concerned. Is it possible, my sisters, that you believe that God has changed his mind on the law of the eternity and plurality of marriage? Or that God's eternal decree on that matter has been annulled by the laws and human power of the vile hypocrites who comprise the vast majority of the people of the United States?

"I am also informed that some of the sisters have received revelations to the effect that Uncle Sam is greater than Almighty God in the matter of plural marriage. If that is the case I will suggest that those sisters hereafter do their praying to Uncle Sam in lieu of the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, Solomon and Joseph Smith.

"In 1852, when the revelation on polygamy was first officially promulgated, some of the sisters had revelations to the effect that the law was for this life only, and that in the life to come each woman would have a husband 'all to herself.' I cannot better express my opinion of such females than by quoting from a sermon by

President Heber C. Kimball, delivered for the especial benefit of such creatures. I will read from Journal of Discourses, page 226, volume four:"

"**.....Damn them vixens, they are not of God; they never saw Him, nor they never will, unless they repent of such foolishness. I discard such things, and so does our God, and so do angels. Get revelations for the Prophet of God to be subject to your requests! ! ! Get out, you stinking things; and you swamp angels, too!**"

"For the benefit of the weak sisters I will quote from the law of God concerning polygamy as it came from the mouth of the Prophet Joseph. I will first read the introductory paragraph:"

"**Therefore prepare thy heart to receive and obey the instructions which I am about to give unto you; for all those who have this law revealed unto them must obey the same.**"

"Omitting one paragraph, the Lord continues:"

"**And as pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, it was instituted for the fulness of my glory; and he that receiveth a fulness thereof, must and shall abide the law** (of polygamy), **or he shall be damned, saith the Lord God.**"

"It will be observed that the paragraphs just read are mandatory, and that they apply more particularly to the brethren. I will now read two paragraphs which especially concern the sisters:"

"**And let mine handmaid, Emma Smith** (the first wife of the Prophet), **receive all those** (wives) **that have been given to my servant Joseph** (Smith), **and who are pure and virtuous before me; and those who are not pure, and have said they were pure; shall be destroyed, said the Lord God.**"

"You will observe, my brethren and sisters, that the Lord had given to His Prophet Joseph several wives prior to the written revelation; and that the Prophet had become somewhat skeptical regarding the previous purity of some of his plural wives; and that the Lord, Himself, was slightly in the fog concerning the purity of a few of Joseph's plurals. Eve was deceived by the devil, and ever since that time her daughters have been deceiving the sons of Adam, and even the Lord, as the revelation appears to convey.

"I will now read the paragraph in which the Lord lays the law down to Emma:"

"And I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else. But if she will not abide this covenant, she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord; for I am the Lord thy God, and will destroy her, if she abide not in my law."

"Isn't that plain enough? my sisters. If you accept, and abide In the law of celestial marriage, your little trials in polygamy will be rewarded with a crown of glory, and you will sit at the right hands of your husbands, who will become Gods over the world's which they will create. And, as the Lord God says, you will be destroyed in the flesh, and eternally damned in the life to come if you refuse, by disobedience to God's servants, to enter polygamy, and continue in all purity to abide within that law. Why, bless your dear hearts, my sisters, you cannot be resurrected until your husbands take you by the hand and raise you from the grave.

"There is another paragraph in the revelation on polygamy which I will read and explain:"

"Verily, verily I say unto you (Joseph Smith), **if a man marry a wife** (or wives) **according to My word, and they are sealed by the holy spirit of promise, according to Mine appointment, and he or she shall commit any sin or transgression of the new and everlasting covenant whatever, and all manner of blasphemies, and if they commit no murder, wherein they shed innocent blood—yet shall they come forth in the first resurrection, and enter into their exaltation....."**

"As all those who are present have, I infer, received their endowments I will talk plainly, and I ask that you observe the same silence regarding what I will say as if it had been spoken in the temple of our God.

"From the paragraph just read you will understand that if any elder of Israel who has entered polygamy kills a wicked man or woman,—one who has committed adultery, or disregards the endowment oaths, kills the Lord's prophets or consents thereto, like those that murdered the Prophets Joseph and Hyrum in Carthage

jail, that man will pass by the angels and enter into his exaltation. God has spoken it—his word is eternal.

"As an illustration of the paragraph just read, I will refer to an incident with which all the Saints of southern Utah are familiar. I refer to the killing of those men and women at the Mountain Meadows. As they passed through the settlements of our people they boasted that they had helped kill our Prophets, and had aided in driving the Saints from Missouri and Illinois. President Woodruff, in his diary, said there 'was not a drop of innocent blood, in that train.' Those men and women deserved all they got.

"Many of you in this part of the Lord's vineyard often ask why Brother John D. Lee was the only one who was executed for participation in the blood-atoning of those emigrants? I will tell you. It was because nearly all of those participants had obeyed the new and everlasting covenant by entering polygamy, and had not 'shed innocent blood'. The people of this corrupt nation demanded a victim for the Mountain Meadows affair; and as, in this instance, the Lord did not provide a ram in the thicket, we were forced, in the interest of peace and protection for the Saints, to surrender Brother Lee. He died on the altar of obedience to the priesthood; and because of his faithfulness in obeying the law of celestial marriage by taking nineteen wives, he will come forth in the first resurrection, and will enter into his exaltation,—it is one of the rewards promised for faithfulness to the celestial law of marriage, and all hell cannot rob Brother Lee of his blessings.

"As I said last evening, we are practising polygamy because the Lord ordained it, and commanded us to abide in it. The United States Government says to us, 'You shall cease polygamous marriages, and also cease living with your plural wives!' Personally, I will see the United States Government in hell rather than be disobedient to God's holy laws! You may eternally damn yourselves, if you so elect, by obeying man-made laws which are in conflict with God's holy commands,—I will not; and I think that is sufficient reply to the damned Gentiles who are persecuting this people!"

The prophet had worked himself into a passion of frothy vin-

dictiveness toward the "ungodly Gentiles," and the "damned Government." His eyes blazed with the fury of a lunatic, while his voice shook with the passion and hatred he made no effort to conceal. His closing remarks were those of a madman,—the incoherent ravings of a Dowie, or "Adam-God" Sharp.

In milder tones the viceregent announced that a marriage would be solemnized as the closing part of the service, and that he would perform the ceremony. The prophet descended to the altar and awaited the presence of the nuptial party.

The larger sister took Clara by the arm and led the unresisting girl to the altar, facing Johnson. After long consideration Clara believed that apparent aquiescence with the will of the priesthood would enable her to more certainly thwart their designs than resistance within the solitude of her apartments.

The prophet took a position to the left of the expectant groom, and began the formal preliminary questions, to which Johnson made affirmative responses. With a triumphant sneer on his repellant face the prophet turned to Clara, and his lips moved in the beginning of his questions, when the tall woman sprang to her feet and to the side of Clara Brown. Leaning slightly forward, and while her black eyes glowed like coals of fire, she pointed an emaciated arm and finger at the lecherous criminal who was officiating, and in clear, metallic tones which vibrated through the temple, she began her arraignment:

"In the name of the just and merciful God I forbid this marriage."

It was a sublime transfiguration from mortal to almost immortal.

The movement was so sudden and energetic that her attendants were taken by surprise. The prophet motioned them to seize her, but with the agility and strength born of frenzy she shook them off and thrust them aside with as much apparent ease as if they were children.

"I will be heard," she continued. "You, the chief tyrant, fanatic and libertine, charge me with insanity because my eyes have been opened to your damning hypocrisy. For years I believed in

and trusted you. I bore you children, and in my blindness consented to your taking other wives. Your cruelty and lecherous conduct opened my eyes to the truth that your system is an abomination,—a stench in the nostrils of God and angels. You brought me here because it was safer for you, and would cause less scandal than to put me in a madhouse.

"I can read in this dear girl's face and movements that she is an unwilling party to this infamy you call marriage. And if there is yet within your heart one throb of pity, or latent respect for womanhood, you will protect her instead of sending her to the polygamous shambles,—to a life of exquisite torment, to the tortures and terrors of the polygamously damned.

"If the hearts that you have broken, if the bruises on the bodies of the helpless, and the wretchedness that has marked your brutal career were known to the women of this nation, they would burn you at the stake as more deserving of torture than the ignorant negro who gratifies his passion at the expense of helpless innocence."

The moral leper, whom the Saints believe is a prophet, quailed before the terrible countenace and vehemence of his victim. His lecherous face blanched at the fearful indictment, though he vainly attempted to glare the woman into silence.

The first wife of the fanatic attempted to resume her arraignment, but the nervous energy which had sustained her was exhausted. Her attendants dragged her from the temple while her maniacal screams echoed and re-echoed through the responsive caverns of the crime-cursed refuge.

"This unpleasant interruption," the prophet apologetically began, "I trust will be excused by those Saints who know the unfortunate mental condition of my wife. The ceremony will now be completed."

Ignoring the fact that Clara had not responded to his interrupted questioning, the viceregent requested her to join hands with Johnson over the altar.

The crisis to which Clara Brown had devoted hours of thought had arrived. Every faculty of her mind was concentrated on the

one resolve to save herself from the clutches of those who sought her ruin. There was just an instant's hesitation as to which course to pursue. She heard not the sharp command, "Go!" which, in a strange voice, startled the congregation; her right hand leaped from the folds of her dress, a ringing report, and Johnson fell behind the altar.

The remarkable nerve which had sustained Clara Brown through the long days of terrible suspense, and up to the crucial act she had planned as the last resort, yielded to a sensation of dizziness; in the weakness of the re-action she reached out wildly for support, staggered, and fell into the arms of Denton.

"Clara!" She opened her eyes and looked up into the face of her lover.

The elders were so startled by the report of the pistol that for the moment they seemed not to grasp the full significance of the dozen guns which were pointed at their heads.

In a voice that thrilled them by its intensity, Nephi Judson commanded, "Hands up! The first man that refuses will become a lead mine!"

The hands went up with more promptness than when "sustaining" the "prophets, seers and revelators" at the semi-annual conferences at Salt Lake City.

"This means women as well as men," again admonished the leader of the intruders, and the sisters' hands went hesitatingly into the air.

"Now line up on the platform and behind the altar," Judson ordered.

With hands uplifted toward heaven the elders took the assigned positions, while the women formed in line to the right of their frightened husbands. Each intruder was carelessly moving a pair of double-action guns with the reckless abandon of men who were hoping that one or more of the leaders would disobey, or manifest some sign of resistance.

"All right, Denton," Judson called, "you and Hartwell find Clara's cell and get some wearing apparel,—we can handle this bunch." Then turning to the prophet he cooly ordered: "Send a

woman to guide those men, and if there is any delay or other foolishness you won't have any more fake revelations this side of eternity. I want you devils incarnate to keep in mind for about ten minutes the unatoned crime at the Mountain Meadows."

The prophet requested the late guardian of Clara to conduct the men to her apartments, and to lose no time in returning.

In the line-up Judson noticed the absence of Johnson. He strode to the altar and dragged him from the place where he had fallen. "Stand up, you cowardly cur, or you'll get something to lie down for," Judson commanded, as he vigorously assisted him to his feet. Johnson's right arm hung helplessly by his side. He was not seriously injured, but had dropped to escape the expected second shot which he feared might prove fatal.

"It's a pity she didn't kill you," Judson regretfully commented, as he turned from Johnson and resumed his former position.

Not more than three minutes were consumed in the passing of the incidents just described, but Judson noticed that the arms of some of the women were trembling with fatigue or fright. In a kindly voice he told them to lower their hands and keep them clasped in front.

"Hands up! you cowardly bulldozer of women," Dick Judson called to the prophet whose arms were drooping. The "man of God" hesitated. He was well practised in the art of issuing commands in the "thus-saith-the-Lord" vernacular, but not in receiving orders from anyone, especially from apostates, Gentiles and "spotters."

"Hands up!" Dick Judson again admonished. There was an instant's hesitation when a leaden missle sped over the prophet's head within an inch of his fanatical dome. The tithe-eating boss of the tithe-payers mechanically ducked, then shot his hands into the air and needed no further invitation to keep them up. After his late vaunting, and frothy defiance of the "damned minions of the Government," it was excessively humiliating to the vicegerent of the Mormon god to be thus compelled to occupy so servile an attitude before his brethren and sisters.

With Clara clinging to his arm, Denton emerged from the

gloom of the south caves. Nephi Judson called to Stewart who was guarding the rear entrance "All ready. We'll take good care of this priceless aggregation of holy frauds while you and Denton get Clara out of this Chinese puzzle."

While waiting for the party to make good their escape, the elder Judson turned his brilliant eyes on the prophet and made him a farewell address:

"Say, you infernal fakir, we are about to bid you and your's a reluctant good-bye. But before going I want to impress on your memory a few important facts in reply to your recent attack of inspired rabies to which we listened.

"Uncle Sam is getting a strangle-hold on you lechers, and your power for evil I'm mighty glad to say is nearly broken.

"We came here unmasked, and excepting one man who didn't come into this section of your gorgeous harem you know every one of us. And I'll just take the time to warn you and your's that if you make any more trouble for us by attempting to shadow our movements, or in any way interfere with us, we'll have every last one of you contemptible criminals in the penitentiary for abduction, or as accessories after the fact. Just paste them truths away in your inspired brains.

"We're now going to leave you, and if you want any more compliments from this bunch, come right along, and I promise that you won't celebrate any more polygamous marriages in this lifetime."

Judson and his companions backed to the entrance to the south of the organ; there was a deafening volley, and a shower of stalactites fell to the floor near the west portal of the "underground" temple, which would soon be surrendered to the bats and owls for all time.

"And God said, 'Let there be light'."

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